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June, 25¢

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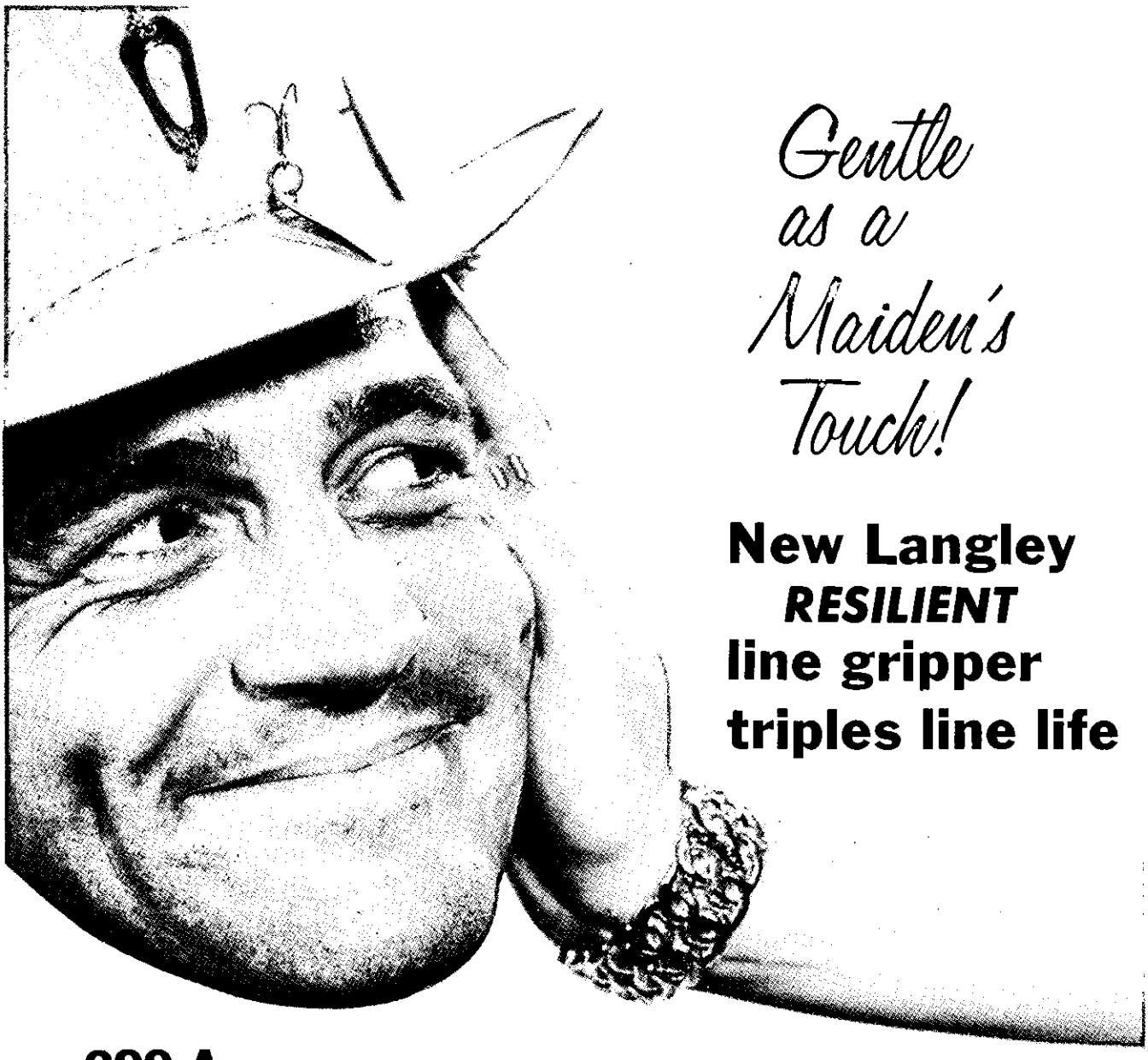

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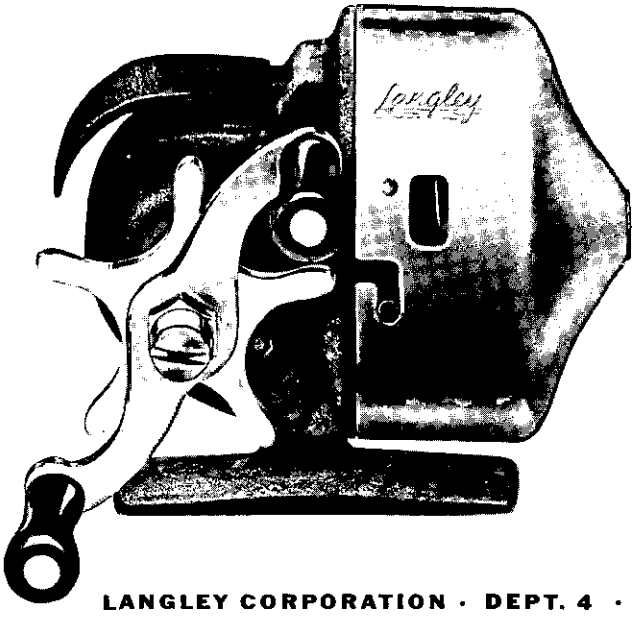

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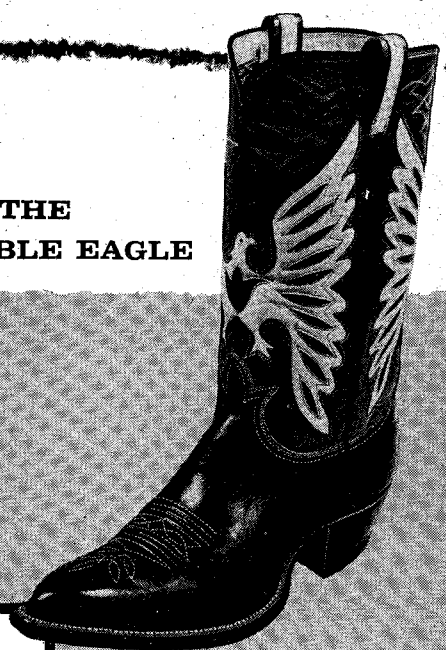

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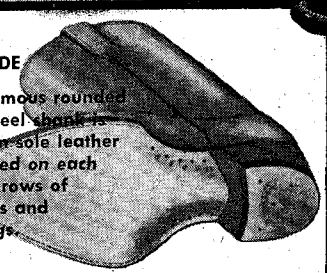

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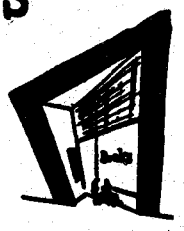

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May-June, 1960
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Whole No. 39

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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ANGEL LESHIKAR
Associate Publisher

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

FLORENCE FENLEY
Field Editor

GAYLE TERBAY
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In This Issue—

NO LIQUOR ADS? 4
IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY ..... By Samuel W. Taylor 6
WAGON TIRE CANYON MYSTERY ..... By Monk Lofton 11
FABULOUS GAMBLER ..... By Tom Bailey 12
WINNING TICKET ..... By Rick Krepela 15
CRADLE OF VIOLENCE ..... By S. J. Brasher 16
REVENGE AT WAGON BOX CORRAL ..... By Bill Judge 18
THE FORGOTTEN MEN ..... By Paul J. Lindaman 20
BONANZA BUFFOONERY ..... By Don Ashbaugh 22
BILL TILGHMAN'S "PRAIRIE QUEEN" ..... By Homer Croy 25
6 MEDALS OF HONOR ..... By Jack Lafferty 26
DOODLEBUGS ARE A FRAUD ..... By William E. Whelchel 28
NEW FACTS ON AN OLD ENEMY ..... By Evan McLeod Wylie 30
WILD OLD DAYS 32
NOTES ON CHARLES M. RUSSELL ..... By Elizabeth M. Cheney 35
TRULY WESTERN 37
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ..... The Old Bookaroos 58

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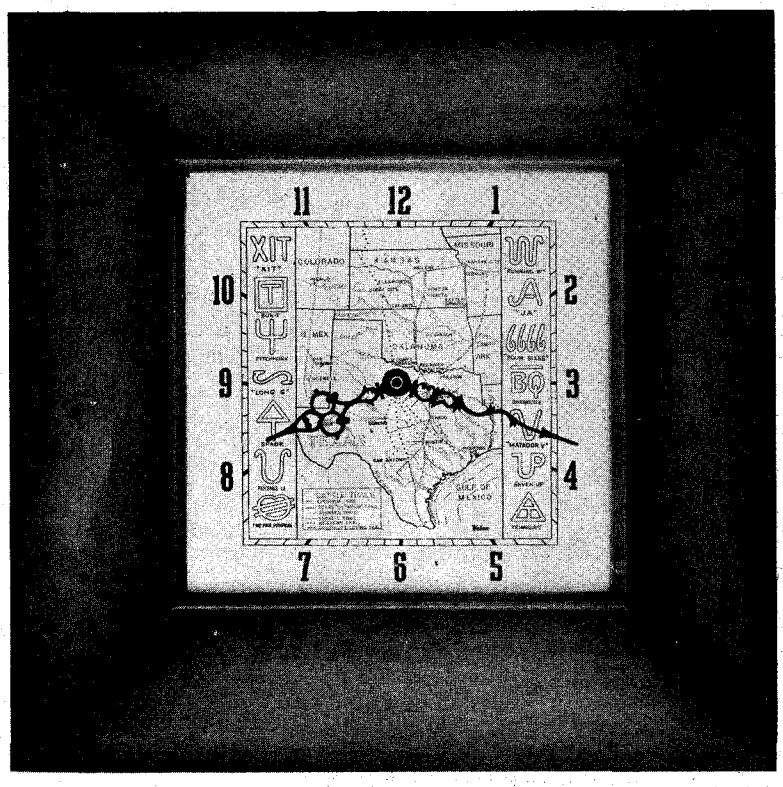

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16 AMERICAN INDIAN GROUP—Navajo Wild Horse Hunters, When Meat Was Plentiful, Mourning Her Warrior Dead, Battle of the Redmen, When Arrows Spelled Death, His Heart Sleeps, Red Man's Meat, Nobleman of the Plains, Return of the Warriors, Russell and His Indian Friend, In the Enemy Country, Crossing the Missouri, The Medicine Man, White Man's Skunk Wagon, Camp of the Red Man, and The Picture Writer.

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No Liquor Ads?

WE LIKE TO think of *True West* and *Frontier Times* as family magazines. By golly, we believe they are the most democratic publications in this country. Maybe it's because they are a work of love instead of cold commercialism—every dad-burned one of us are laboring our lives away and enjoying every rushed, overworked, underpaid, confounded minute of it! You seem to enjoy the durned rags, too, and feel that they are considerably more than strangers coming into your homes, so why shouldn't we get together when there is an important question to decide?

You crazy, wonderful people! You are so unpredictable in certain ways, and yet sometimes you plumb fill our hearts to overflowing with your cooperativeness! As explained in the last issue, we nearly hit a suck-hole bog when we brought out *Frontier Times* trying to answer your demand for more of the same that you are getting in *True West*. We explained that it WAS *True West* with another title—that the reason we had to do this was so that both magazines could stay on the newsstands longer and get more sales. True—we couldn't have done it otherwise. But the crick in the abdomen came when you wouldn't accept *Frontier Times* as being the same as *True West!* We nearly busted our catch-rope on that one! But, since we came out with the real facts last issue (I wonder how many publishers would tell the public a certain magazine he puts out wasn't doing so hot? Nine times out of ten it would kill the magazine instantly!)—now where was I? Oh, yeah—we told you and explained and blamed if I don't believe *Frontier Times* is going to outsell *True West* on the newsstands this issue! Keep it up and we'll have MONTHLY ISSUANCE real soon—*True West* one month, *Frontier Times* the next.

I always start out killing rats and get off the subject like going 'possum hunting or something. Back to the big question. One thing I won't have to do is take up your time about rising costs. But I can point out one thing—our costs keep rising but our subscription and advertising rates remain the same, and have ever since we got borned. You say raise both. Well, we're not getting enough advertising even at these rates and to raise to 35¢ per copy would cut out enough of the "shoppers" to make it about the same in cash income.

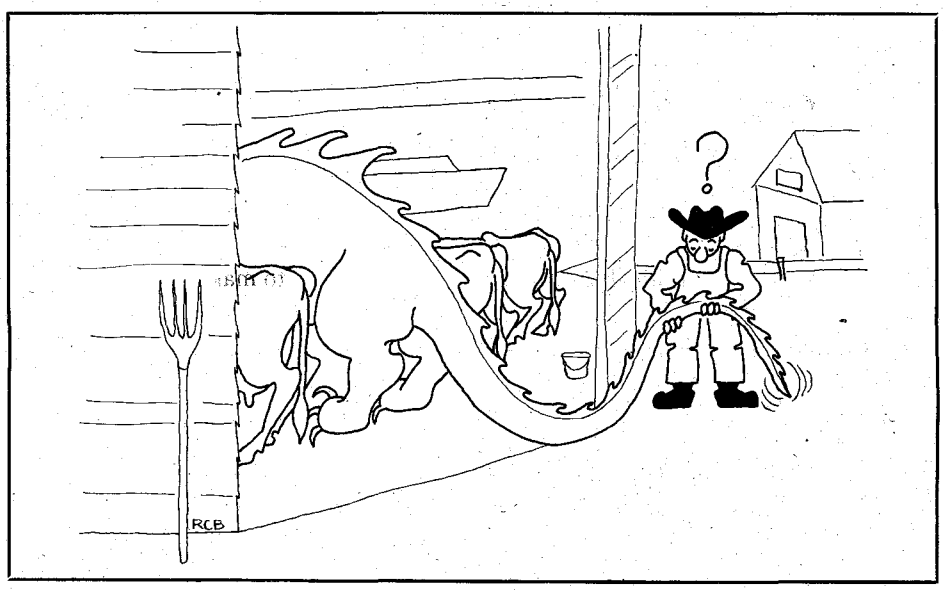
SO IT LOOKS like the only way is to increase advertising. There wouldn't be any more than we have now—it would be good, cash dollars though. So don't worry about us crowding out editorial features with advertising.

Now—*Reader's Digest* had to start accepting advertising because of rising costs, which seem particularly hard on publishers. The *Post* started accepting liquor advertising for the same reason—so, should we? We get stacks of letters saying *True West* and *Frontier Times* are the cleanest magazines published, and what we want to know right now is whether or not you think running liquor advertising would detract from our cleanliness.

This wouldn't be necessary if the companies who should be in our magazines would come on in. But they hold back like someone is trying to pull them over a cliff! You can't imagine, you wouldn't believe, how hard it is to get western wear, boot companies—the ones that SHOULD be with us—to come on in. Many won't even answer our letters. With the exception of a notable few, even our Texas companies turn a deaf ear. They raise such a cloud of dust getting in the other magazines that they can't see us through it. This may sound a little bitter, but honestly it seems that they boost Texas to the skies in one breath, and in the other they don't think we could possibly be so important because we ARE a Texas product. We've gotten less support and cooperation from Texas manufacturers of western wear and items than any like-sized area in the country!

We sell more magazines on the "dog-eat-dog" newsstands by far than any

(Continued on page 64)



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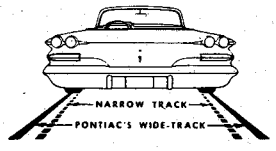

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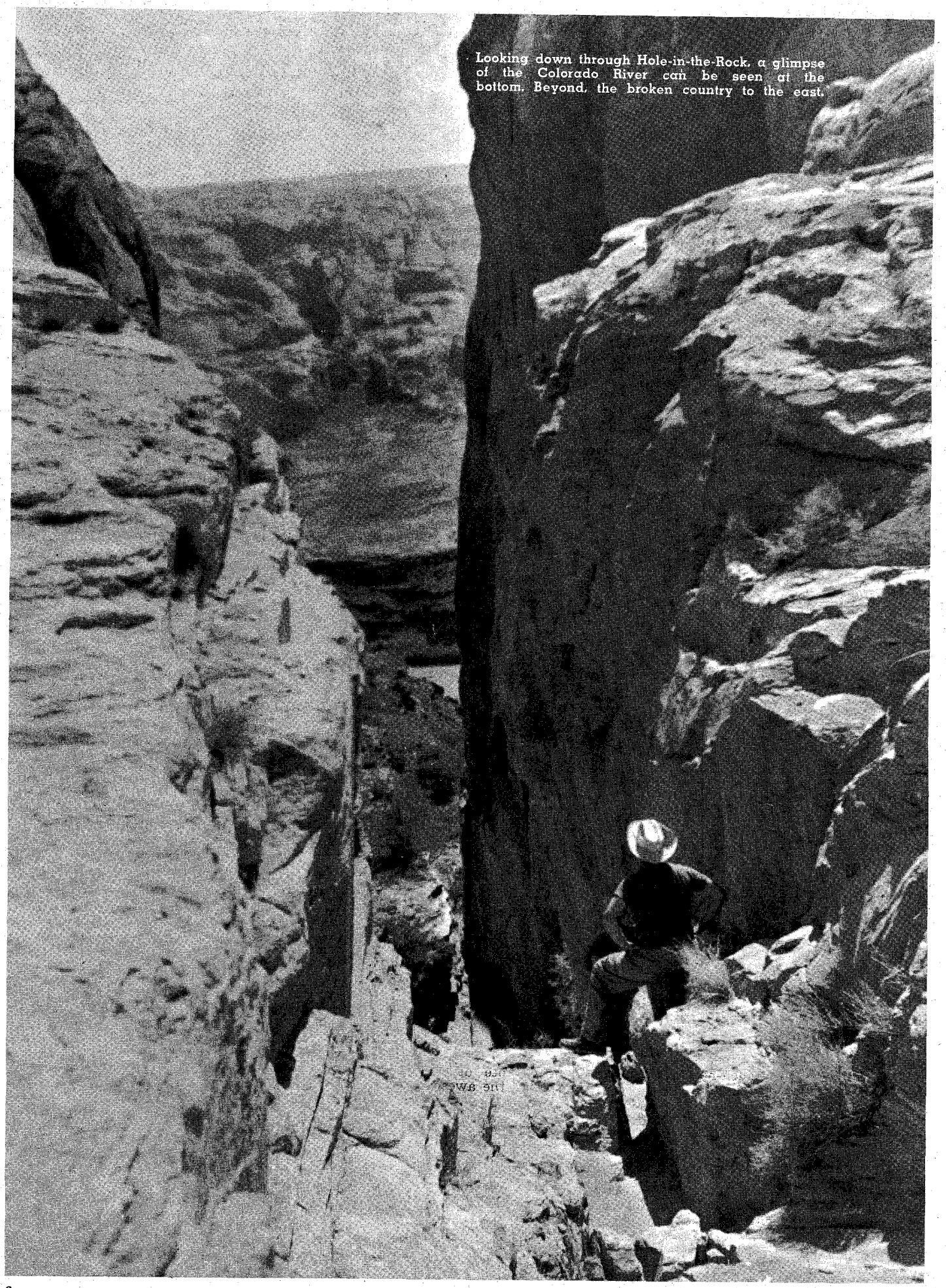

Looking down through Hole-in-the-Rock, a glimpse of the Colorado River can be seen at the bottom. Beyond, the broken country to the east.

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Impossible Journey

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

It was called the greatest wagon train trip in all history — over 120 miles of the roughest country God ever made!

AT NOON on Tuesday, November 4, 1879, six wagons, with thirty-nine horses and mules and 180 head of cattle, reached the summit of the Escalante Divide in southeastern Utah and there paused briefly. They were to join other wagons for what has been called the greatest wagon train trip ever made, the greatest feat of its kind in all history. If you happen to be living in that part of Utah, and your ancestors were not among the drivers of those wagons that made the impossible journey, you're a nobody. You just don't belong.

Platte DeAlton Lyman, the leader of this group, saw the breath-taking beauty of the country, but to him the brilliantly-colored desert with its weird erosions was not scenery. It was a route he had to travel. From where he stood he could see the road ended at Escalante. Beyond there, no wagon had ever rolled.

It is 120 air line miles from Escalante to Bluff, and today there is still no direct road. The shortest route by car is 423 miles long. But Lyman's wagons were going to tackle the short cut, and tackle it they did, to write one of the most amazing chapters in the early history of the West. The purpose in making the trip was to establish a new Mormon settlement in the bottom lands of the San Juan River country. Not even a mule had ever been over the route chosen.

It had taken three hard days to pull to the summit, and early winter storms made the descent difficult. Lyman found good feed and water and paused to give the animals a much-needed rest while he rode horseback the thirteen miles down the canyon to Escalante to discuss a situation that has no parallel in American history. Through happenstance, Platte D. Lyman was to find himself the key figure in resulting developments that, except for being true, would be incredible.

At thirty-one, Lyman was tall, with close-cropped black hair getting thin on top and a short beard and moustache shading to reddish-brown. He had been born in a wagon at the Platte River while his parents were crossing the plains to Utah in 1848. At eighteen, he had married Adelia Robinson and now he had taken a second wife, Annie Maude Clark. Annie was with him on this trip while Adelia, expecting a baby, had remained home. Lyman was, of course, a Mormon, the bishop of Oak City.

He found a number of wagons of the San Juan Mission waiting at Escalante. The town was the gathering point for an expedition "called" by the Mormon Church to settle San Juan County, "a large tract of land in the southeastern part of the state, little known, and very rugged," the official proclamation stated.

But among those who had arrived, Lyman found a mounting apprehension, and in talking with the citizens of Escalante he received disquieting reports.

The destination of the wagon train was east and south, some 120 miles as the crow flies, across the Colorado River and to the bottomlands of the San Juan River. But no wagon had ever gone over this route; in fact the last half of it had never even been explored.

For some sixty miles east and south of Escalante was the broken shelf-land between the brilliant cliffs of the Kaiparowits Plateau, called Fifty-Mile Mountain, rising on the right, and the sheer-walled chasm of the Escalante River gorge on the left. This was a desert expanse of ragged slickrock and quicksand, crisscrossed by gullies, washes and canyons and choked by naked sandstone swells. And this was supposed to be the easy part.

The Escalante desert terminated at Glen Canyon, the awesome gorge of the Colorado River, a chasm of rock cliffs dropping down and down some 2,000 feet. There was a crack in the cliffs called Hole-in-the-Rock, where a road reputedly might be constructed for wagons to travel to the bottom of the gorge—but nobody ever had descended through the Hole on foot or horseback as yet, and the natives of Escalante were frankly dubious of the project. Assuming wagons did get to the bottom of the gorge and up the other side, what then? There were still sixty more miles, unmapped and unexplored —a wild tangle of weird erosion.

THE COLONISTS arriving at Escalante had had a taste of rough country in getting there. Some of them had spent ten days coming the last eighteen miles down the canyon—and this on a road. What lay in the trackless wastes beyond? They said little though, while awaiting the arrival of the expedition leader, Silas S. Smith of Paragonah.

Some Gentiles who had joined the wagon train for company through Indian country were not so reticent about their feelings. The whole thing, they declared, was nothing but a promotion by the leaders of Escalante, who wanted their little town to be the terminus and outfitting point for the San Juan Mission. Why else, they demanded, were the colonists committed to an unmapped and unexplored route through unknown country, when feasible routes had already been explored?

Lyman stayed overnight in town at the home of a friend, Perry Liston, then rode back up the canyon to his camp next morning. It was bitterly cold while a storm brewed, then it snowed for two days. The authorities had felt that autumn would be the best time for the expedition to travel, to avoid the desert heat and to arrive in time to make houses and irrigation systems before planting time. There had been no way of knowing beforehand that the winter of 1879-80 would be the worst in human memory.

After a week's rest for the animals, Lyman continued down the canyon with his party of six wagons. Fighting deep mud, he made one-half mile the first day; four and a half the second, after which one horse was left behind, worn out. The following day he reached Escalante and the next evening Silas S. Smith, president of the expedition, arrived with the contingent of wagons from Paragonah. Now things could be discussed in proper fashion, in meeting assembled.

But, when assembled, the colonists actually had nothing to discuss. The

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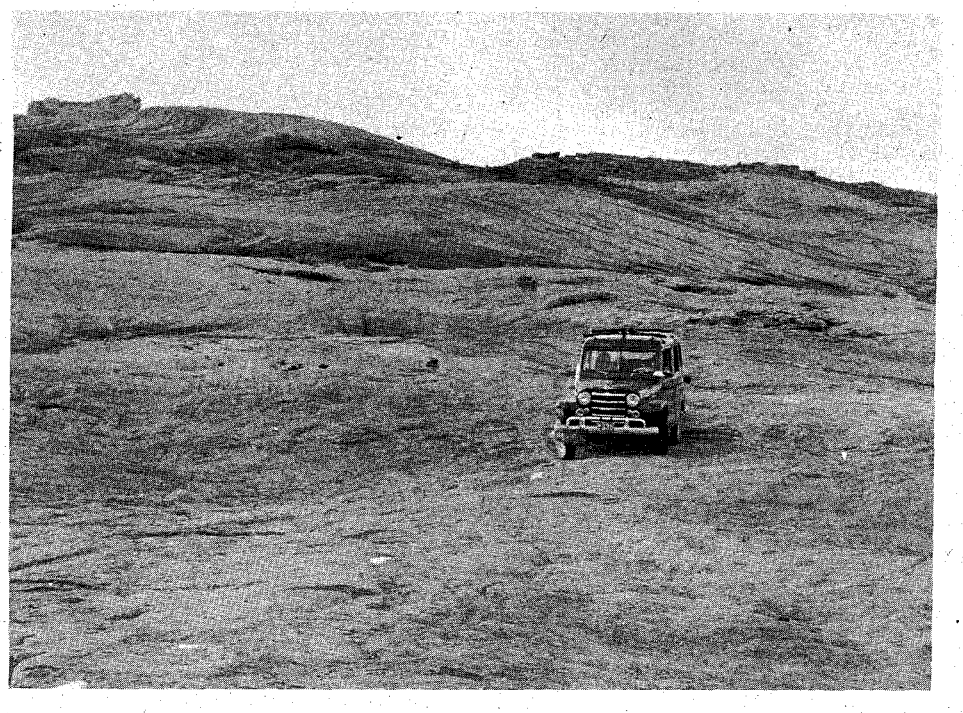
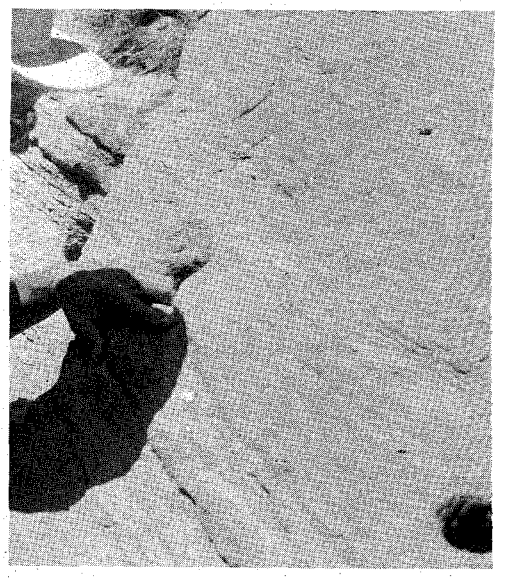
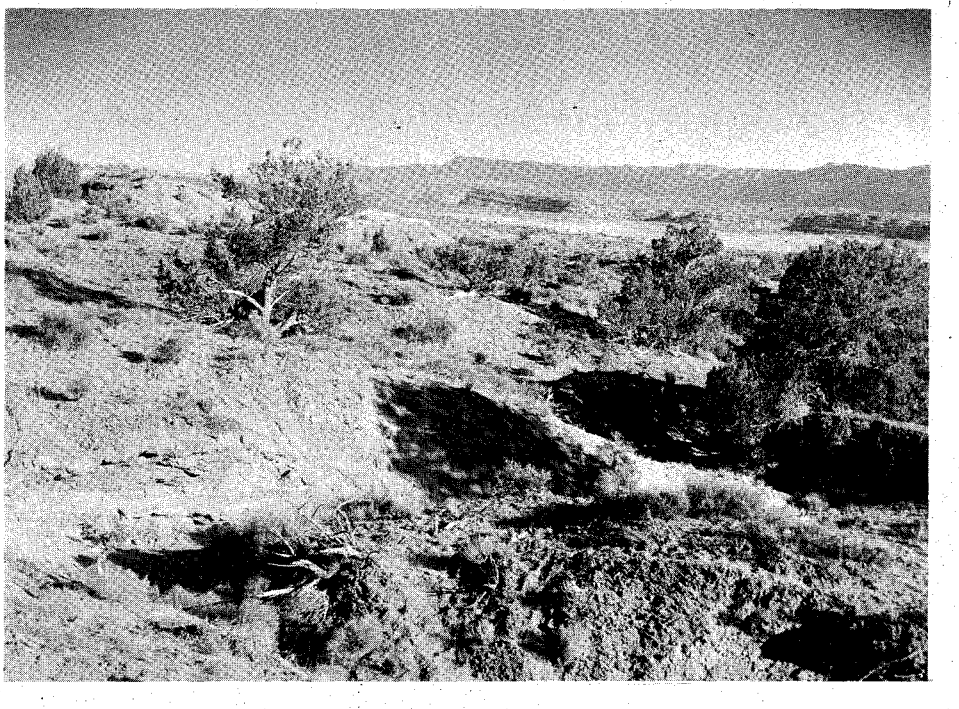


Slickrock, ten miles from Hole-in-the-Rock, covered the route used by the pioneers to take their stock to water at the Escalante River.



Holes were drilled into the rock for oak pegs which held brush and stone to make a lever roadway over this steep portion.

Looking across the desert toward Hole-in-the-Rock from near the town of Escalante toward Fifty Mile Mountain (long ridge at the top).



route had been approved by Church authorities at Salt Lake. Already for a month the wagon train had been on its way, the general date of departure from the various little towns having been October 17. Could they turn back now, admitting failure, without even a try? So they hitched up their outfits and set off east and south across the Escalante desert, to give it a try, with the accompanying Gentiles loudly demanding why the expedition had been put in this perilous position, asking how it had been edged into this corner that threatened disaster.

Silas Smith had himself led an exploring party, earlier in the year, going south across the Colorado at Lee's Ferry and continuing deep into Arizona to the Moenkopi springs before turning northeast up through Monument Valley to the San Juan River—a long V of some 450 miles that required six hard weeks of travel. Smith left two families as nest eggs for the new colony, and in returning led his party north through what is now Monticello, Moab and Greenriver, an even longer V to return home. Modern highways closely parallel the route both north and south traveled by Silas Smith's exploring party.

It was felt that a shorter route was essential, and Silas Smith had asked Charles Hall of Escalante to explore the possibility of a short cut. Hall had examined several possible sites for crossing the gorge of the Colorado, which, he felt, was the only serious obstacle. Without trying to go down it personally, he decided that a wagon road could be made down the crack in the chasm rim called Hole-in-the-Rock. Peering across at the rim of the opposite plateau, he decided it would be clear sailing from there on.

To substantiate Hall's report, the bishop of Escalante, Andrew Schow, set out with another citizen of the town, James Collett, across the desert with a two-wheeled pushcart loaded with lumber and tools. They pushed their load sixty miles across powder sand and slickrock to Hole-in-the-Rock, made a small boat, and with the aid of ropes took it down the chasm wall to the river (though they didn't take it through Hole-in-the-Rock). They rowed across the Colorado, climbed a canyon on the other side to the rim of Wild Horse Mesa, and returned brimming with enthusiasm.

Schow rushed to confer with expedition leaders at Cedar City, and Collett went to see Church authorities in Salt Lake City to urge the short cut. The gist of their argument was that, granted the route was rough, it would save some 400 miles road building, and subsequent travel to and from the new settlement.

Their enthusiasm for the projected route was understandable. Escalante was a struggling settlement, just three and a half years old, at the end of nowhere. The road to it was a dead end, with nothing beyond but the broken desert.

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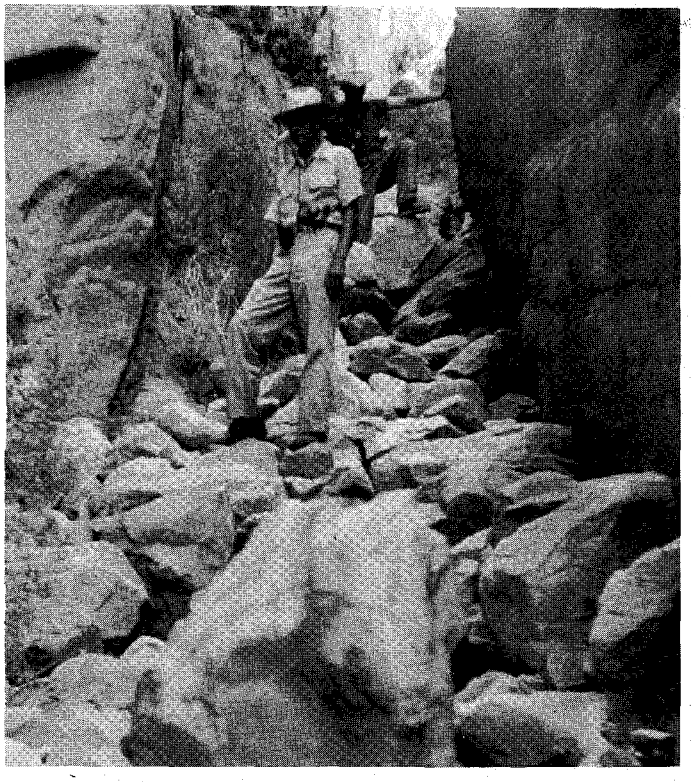
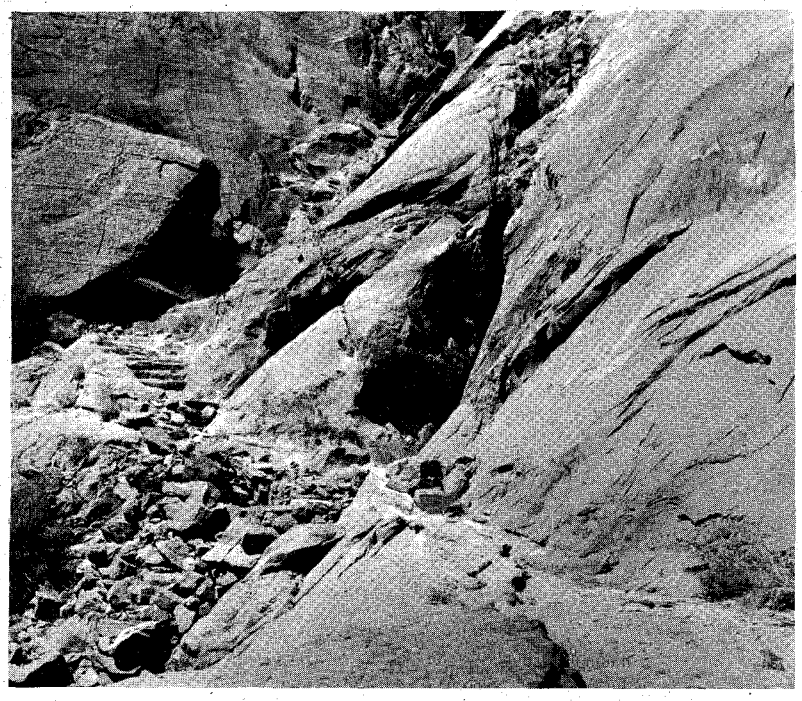


The wagon road, down through the slit in Hole-in-the-Rock, was covered with loose rock, left there on purpose, to act as a brake for the descending wagons.



Making a sharp turn at the boulder (upper left), wagons came across these stone stairs on their hazardous journey.

mall wonder that the people of the own were excited at the prospect of scalante being the terminus for the igration, the jumping-off spot for the ntire San Juan Mission.

Silas Smith apparently was convinced, or after a quick trip to Salt Lake ity he returned to southern Utah with ie announcement that the short cut vas official, approved by Church authorities.

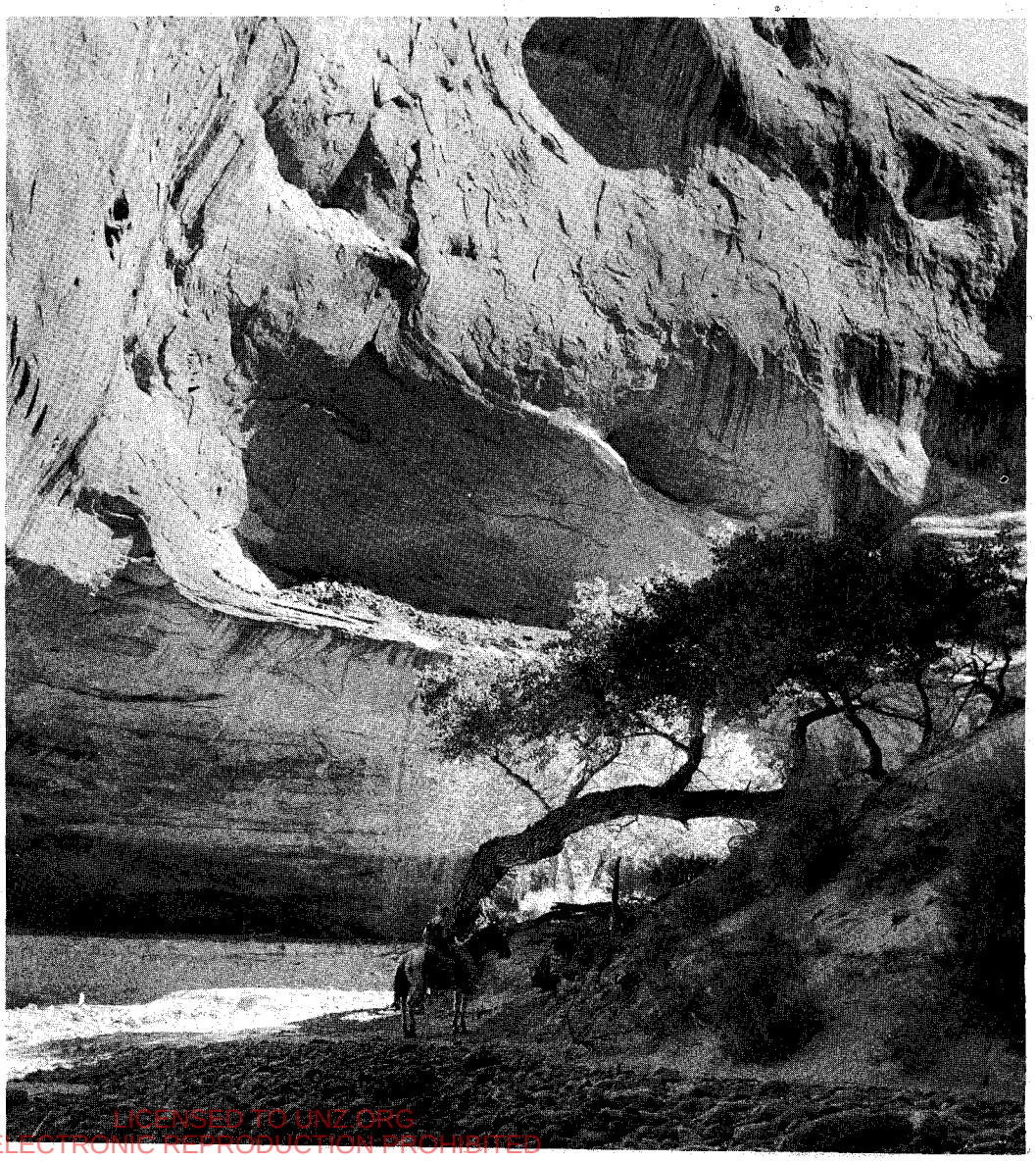
UCH WAS THE situation as the wagons of the San Juan Mission olted southeast across the broken Esalante desert toward Hole-in-the-Rock. hey were committed. The decision had een made for 280 men, women and hildren, with their eighty-two wagons, heir thousand head of cattle and hunlreds of horses and mules. Luckily, hose who had been called were a iand-picked lot. Luckily, their teams vere the best that could be had, their quipment the finest. No Mormon colony tarted out better prepared or faced uch obstacles to strain the last ounce f resource.

Within a week after leaving Escaante, some were for calling it quits. he incessant washes and gullies, alernating naked slickrock with powder iand, were shaking wagons apart and oundering teams. While the leaders amped at an alkali seep christened orty-Mile Spring, stragglers were along he entire route back to town, repairng equipment and resting teams.

A few wagons turned back. Gentiles nd volunteers who had not been oficially "called," would lose no face by ejecting a bad bargain. But they found hat already early snows had closed the),200-foot pass over Escalante summit, nd the would-be quitters reluctantly ejoined the wagon train. Now there vas no turning back.

At Forty-Mile Spring, the colonists eld a series of worried meetings. Should hey forge ahead or make a concerted

Soda Gulch, used by the pioneers to take their stock to water at the Escalante River. This narrows at its mouth to a sheer-walled chasm.



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effort to get back through the snow-clogged pass? Platte Lyman led a party of four up the ragged and brilliantly colored cliffs of Fifty-Mile Mountain to a high point for a survey of the country ahead. "The prospect," he recorded laconically, "is rather discouraging." But at a meeting the following evening he reported, "A good spirit seems to prevail and most of the people feel like pushing ahead if possible."

Lyman set out at the head of a party of thirteen men, including the ubiquitous Schow and Collett, who had arrived with a new boat mounted on the running gear of a wagon, to attempt the first serious exploration of what was ahead.

After ten miles of "the roughest country I ever saw a wagon go over," —an extreme statement from the taciturn Lyman—he camped at Fifty-Mile Spring, a bitter trickle at the base of huge orange-colored mounds of sandstone, and next day drove the six miles over rock and sand to Glen Canyon.

The first sight of the proposed roadway was dismaying. A sixty-foot upthrust of red sandstone rimmed the river gorge. At one point this wall was split by a crack, from two to four feet wide. This was Hole-in-the-Rock. Looking down through the crack, Lyman could glimpse the silver ribbon of the Colorado, 2,000 feet below.

Glen Canyon is so deep at this point that Lyman found the climate different. Here it was still summer, with the grass green and leaves on the willows lining the river banks. The river, he recorded, was about 350 feet wide at this point, "current sluggish and the water milky but of good taste." They caught a white salmon, large enough to feed the entire party of thirteen for two meals.

With six others Lyman started downstream in the boat to explore the possibility of ferrying the wagons down the Colorado to the mouth of the San Juan and up the latter to their destination. Rapids soon discouraged this project and they returned, ferried the party across the stream, and with back-packs began exploring the way out of the other side of the canyon. They found the country so rough and broken that they gave up all idea of a road being made there and returned to Forty-Mile Spring with an adverse report.

At a meeting of the scouts in Silas Smith's tent, the leader received the report with a heavy heart. To Mormons with a proud tradition of successful colonization, the prospect of admitting failure was particularly galling.

George B. Hobbs gave a rousing minority report of the route, declaring they could be to the San Juan for the Christmas holidays, three weeks hence. This opinion was roundly seconded by Schow and Collett, whose position was extremely uncomfortable. Enthusiasm was contagious, for this was what the colonists wanted to hear. With a cheer it was unanimously voted to carry on.

For efficiency, the company was next organized, the families being grouped into units of tens, with a captain for each.

Platte Lyman was placed second in command, as Smith's lieutenant. Jens Nielsen became company chaplain and Charles E. Walton, company clerk. Captains of the various units were Jens Nielsen, George W. Sevy, Benjamin Perkins, Henry Holyoke, Z. B. Decker, Jr., and Samuel Bryson. The optimistic

Platte D. Lyman.

Utah State Historical Society Photo

Silas S. Smith.

George B. Hobbs was chief scout of the expedition.

SILAS SMITH left immediately to secure financial backing for road building, which gave Platte Lyman command in his absence. After battling deep snow on the Escalante summit for several days with a team and light buggy, Smith got through and hurried to Salt Lake City where he presented the case before the state legislature and Church authorities.

Smith forwarded blasting powder, drills, tools and provisions, then collapsed from overwork and exposure. He had been on the go since starting out with his exploring party in April, and the responsibility of the expedition was his. It was too great a strain for a man fifty years old. Smith took to bed, and never again assumed his position of leader enroute.

Here was another factor to stiffen the resolve of the wagon train to get through at any cost. Platte Lyman could not now fail without throwing disgrace upon his superior, who, helplessly ill, depended upon the lieutenant to carry on.

"With square and level," Lyman recorded the day after Smith left for Salt Lake, "I determined the grade for the road to be for the first one-third of the distance eight feet to the rod; and for the second, five and a half feet to the rod and the last part much better than either of the others."

Subsequent estimates indicate that Lyman erred with his crude instruments on the optimistic side. The proposed roadbed down the cliffs of Glen Canyon would average more than a foot drop for every foot forward—a wagon road skirting the sheer edge of oblivion while having the pitch of an extremely steep staircase.

Lyman put forty-seven men to work on the Hole in charge of Benjamin Perkins, a convert from the Welsh coal mines. While some of the men widened the crack to admit wagons and teams, others cut stone steps where the roadway was too steep for footing. Workers were lowered by ropes in half barre to work on the dugways—diagon grooves hewn along the faces of shee cliffs, trenched on the wall side to hol the inside wheels. On a natural ledg that shelved steeply off into the yawi ing chasm, the Mormons made a su pended road of driftwood hauled u from the river and held in place b stout scrub-oak stakes hammered int holes drilled into the rock. Down at th river, Charles Hall was building a fla boat for a ferry, with lumber haule from Escalante.

The country beyond the far rim c Glen Canyon still was unexplored, an Lyman sent out a party of four scout to find a route. He placed George Sev in charge, the other three being Georg Morrell, Lemuel Redd and the cheerf George Hobbs. That Lyman should plac Sevy in charge of the scouting part when Hobbs was officially chief scou of the expedition, indicates that Lyma had not been too impressed with Hobb previous minority report.

Twenty-four days passed before th party returned, with a harrowing story o wandering through a maze of crisscros canyons in raging blizzards. On the for ward journey they had been forced hundred miles out of their way, an had been without food four days upo arriving at the San Juan. They foun the families left there by Silas Smith' preliminary exploration trip on starva tion rations, existing on frosted whea ground in a coffee mill. A wanderin prospector sold the scouts a sack o flour at a dollar a pound and the headed back, trying to discover shorter route. By threading among th maze of gulches and canyons they di succeed in clipping some forty mile from the route, but again ran out o food. They hadn't eaten in three days while their animals were leaving blood prints on the abrasive sandstone whe again they reached Hole-in-the-Rock They had been sent out to find a route and a route they had found. Perhap anything seemed possible after Hole-in the-Rock.

(Continued on page 38)

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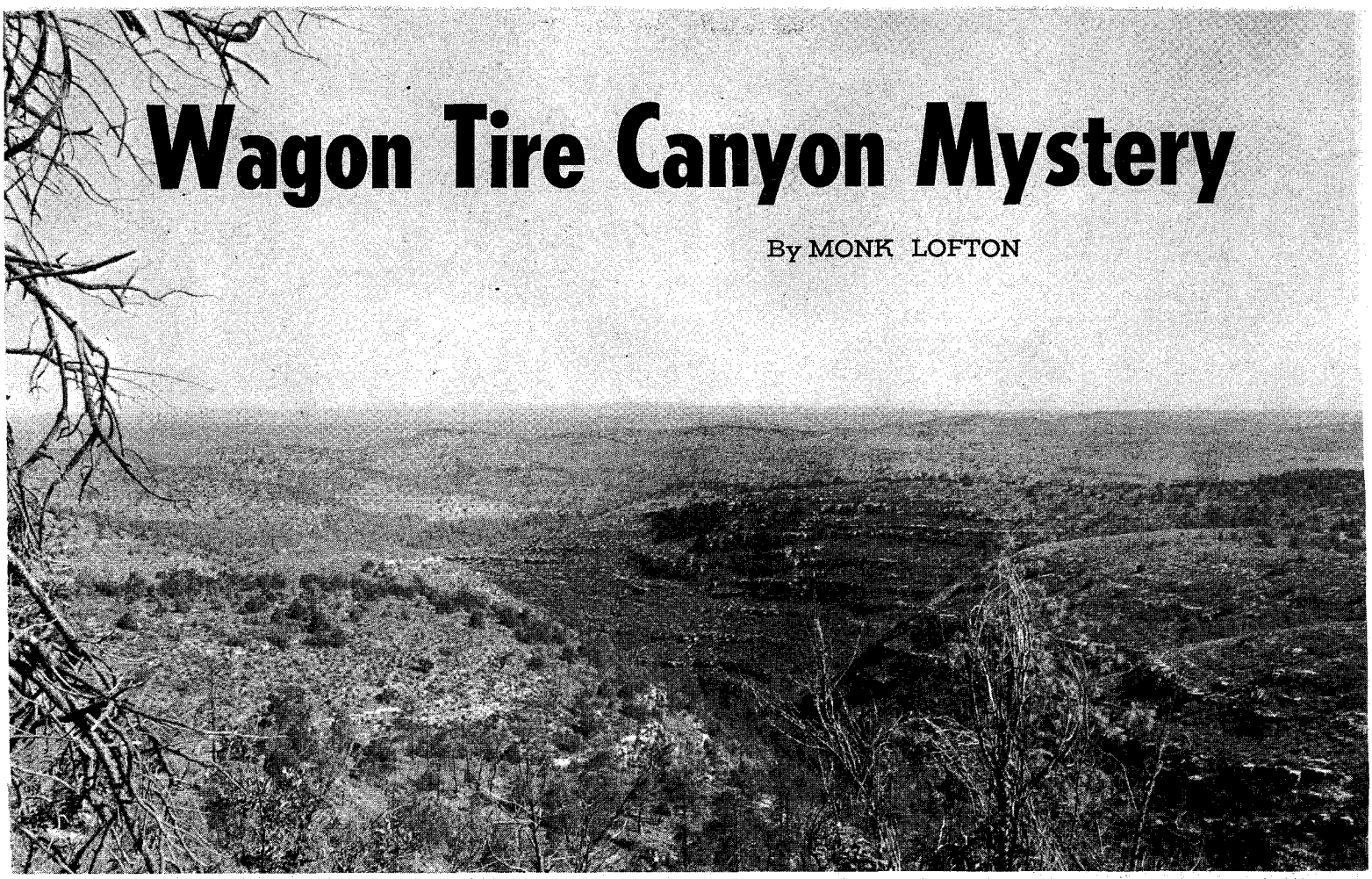
Wagon Tire Canyon Mystery

By MONK LOFTON



A brave family traveling west waved aside all warnings and drove on, leaving but a burned wagon to explain their disappearance.

THE NAME OF A canyon located in the pit of the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains near Carlsbad Caverns tells the only part of an interesting story that is likely ever to be told. The story is a two word mystery. The canyon is named Wagon Tire.

In 1855, a guide on one of the early stagecoaches traveling the Old Butterfield Trail was killed by Indians near Guadalupe Pass, better known as Signal Peak Station. The walls of the old station are still standing at the foot of Signal Peak where the pass cuts the highest mountain in the state of Texas, dividing it into Signal and Guadalupe Peaks, heights 8,751 and 8,-018 feet respectively. Also the grave of José Maria Polancio, the guide, is located at the foot of the pass with the date of his passing shown on the marker as February, 1855.

The desolate pass of Signal Peak is located about midway between what is now Carlsbad, New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. At that time, Carlsbad was little more than the headquarters of an enormous ranch and Seven Rivers, located some twenty miles on up the Pecos River, was about the only thing in the southeastern New Mexico Territory that could be called a town. Actually, Seven Rivers consisted of a saloon and a general store. The country was sparsely settled and the dread of Indian raids was ever present among the early settlers.

Word was passed up and down the Pecos River of the Indian attack on the Butterfield stagecoach. People anticipating a trip over the rugged foothills were advised by scouts and guides to remain in the Pecos Valley near a settlement until the Indians had quieted down. Seven Rivers had been alerted to the violence of the Indian raids in the Guadalupe foothills and scouts had been sent into this rugged country to warn travelers.

BUCK CASEY, a scout, and two others whose identities have been lost, were traveling at the time on horseback through the foothills of the Guadalupe when they came upon a lone wagon, with an extra team of mules tied to the endgate, winding its way through Park Canyon about fifteen miles down the Pecos River.

"There was a young-looking man, two older women and several children in the wagon," was Buck's report. "We couldn't tell how many children there were, but a small freckled-faced boy and a girl with pigtails stuck their heads from between the overjets and the wagonsheet when we rode up to stop them."

A strange caravan it must have been, traveling without escort in the dreaded territory of the hostile Apaches!

The scouts warned the young driver about the Indian attack on the stagecoach and insisted that the party turn back. "It's too late now," answered the driver. "We're traveling in a free country, you know, and besides, I wouldn't drive back over those rough canyons if I knew the Indians would scalp everyone of us!"

The remains of a burned wagon were found later a few miles from there, but no sign of the travelers. What their names were, or what became of them, no one knows to this day. The canyon was later named Wagon Tire, the name derived from some iron tires found in the pile of ashes.

AS TO THE REACTION of the people in the area to the attack, nobody seems to know exactly what happened. "Firing an anvil" at that time was the customary distress signal in the event of an Indian attack. This is done by pouring gun powder on the flat side of an anvil and placing another anvil upside-down on the gun powder. When the gun powder is set off, the anvils give off with a ringing sound that can be heard for miles in the mountainous country. Drifting smoke from the explosion of the firing of an anvil in the Guadalupe Mountain country used to be considered a sure sign of white people in distress.

Through the years, the art of firing an anvil without mishap to the trigger man of the gun powder has just about been lost. During the recent Centennial

(Continued on page 34)

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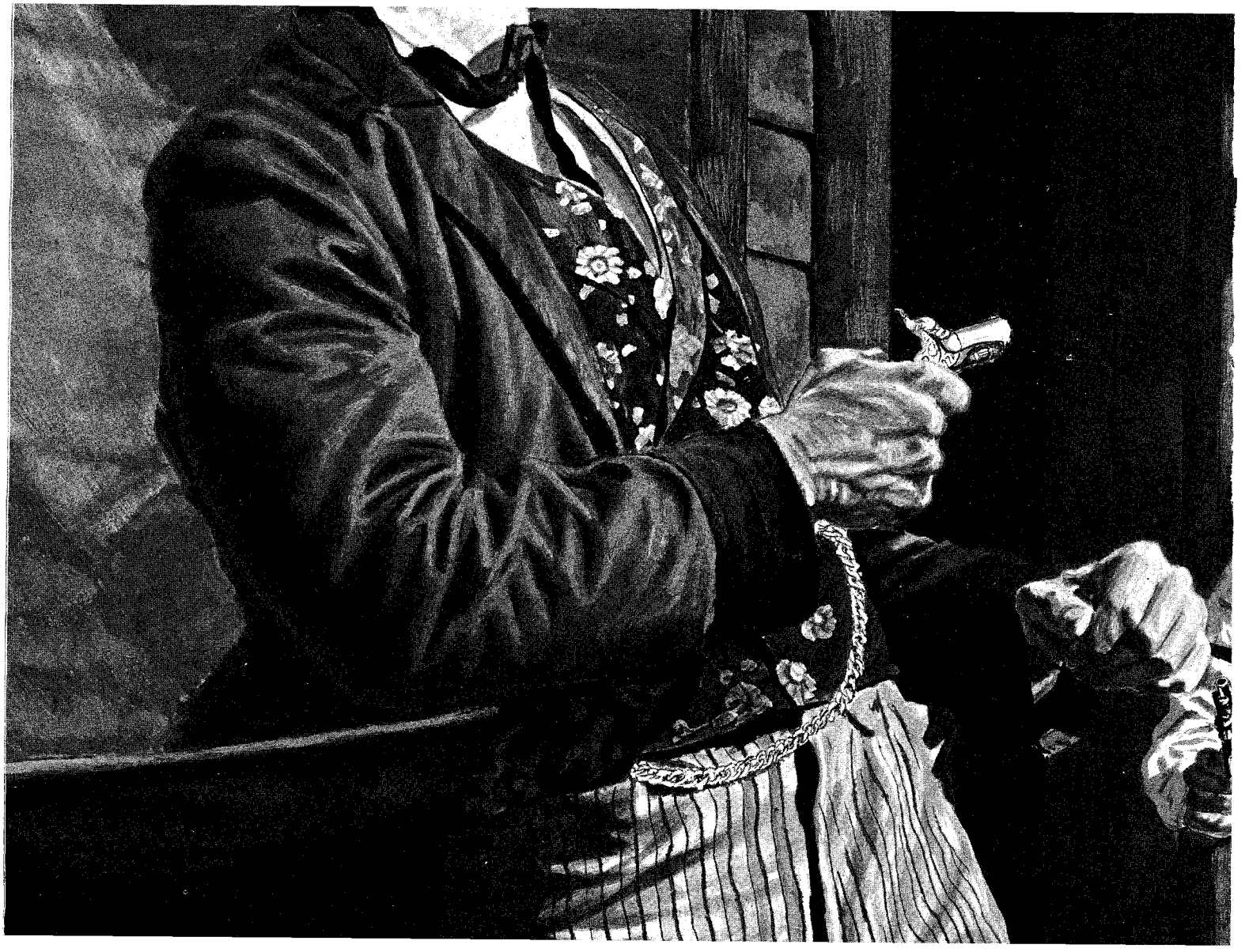

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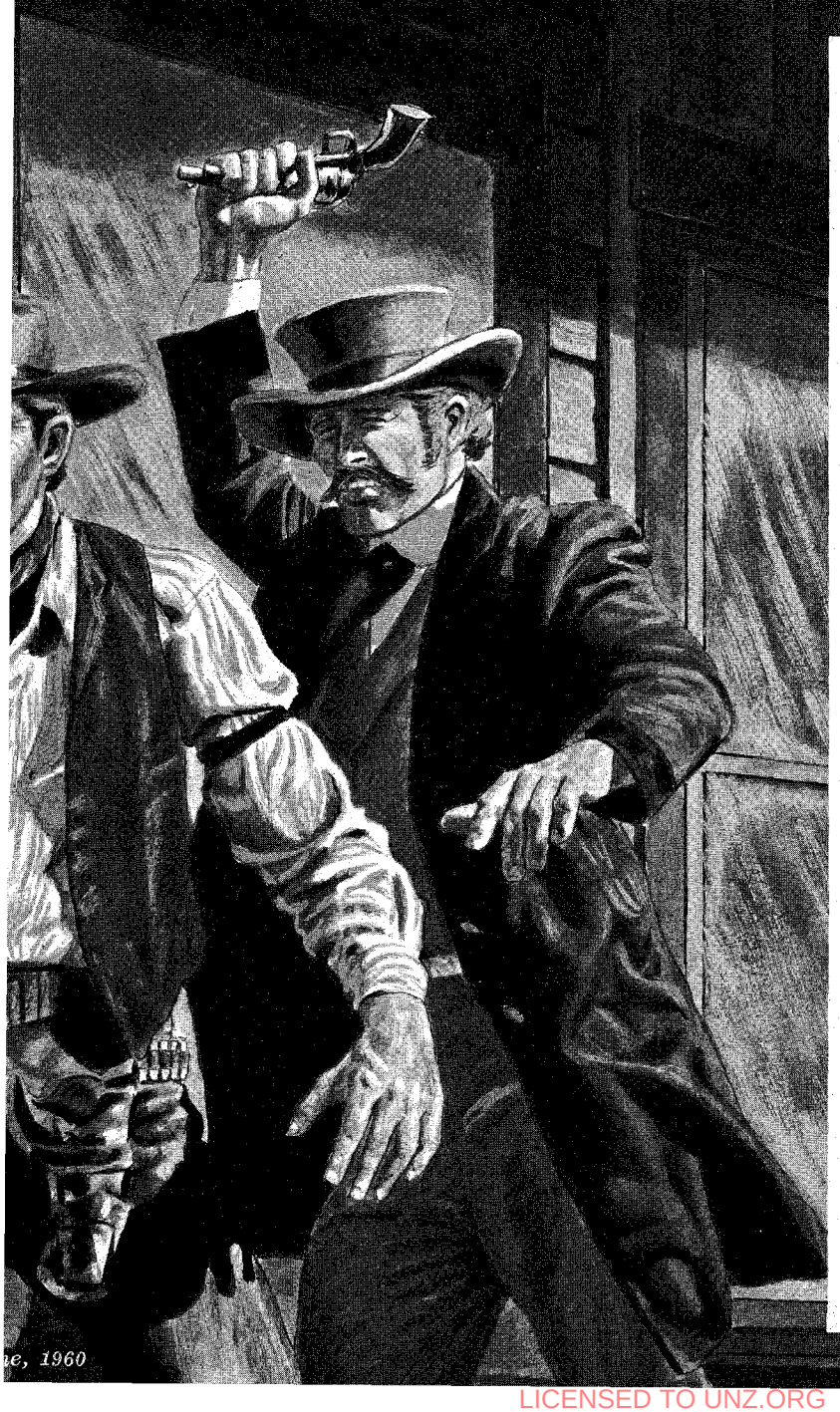
He had won and lost $800,000 at the age of thirty-two.

No wonder they called him the

Fabulous Gambler

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee



Editor's Note: Condensed from a book, Road To Ruin, published in 1947 by Tom Bailey, dealing with the exciting career of John Philip Wayne who ran $20.00 borrowed from a woman into a fabulous fortune—and lost it. Only he won something else that he could keep . . . An interesting story that is all the more fascinating because it is true.

THE SURLY voice from outside the stagecoach caused the vehicle to lurch and then come to a dead stop.

"All right, you in there! Step out and line up!"

The passengers, including two women, got out one by one and lined up. The last out was a medium-sized man wearing a tall silk hat that was cocked at a jaunty angle over a mass of black, curly locks. He was wearing a pearl-gray vest, between the pockets of which hung a watch chain of pure gold nuggets. He had on pencil-striped trousers and a cutaway coat of purest silk. Spats with mother-of-pearl buttons protruded from beneath the trouser bottoms. His soft white collar, wilted somewhat by the July heat, was the only item of his dress that lacked freshness. A thin black mustache lengthened as he faced the pair of robbers with a smile.

"A dude, eh?" one grunted. "A real dressed-up, fit-to-kill dude."

The speaker reached out and removed the watch and chain, dropping it into the pocket of his grimy jacket. He then went through the little man's pockets, removing his wallet and a healthy pack of greenbacks from the trousers.

Occasionally as he searched the other passengers, the man made what he intended obviously to be witty remarks, but they fell on unresponsive ears. The job was over quickly and everyone was ordered back onto the stage.

The date was July 27, 1873; the scene, along the shores of little Washoe Lake, in Nevada, midway between Reno and Carson City.

As the stage crawled up the Geiger Grade toward Virginia City, its destination, John Philip Wayne made a hasty inventory of his pockets and found he had but thirty cents to his name.

"And just how much did they get from you?" a pretty woman seat companion inquired.

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"A little more than seven thousand. I don't suppose thirty cents will pay for a cup of coffee in Virginia City."

"No, I'm sure it wouldn't," she replied. "I take it that you're a gambler."

"Yes, I'm from down Mississippi River way. I don't know a single person in Virginia City."

Lifting her skirt, the passenger fished down into her stocking and came up with a bill. "Here, take this. It will get you a place to sleep tonight and a meal."

Wayne looked at the bill, a twenty. "No, thanks, ma'am, I couldn't take it. Really."

"And why not?"

"I might never be able to pay you back."

"Nonsense! I live in Virginia City. Should you be fortunate enough to recover some of your losses, I'm usually at the Ivy Social Club for the Saturday night dances. You can find me there. My name's Mary Moinya."

He thanked her and stuffed the twenty into his vest pocket.

When she alighted at the Virginia City stage depot, she said, "Good day, sir, and good luck!" He watched her vanish in the crowd and then climbed down to face his own immediate problems.

The streets were covered with a layer of dust two inches thick, and as he made his way from one board sidewalk to the next, he realized he would have to provide himself with boots, which everyone seemed to be wearing.

He found all the hotels filled to capacity but finally a clerk directed him to Mrs. Murphy's rooming house where he found a small room equipped with a cot. The price per day was six dollars.

On the Mississippi, river boat gamblers had to be clever to get by, and Wayne was clever with cards, more so than most. That night with the $14 that remained from the twenty, he sat in a small game and won $200. When it broke up he sat in at another table and won $500 more before trouble erupted.

"You're a professional card shark," one of the players dressed in miner's garb told him. "I can tell it from your fancy clothes. I should have known better than to sit in with you."

Wayne pushed himself back from the table and went to his room. During the entire evening he had seen no one with such fancy clothes as his. A few wore top hats and fancy coats but they were in the minority. He resolved to dress in something less symbolic of the professional gambler.

During the next few days, he sat in a game with a professional like himself, Joe Hastings, also a Mississippi River product, and they hit it off well together. Joe wore conservative checks and a pearl-gray derby. He too sported a mustache but in contrast to Wayne's, it was heavy—a dark, aggressive masculine mustache that was more in keeping with the style the miners wore. Hastings was as cool as steel and had a steady hand. Working together, sitting in the same game that is, partners could come up occasionally with some pretty strong hands.

But they were careful. "You're not on the river now," Hastings said. "These fellows up here aren't particular whose guts they let daylight through, once they discover they're being taken. The best thing you and I can do is not to speak to each other when we're seen in public. Pretend like you don't know me."

On the tenth day after his arrival in Virginia City, Wayne, starting with the fourteen dollars left that his fellow stage passenger had loaned him, had recouped his loss to the bandits.

He thought it about time he looked up Mary Moinya and paid her back. But Mary did not attend the dance at the Ivy Social Club that Saturday night. Wayne was disappointed, for he had bought her a very special present to show his appreciation of her kindness and generosity.

WAYNE WAS SITTING in a game of stud one evening when the player across from him leaped to his feet. "You cheap, low-down crook!" the man bellowed. "That eight of clubs you gave me was on the bottom of the deck when I cut the cards."

"You shouldn't look at the bottom card when you cut the deck," Wayne said, smiling.

This infuriated the fellow and he started around the table, flipping a knife open. Wayne came up with a derringer, the only weapon he had ever carried. "Mind it, man! This is a mighty big gun close up."

The man glared at him, his chest heaving. "You've got a gun and I haven't, mister. But I'll have one next time we meet, and that time won't be far off either." He strode out the door and disappeared.

"You'd better watch him," one of the other players said. "He's a bad one when he'd mad. Worse when he's drunk."

On his way home that night, Wayne kept a sharp lookout for signs of trouble but saw none. The next day he told Hastings about the incident of the night before.

"It's too bad it happened," Hastings said. "Getting yourself denounced in a game as a card shark is not good. They'll end up running us both out of town. We've got to be more careful."

Virginia City had, if little else in that year of 1873, a plentiful supply of good food, and the pair of gamblers fared well. Oysters from the Coast, strawberries from San Joaquin Valley, squab from Sacramento, and turkeys from Oroville. Champagne was plentiful, though expensive. To everyone champagne was a symbol of wealth and all seemed able to afford it.

Wayne now had better than $10,000 but his efforts to locate Mary Moinya were of no avail. She did not attend any of the dances at the Ivy Social Club and he could find no one who knew her.

Gambling in Comstock mining shares was more profitable than playing cards, Wayne found. Market prices, influenced by the powerful manipulation of Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien, fluctuated constantly, sometimes endangering the stability of the soundest banking houses in San Francisco. Yet Wayne managed to ride the tides, selling when he should sell and buying when prices were right. In six months he made $50,000.

On an early September evening, Wayne checked in his chips early and started home. As he passed the International Hotel, a piece of paper came fluttering down and landed on the sidewalk. He picked it up and saw that it had been torn from a tobacco can or sack. Someone had tossed it out the window.

Showing on the paper was the number "17," the rest having been torn off.

Wayne cast it aside and fingered the money he had just won. He had no idea of the exact amount he held in his hand.

That number "17" intrigued him. A gambling place just down the street had a "no limit" sign above one of its roulette wheels. One could bet any amount on a number but could not double the bet later. In other words, if one bet $1,000, he could not bet $2,000 on the next turn. He had to continue betting the same amount each time, win or lose. Or he could wager a lesser amount.

Wayne planked the money down on number 17. "That is for Mary," he told himself.

His number came up and the house manager paid off to the tune of thirty-five to one—$7,550 which the gambler gathered up and pocketed. Later he put it in an envelope and wrote Mary Moinya's name on it. She would get back $377.50 for every dollar she had loaned him—if and when he found her.

The next night he won $3,000 in a stud poker game and invested it in Consolidated California and Consolidated Virginia mining stocks. Three weeks later he doubled his investment when the stock took a sudden rise. Had he held on for six more weeks, he would have cleared $30,000 on the deal, so unpredictable were mining stocks in those days.

Even though he had made a lot of money, Wayne had stayed on at the boarding house. Suddenly he was notified of a vacancy at the International Hotel and he moved there immediately, taking a big room with two beds that Hastings shared with him for a time. It cost them $40 a day.

One night while there, Wayne dropped into the Bucket of Blood for a drink.

"Mr. Wayne," the bartender said, "I have to warn you. John Story is roaring drunk and gunning for you. He's been hunting you everywhere."

"Who's John Story?" Wayne inquired. "Never heard of him."

"Says you cheated at cards and stood him off with a derringer."

Wayne's mind raced back to the poker game when he had slipped the eight of clubs to the miner across the table and given himself a needed ace. Wishing to avoid the man, Wayne finished his drink and started back toward the hotel.

"Hey, you cheat! I got something to settle with you."

Wayne looked around and saw a man lurching toward him, a gun in his hand. Wayne's derringer was not a very effective weapon at ten paces, so he waited as the lurching figure came on.

A shadow darted out from behind a lamp post, moved up behind the drunken man and brought a gun down over his head. The fellow slumped to the dust with a groan.

Wayne recognized the shadow as Joe Hastings. Joe grinned. "I heard Story was looking for you," he said, holstering his .44 Colt.

Wayne was grateful.

"Why don't you put that popgun away and carry a real one?" Hastings said. "You'll find it pays in the long run."

It was against the law to carry a gun, but if hidden beneath the coat one could get away with it.

"I think I will," Wayne said. "I'll buy one tomorrow."

Hastings thought it would be a good idea if Wayne cleared out of town for a few days until the drunk sobered up. "Let's run down to Carson for a change. I understand a man can find a game in that town if he looks hard enough."

(Continued on page 44)

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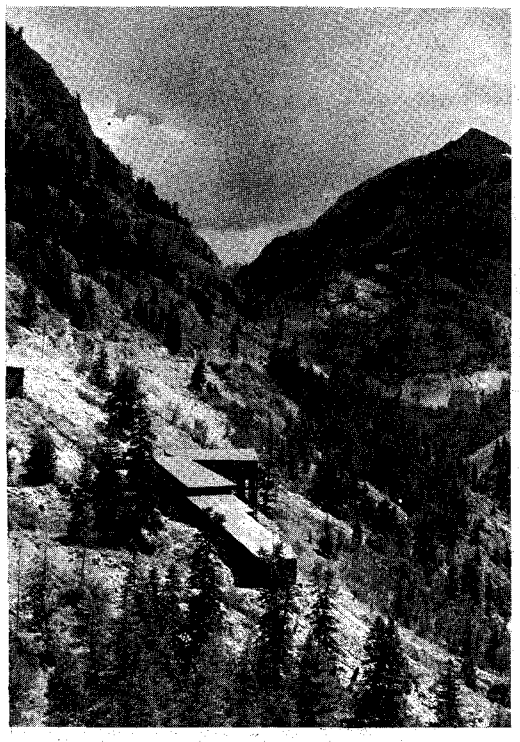

idreds of abandoned mines dot the slopes of "Silvery San Juans" of southwest Colorado.

Winning Ticket

By RICK KREPELA

It was a chance only a stout heart could take, and it paid off because of a brave wife's faith!

RICO WAS JUST another of the many towns that sprang up around the mining camps of Colorado. If a man was lucky he could find gold or silver. f his wife was lucky she could buy a ottery ticket worth a million and a quarter dollars!

A railroad pushed its way up the narrow canyon into Rico, hauling in astern luxuries and bringing ore con-entrates out from the mountains.

Just one of the hundreds of men seek-ng a fortune in western Colorado in 1891 was David Swickheimer. He and his wife had come west with high hopes. Like many another there was nly bitter disappointment—fortunes vere always made on someone else's claim.

Dave was forced to take odd jobs. He fixed this or he hauled that, con-scious that his meager earnings made it necessary for his wife to take in boarders.

The people of Rico knew of the hush-ed arguments Dave and his wife had. Bitter words as he insisted on return-ing east; she insistent that the prospect-ing continue. They always ended the same way—he took his shovel and claim stakes back into the hills. At least it was quiet high above the town.

On one of these trips he located a small claim which they optimistically named the "Enterprise." But filing a claim was one thing; developing it was something else again! It took money—every penny the Swickheimers could squeeze from their other efforts. The small amount of money the paying ore brought was sucked right back into the ground in the form of timbers, hoists and machinery.

The arguments began all over again.

"Let's leave this country—go back east."

"No, we stick it out some more."

But as the second year began with no more promise than the first, even Mrs. Swickheimer began to weaken. She stopped arguing long enough to hear the one or two offers made for their partially developed Enterprise mine.

Each time she broke off the talks with interested buyers with a firm, "No, we work the mine ourselves."

WITH EVERY PENNY needed at the mine, there was little left for the frivolities offered by life in a bonanza town. Yet, despite this, Mrs. Swick-heimer managed to scrape together a dollar to buy a ticket on a local lot-tery. The ticket promised $5,000 in re-turn to the lucky winner!

To Dave it was wasted money and the arguments began again.

Of course their ticket won—paid off in 5,000 of the brightest, hardest dol-lars the couple had ever seen. Now the arguments grew to full scale family fights. All of Rico knew, with the gos-sips whispering behind cupped hands.

"She won't let him have a penny of it."

"They keep throwing money into that hole—they'll be destitute yet."

"Why won't she listen to him and go back east?"

Dave paid out the money to equip-ment suppliers, undoubtedly thinking of the comfortable life back east it could have bought. Each foot the shaft sank saw more of the prize money disap-pear. Soon they would be back where they had begun with the hole a little

(Continued on page 52)

The town of Rico, Colorado, as it looked to the Swickheimers.

Denver Public Library Western Collection Photo

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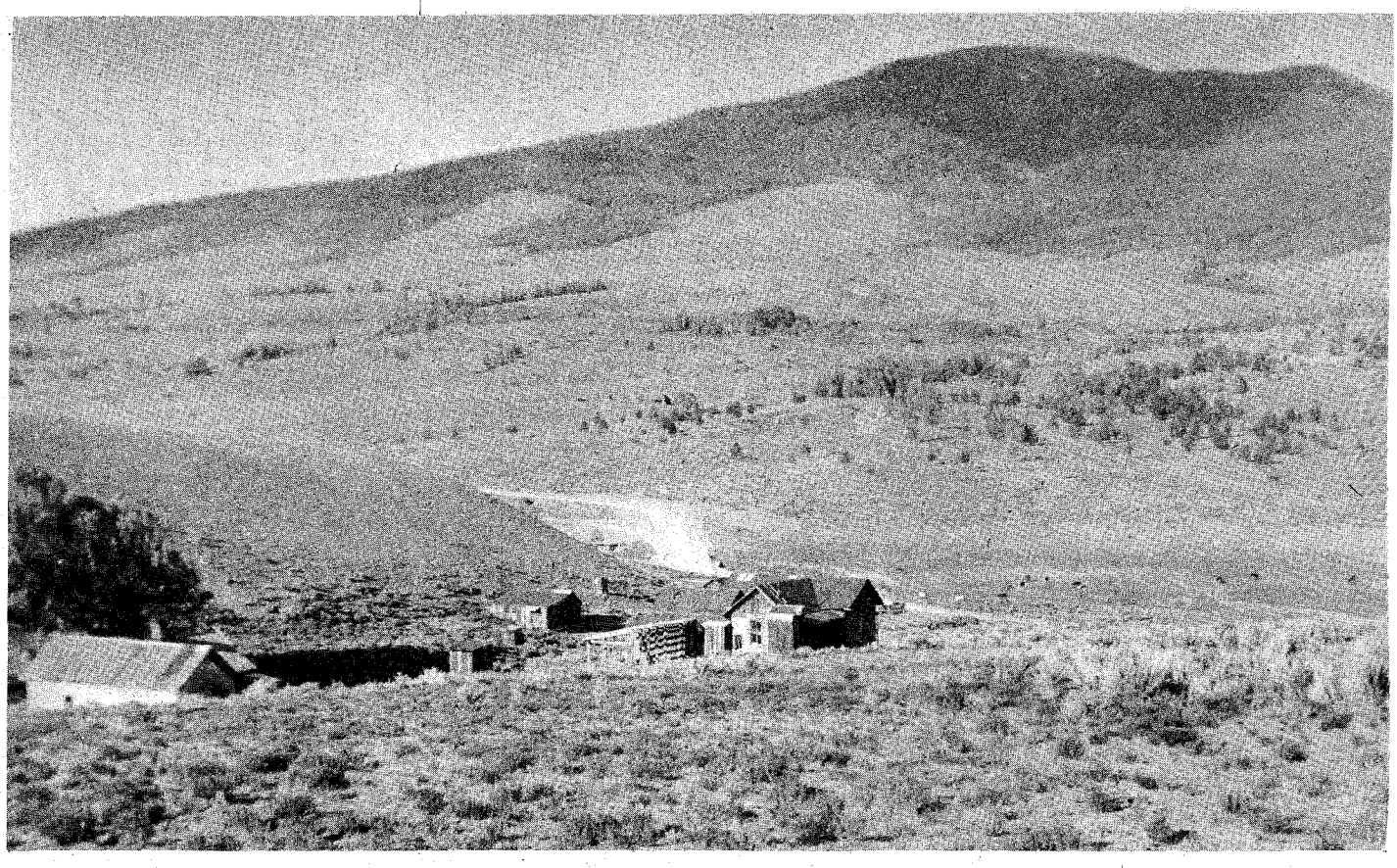

View of Moreno Valley which cradled Elizabethtown, New Mexico. Baldy Peak (upper right) overlooks E-town cemetery (on hill, left center) and abandoned dwellings.

Cradle of Violence

By S. J. BRASHER

Elizabethtown, New Mexico, hardly knew a peaceful moment during its early-day history. Death was where you found it—usually just around the corner.

NO TOWN of the Old West was as wild as Elizabethtown (seat of the newly formed Colfax County, Territory of New Mexico) in its heyday—1869 through the early 1870's. Death was where you found it—usually just around the corner.

Today, hunters and fishermen, traveling within the shadow of Baldy Peak on New Mexico's state road No. 38, can see the partial remains of the once turbulent frontier community. Only a handful of people, mostly newcomers, live there now, a far cry from the 5,000 population it attained at its zenith. In the older part of town a few buildings remain standing, unoccupied, weather-beaten and deteriorating, yet hauntingly alive with memories.

Eight fatal shootings in one day stands as an all-time record.

Named in honor of Elizabeth Moore, daughter of one of the early settlers, Elizabethtown, or E-town as it became known, had its real beginning in the fall of 1866 when a group of prospectors camped near Willow Creek searching for copper. Instead of copper, they found gold.

At first an attempt was made to keep the gold find a secret, but it was an irresistible temptation to boast of the discovery and to display the rich ore samples. Soon, cries of a fabulous gold discovery high in the isolated Moreno Valley began to ring throughout the Territory and into Colorado.

Long before the arrival of spring, hundreds of gold hunters armed with six-shooters and illusions of tremendous wealth began flowing into the valley. These were quickly followed by the saloon keeper, the gambler, the Kansas and Texas fugitive, and also the perverted misfit—all motivated in one degree or another by the luster of precious metal and quick, easy profits.

Utilizing timber off the adjacent mountain sides, the enterprising saloon keepers and gamblers hastily assembled buildings to provide "recreation halls" for the rapidly expanding population. Finally two hotels, five general mercantiles, and seven saloons graced the hilly slopes among the makeshift shacks which housed the families who braved the perilous journey into the remote valley.

Most of the saloons were constructed about one hundred feet in length, containing in the front part a well-stocked bar and in the rear, gaming tables surrounding a small dance floor. These

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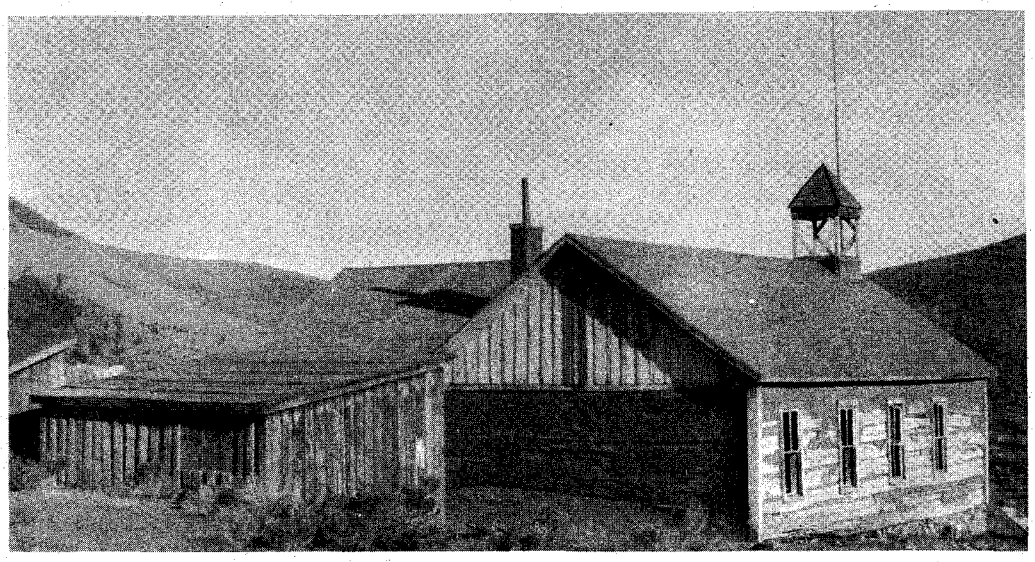

Frame school building was constructed after the turbulent years.

halls were, for the most part, open twenty-four hours a day, closing only for a short period in the early morning to restock and clear the debris—and oftentimes corpses—created by the always exuberant celebrants the night before.

One place, the Gold Bug Saloon, featured the singing and dancing of exotic, low-voiced Isabel Romero, an import from San Antonio, Texas. José Belen played the Mexican guitar and, for added entertainment, Frank Hartley, a "dude" dressed in fine linen and broadcloth, was the slick, soft-handed dealer of cards.

Law and order was something that did not exist. The faithful six-shooter—always loaded, always ready—was the only real law. The person most cunning in its use, most adept at getting the upper hand, prevailed in E-town regardless of any concept of right or wrong. The flagrant misuse of the six-gun was also encouraged by the fact that soon after the gold seekers arrived, they found the precious metal did not exist in the Moreno Valley. Oh, there was gold all right, but it was to be found chiefly along the several gulches around the town and in the *arroyos* and streams that wind their way down from towering Baldy Peak. It required painstaking work to first locate then to extract even a small amount of the metal. This kind of effort was, to many of the more adventuresome emigrants, evidently distasteful. It was much easier and sometimes just as fruitful to jump someone else's claim, or lay in waiting at Ute Creek in order to "borrow" from the stage and its occupants as it journeyed from Cimarron to Elizabethtown; or simply to relieve a hapless miner of his gold or wages as he staggered, half inebriated with foul-tasting liquor, up a dark, rutted E-town street.

PERHAPS the most notorious figure to come out of the history and legend of old Elizabethtown was Charles Kennedy, a large, grotesque, diseased man. Kennedy, with his Mexican wife and family, lived at the mouth of Fernandez Canyon, located a few miles southwest of E-town and the only outlet through the rugged Sangre de Cristo Mountains from Moreno Valley westward to Taos. At this place, Kennedy maintained an overnight traveler's rest, or inn, which consisted of a rather large main house and a group of small log huts. It is said that Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President of the United States under Grant and in whose honor the county was named, had once been entertained here by Kennedy and his wife.

Early in 1871, a prominent traveler from Taos disappeared. A search was launched. All the evidence uncovered led directly to Kennedy's place. There the party found the traveler's mules and virtually all his belongings, but no trace of the missing man. Kennedy related a not-too-convincing story that he had found the mules aimlessly wandering on the trail through Fernandez Canyon. He supposed that the owner had been attacked by Apaches. The men could not understand why the Apaches had not taken the mules, for the Indians prized these animals.

They were not long in finding out the truth, for a few days later, Kennedy's wife ran away to E-town and related

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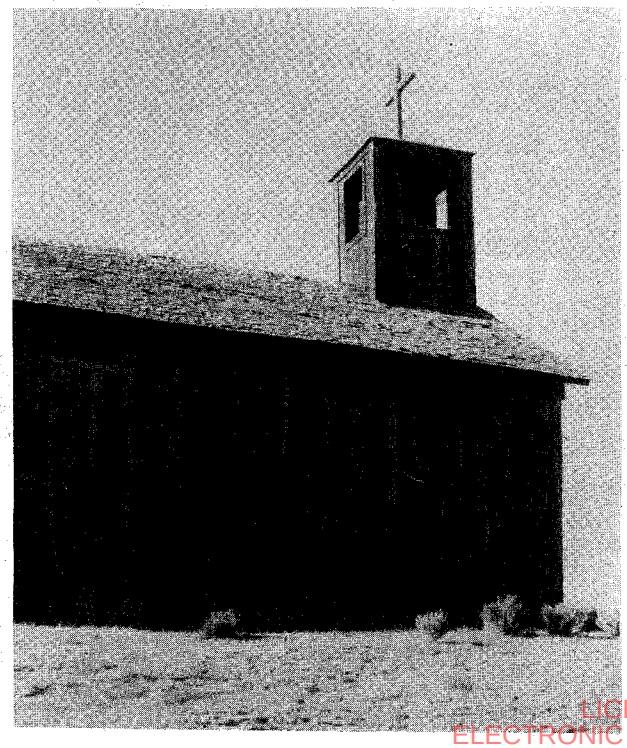

Church built by "respectable citizens" of Elizabethtown.

Abandoned mine shaft on outskirts of town.

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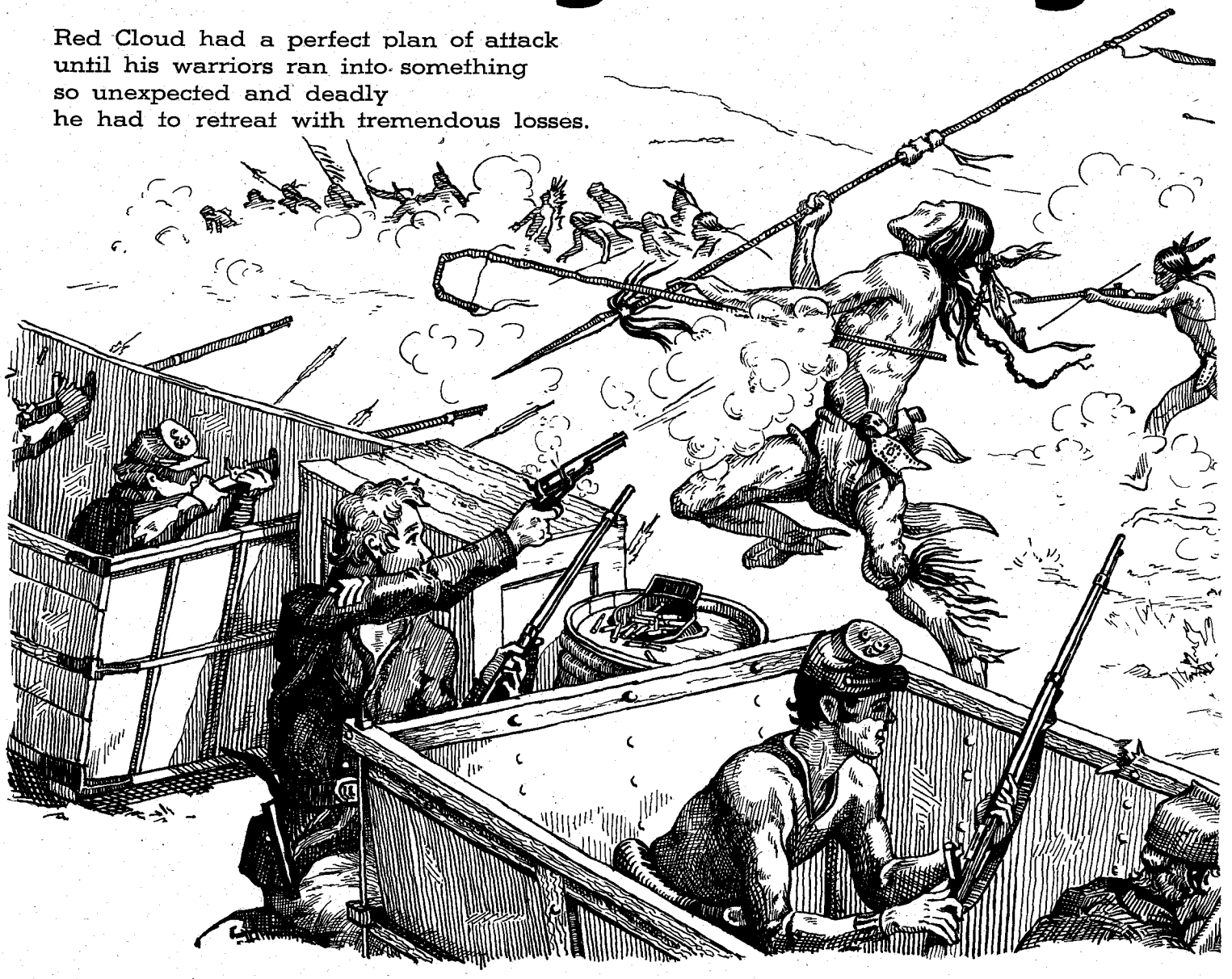
Revenge at Wagon

Red Cloud had a perfect plan of attack until his warriors ran into something so unexpected and deadly he had to retreat with tremendous losses.



HOW MANY INDIANS were in the attack?" asked the general.

"Wal, Gin'rill, I can't say fer sartin, but I think thar wur nigh onto 3,000 uv 'em."

"How many were killed and wounded?"

"I can't say fer sartin, but I think thar wur nigh onto a thousand."

"How many did you kill?"

"Gi'me a dead rest, I kin hit a dollar at fifty yards every time, and I fired with a dead rest at more'n fifty of thum varmints inside of fifty yards."

"For heaven's sake, how many times did you fire?" exclaimed the astonished general.

"Wal, I can't say, but I kept eight guns pretty well het up for more'n three hours."

Such were the questions and answers during the interrogation of a grizzled mountain veteran by the commanding general of the Department of Platte, concerning the Wagon Box Corral fight near Fort Phil Kearney, August 2, 1867.

The night following the Fetterman disaster, Portugee Phillips began a ride of better than 236 miles, in subzero weather, to appeal for help at Fort Laramie. When asked later if he stayed close to the trail, Phillips replied, "Hell no! More'n once I was more'n ten miles off it." Phillips made most of the ride at night, hiding out during the daylight hours. He arrived at Fort Laramie about eleven o'clock Christmas night.

Two days later, on December 27, Colonel H. W. Wessels left Fort Laramie with four companies of infantry and two companies of cavalry for the relief of Fort Kearney. During this march the mercury was continuously ranging between twenty-five and forty degrees below zero. Hampered by blizzards, high winds and drifting snow, often waist high, the relief column practically had to shovel their own route north.

It was necessary to leave a number of their expedition at Fort Reno for the amputation of frozen limbs. Pressing on to Fort Kearney, they arrived on January 17, relieved to find that no further attacks had been made on the fort.

The harsh weather had held Red Cloud's forces immobile in winter camp on the Tongue River.

Shortly after Colonel Wessels' arrival, he relieved Colonel Carrington of the command of the three forts and the Second Battalion, Eighteenth Infantry, became the Twenty-seventh U. S. Infantry

Food for both men and horses at Fort Kearney became increasingly scant. The horses were in a starving condition, due to the halting of hay operations by Red Cloud the past summer. With snow two feet deep on the level, foraging was out of the question.

The horses had to be placed on picket lines of chain, rather than of rope. They also had to be tethered apart so they could not eat each others' manes and tails. Raw hides, flesh side out, were placed on posts so that the animals would not eat the wood. Parties

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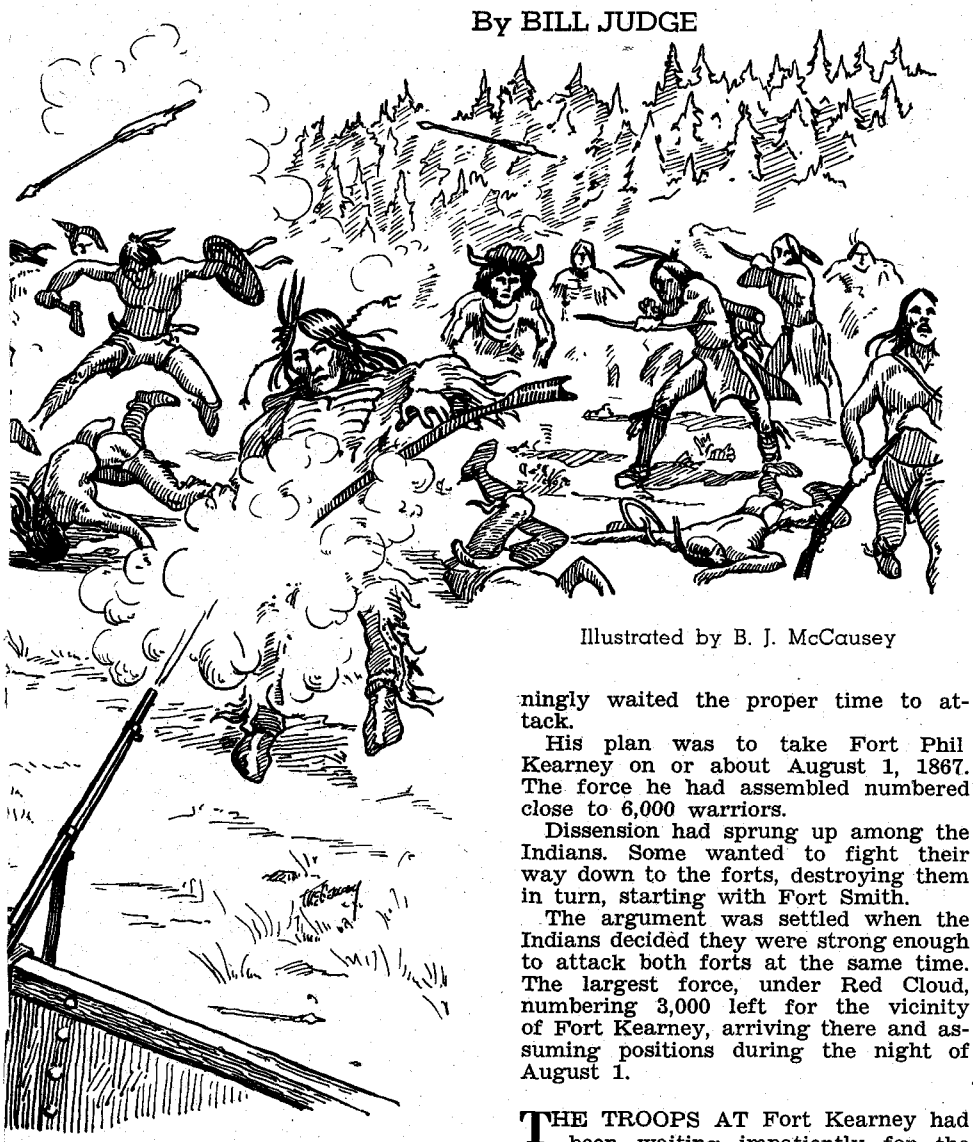
Box Corral

By BILL JUDGE



Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

were sent out to cut the tenderest branches of trees and bushes to feed them. It required six mules or horses to haul a load that would not have bothered a team of two in normal strength.

The men were reduced to meals of hardtack and condemned sow belly. The latter had so deteriorated that the fat had separated from the lean meat. Bean soup was a luxury served infrequently.

Scurvy broke out and many required hospitalization, further reducing the force available for defense.

After the defeat of Fetterman, Red Cloud's star was in the ascendancy. He now decided that the time was ripe for the greatest of his ambitions—to attack the forts and destroy them. To that end, he sent out calls for all warriors to be on hand for the coming campaign.

Delayed by the hard winter, early spring snows and run-offs that filled the streams to overflowing, he cunningly waited the proper time to attack.

His plan was to take Fort Phil Kearney on or about August 1, 1867. The force he had assembled numbered close to 6,000 warriors.

Dissension had sprung up among the Indians. Some wanted to fight their way down to the forts, destroying them in turn, starting with Fort Smith.

The argument was settled when the Indians decided they were strong enough to attack both forts at the same time. The largest force, under Red Cloud, numbering 3,000 left for the vicinity of Fort Kearney, arriving there and assuming positions during the night of August 1.

THE TROOPS AT Fort Kearney had been waiting impatiently for the spring supply trains that were delayed by swollen streams.

So it was not until the latter part of June that the bull train of Gilmore and Porter arrived at Fort Kearney with crowded freight wagons of provisions and other badly needed supplies.

Among the supplies was a most welcome surprise for the garrison. Included in the wagons was a shipment of 700 of the new fifty calibre, breech-loading rifles, known as the Allin Springfields. Included with the rifles were 100,000 rounds of matching ammunition. These were the first guns of this type to be issued to troops in the Indian territory.

The guns used by the infantry, until the arrival of the new issue, were muzzle-loaders. Having been fired, this ancient arm required some time to reload and the use of a ramrod to thrust the new charge home. The Indians, accustomed to this type of gun, would maneuver to draw the fire of this first shot. When they saw the arm raised with the ramrod to reload, they would press in to close quarters. This muzzle-loader was the weapon used by the infantry with Fetterman.

The new guns had metallic cartridges, requiring only a moment to open the breech block and reload. In addition to this improvement in rapid fire, they were more accurate and powerful than the older type of weapon.

The supply train of Gilmore and Porter, rather than make a return trip empty, secured a contract to furnish logs to the sawmill and fire wood to the fort. One of the stipulations of the contract was that the fort furnish guards to protect their camp and wagons while transporting the wood. While the cost is not mentioned in published records of Fort Kearney, the price for wood delivered to Fort Smith was $27.50 per cord. The price at Fort Kearney must have approached that closely.

Early in July, camps were established by the contractors beyond Sullivant Hill. First was the headquarters camp in the meadows between the two woodcutting camps. The largest woodcutting camp was located on the North Piney about a mile to the north of the headquarters camp. The smaller camp was on the South Piney, a little over a half mile to the west of headquarters.

The reason for coming so far from the fort for wood is easily explained. The trees near the fort were mostly cottonwood or small pines. Up where the creeks emerged from the hills, were pine trees superior to any others. They were described as eighteen inches through at the butt, straight as an arrow and ninety feet to the first branches.

The North Piney "pinery," as it was called, was within plain view of headquarters camp. The South Piney "pinery" was around a dogleg of the streambed and out of sight. Both camps were across the streams, away from the headquarters camp.

In addition to these camps, the working stock of the wood trains would be grazed in the meadow, when not working. The stock was under the care and protection of civilian herders.

Company A of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, Fetterman's old company, was the first to go on guard and escort duty. The companies were almost at full strength, due to the replacements which had been added during the spring.

The duties of the men were roughly divided as follows: twelve to fourteen men under a non-commissioned officer were assigned to escort duty for the big woodcutting camp. Seven or eight were assigned similar duties at the smaller camp. Two or three of these men would remain at the picket post on the bend of the dogleg, to keep headquarters in touch with the wood camp.

Empty wagons would go to each of the camps in the morning and return loaded to headquarters in the afternoon. The next morning, both wagon trains would be combined in a larger train, leaving headquarters with an escort of a commissioned officer and twenty to thirty men. Combined with teamsters and helpers this would provide a fighting force of approximately fifty men on the six mile haul to the fort. In the afternoon, the empty wagons would return, to be redistributed to the woodcutting camps the following morning, a much different procedure than had been used the previous year.

(Continued on page 47)

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The Forgotten Men

By PAUL J. LINDAMAN

With grub stake and burro they left civilization for the uncharted desert—following the "Ghost Trail" to death or fortune.

A LITTLE OVER fifty years ago, I arrived in Douglas, a frontier settlement located on the Mexican border in the southeast corner of what was then the Territory of Arizona. In 1907, this was truly the "golden West."

It was there that I made the acquaintance of many friendly, unforgettable characters—old prospectors. These were the men who roamed the Arizona desert wastelands, enduring hardships and privations in their eternal attempt to "strike it rich." They were a rugged type of outdoorsmen, these men who looked for gold. They were hardy in body, mind and spirit. They were self-sufficient in a way you don't see any more. It is to them that this story is dedicated.

All of the pioneer Arizona prospectors were financially poor. They had to "rustle a grubstake" in order to keep looking. A grubstake is money from some individual who would take a chance with these old-timers who knew how and where to look for minerals. But the man who "took a chance" always drove a hard bargain. Many times he would demand a 51-49 split on all the mining claims the old-timer could stake out on his adventurous journeys.

Having succeeded in obtaining a grubstake, the prospector would buy the simplest of wholesome and nourishing foods such as bacon, salt pork (they used to call it "sow-belly"), flour, frijoles (better known as pink beans), salt, pepper, baking soda and Arbuckles' coffee—the cheapest of the very few brands in existence then.

To cook his food in, he had a cast-iron frying pan and a cast-iron Dutch oven. A long-bladed pocket knife was both knife and fork. He used it also to slice the bacon and salt pork and clean all the game he killed. It was the all-around handy tool in camp.

Other equipment needed on such journeys was a pick, shovel, canteen, small wooden keg for water, small prospector's pick, .30-30 Winchester rifle, Colt "Frontier" model single-action six-shooter, ammunition for both, a woolen blanket and an old quilt—the kind our great-grandmothers used to make.

He then constructed his wooden boxes (also called panniers) to pack the food supply and other small articles. For all these necessary items he had either one or two burros which he used for transportation. This comprised his "outfit."

When the old wanderer left civilization he was on his own. There were no wagon trails or fences to guide him—just wide open spaces. His two most real dangers were Apaches and lack of water.

All the prospecting "treks" in the very early days were made from necessity, zig-zagging from one water hole to another until the "diggin's," usually in the higher mountain areas, was reached. The old-timer followed what was known as the "Ghost Trail." He moved by instinct in the direction of water, as animals do. And he would follow the cattle trails and wild animal runways to water. Instinct sometimes failed him. Once, at the end of a hard day's journey, old Jake Weston found the usual water place dry. And there was no water in the small wooden keg which was tied to his handmade wooden pack saddle on the burro's back.

Jake saw dried-out carcasses of cattle lying in a circular area nearby. Some of the remaining herd were still standing around bellowing for water. A few cows seemed to bellow out louder than the rest, their newborn calves lying at their feet, dying. Cattle skeletons dotted the burning sands.

He saw an ominous sign in the sky above him. There were turkey buzzards, scavengers of the desert, flying low in a circular fashion. They were having a carnival, a merry-go-round with death. He knew the meaning of everything he saw.

Possessing worlds of fortitude, yet tired, hungry and thirsty, Jake moved his outfit along the old Ghost Trail toward another familiar watering place many miles distant. He knew he would find water there.

The days were long and the heat great. The nights were soothingly cool. A severe long drought had spread itself over the semi-desert region and the few springs of water disappeared into the ground.

The old-timer stumbled and staggered along the trail, his throat swollen and parched. Again, he saw the sign in the heavens ahead—buzzards! There would be another carnival. The familiar watering place was dry.

Jake unloaded his worn-out burro near the spot where the water used to gush out of the ground. The burro came up to him and sniffed the ground. Frantically and hysterically, the old-timer sat down on his knees and started scratching a hole in the sand. But again, there was no water. He was now too weak to continue the struggle. He fell forward with his bronzed face lying on the spot where life-giving water had once flowed.

The cowboys in this vast cattle domain always rode to "the carnival" to alleviate the suffering of their cattle—with a bullet, if necessary. They found the old-timer with his burro. He was dead, his outfit scattered about. Nearby on a small rise of ground above the arroyo, they dug a grave and buried him. A little mound of washed boulders marked his final resting place.

AFTER THE GHOST TRAIL came the "Windmill Trail." When the cattleman came in and settled, they dug wells upon which wooden windmills were constructed. Earthen tanks were made to hold the precious water. They also built long "drift fences" so that the thirsty cattle were forced to follow a shorter trail to water.

Today, our air line systems have installations of beacon lights to guide planes across the continent. In true comparison, the early prospectors very innocently, but necessarily, adopted a similar safeguard—the old wooden windmill! These were the "beacons" which led them on to their diggin's.

And so it was along these dusty cattle trails and drift fences—the Windmill Trail—that the old-timers plodded onward to water.

When the old prospector found such an oasis, he camped for the night. His tired burro was unloaded and soon grazing on wild grasses and succulent weeds that grew around the water tank.

He started his campfire with dry catsclaw and mesquite sticks. Soon that wary jack rabbit, shot late that afternoon while on the trail, was sizzling in the frying pan. The Dutch oven was put on the fire to be ready for the sourdough biscuits that were in the making.

He placed his sack of flour in the campfire light, opened it, made a cup-like depression into the flour, added baking powder and baking soda, salt and shortening. He mixed all these ingredients on top, maintaining the cup-like depression in the flour. He added

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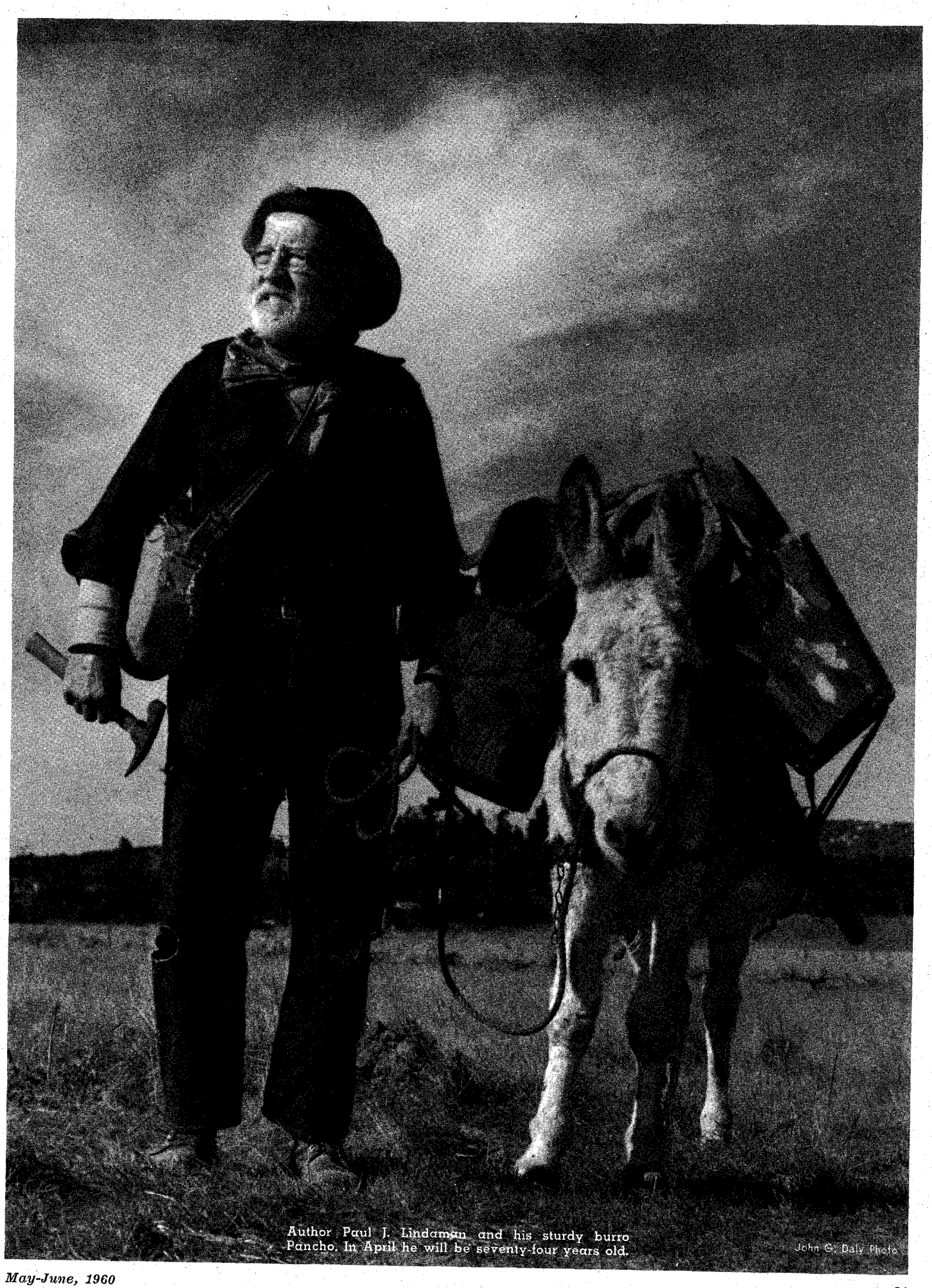

Author Paul J. Lindaman and his sturdy burro Pancho. In April he will be seventy-four years old.

John G. Daly Photo

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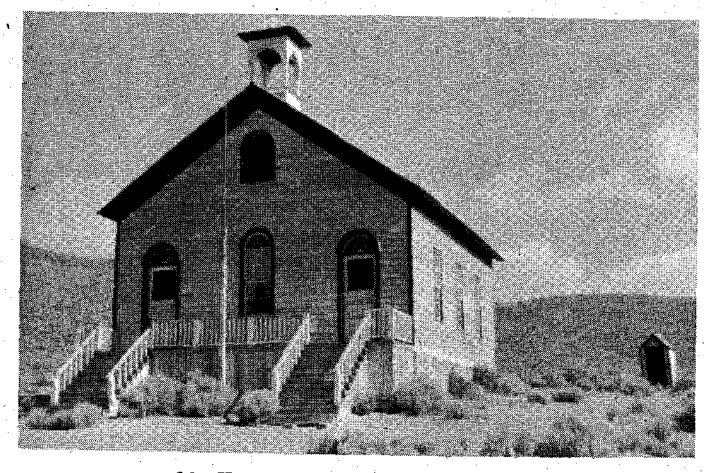
Bonanza Buffoonery

By DON ASHBAUGH



Old Unionville school, operated continuously from the 1860's until 1956.

No other newspaperman covered Nevada's fabulous silver sixties and seventies as did W. J. Forbes, most quoted of Old West publishers. His advertisements often were funnier than his jokes.

"BABYLON HAS Fallen!" was a good headline when old Nebuchadnezzar chiseled it on a slab of stone 'way back in 588 B.C.

It was even better nearly 2,500 years later when W. J. Forbes, the now forgotten editor of the long-gone White Pine *News*, used it in the hand-set clarion of one of Nevada's sensational nineteenth century silver strikes. His readers knew that it meant the last resident of a Hamilton suburb bearing the Biblical name had packed his rucksack and departed from the scene of another rapidly fading boom.

Forbes was like that. He put punch into the pithy papers he published during the bonanza days in the outland camps. He is one of my favorite editors, that great unsung coterie of brilliant, uninhibited, high-living newspapermen who wrote the real history of the lush, rich, wildly-booming days of the sixties and early seventies, when Nevada's silver strikes were sensational worldwide news. He probably was quoted more frequently in the nation's press than any other editor. Yet it was Mark Twain and some of the others who received all the credit.

So, you've probably never heard of him unless you are one of the few real researchers into old Nevada lore. Nobody seems to have written about these forgotten old-time newspapermen who, with a meal sack full of type and a battered old press, shuttled from one boom to the next and started ninety-one newspapers during the two decades between 1860 and 1880.

You find plenty of stories about miners and mistresses, gunmen and gamblers, barkeepers and bums, cowboys and courtesans, Mormons and ministers —but nothing much ever was written about the small town editors.

Forbes was one of the most brilliant of that peregrinating pack of potent penmen who made the hand-set columns of those outland bonanza-day newspapers sparkle with snappy satire and pungent prose.

He deserves, at least, this brief place in western history.

Most of his more brilliant cracks were credited to his alter ego, "Semblins." They became widely known quotations which were plagiarized and repeated all over the country until their origin was lost completely.

Probably the single one, most widely repeated, and for which many others, including Mark Twain, have been given credit, was a pointed political poke at Territorial Governor James W. Nye, who being a New Yorker, had grandiose ideas for improving the lot of the poor Indians in the wild West. Nye had obtained a $75,000 appropriation in 1862 with which to build a dam and a mill to saw lumber and irrigate lands for the Paiutes. When the money had been spent, all there was to show for it was a leaking mud dam which the Indians could have built better at no cost.

Territorial newspapers had plenty to say about this political financial fiasco, but Forbes showed that a few terse words can hit harder than whole columns of type. He dismissed the subject with the crack:

"Semblins knows that Governor Nye has a dam by a mill site, but he has no mill by a damn sight."

Forbes was a staunch Union supporter during the Civil War and it irked him when a Southerner made the claim that the Confederates were braver soldiers because "they had the blood of chivalry running in their veins."

He commented, "Semblins has been watching the record of the 'superior race' which Bragg's army has made from Kentucky to Georgia, and he thinks that some noble blood must run in the veins of those soldiers."

FORBES WAS ONE of that immense migration which surged back eastward from California over the Sierras when the Comstock boom set the country afire at the start of the 1860's.

He was a native of Ohio, had learned the printing business thoroughly under the guidance of Sam Medary, prominent distinguished early-day journalist in Columbus, and had joined the California fortune hunters in 1852. He quickly

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Rare glass negative photo of Unionville in its heyday. Half a dozen homes remain today along the creek and through the canyon. Mill and aqueduct (left) powered the town.

made a name for himself on such pioneer publications as the *Herald* at Marysville, the *Sierra Democrat* at Downieville and the *Argus* at Coloma, where Marshall made the original gold discovery.

An article in the *Territorial Enterprise* at Virginia City describing the recently-discovered Humboldt strike decided his destiny in the back country of early Nevada. The article quoted a correspondent who wrote, "I shall express an honest opinion based on a thorough examination: Humboldt County is the richest mineral region upon God's footstool! Each mountain range is gorged with precious ore . . ."

That article started a mad rush, and the cry all over the west was "Ho! To the Humboldt!" for hundreds of hopefuls. It was virgin ground in the vast newly-opened territory and thence went Forbes with his type and his press to be greeted enthusiastically by the entire early arrived citizenry of Unionville and the rest of the county.

Forbes announced that the first issue of his Humboldt *Register* would come from the press on the evening of May 2, 1863. It is very doubtful if any other newspaper ever was greeted with such an enthusiastic outburst of spontaneous cordiality. The citizens of Buena Vista Canyon, led by the "Cornet Band" and the rifle brigade, marched up the road to the log shack which housed the newspaper office, lined up in three ranks and fired a salute of nine blasts. A donated case of champagne from the Magnolia Saloon provided a fizzy fuse for the celebration which, augmented by more potent potations, lasted through the night and was enlivened by thirty-four anvil salutes. Thus Forbes started his bright Nevada career.

The Humboldt *Register,* five columns, four twenty-one inch-by-twenty-eight inch pages, was the most attractive paper typographically in the entire state during his tenure as editor. This reflects considerable credit on the man because Unionville was the most isolated of Nevada's nine territorial county seats. It was a rough, tough 225 miles over desert and mountain trails northeast of Virginia City. Practically all of its supplies came by ox-drawn wagons over the Sierras from Red Bluff and Chico and across the Black Rock desert, a distance twice again as far.

Forbes was the oracle for this vast area of northeast early Nevada and it isn't hard to visualize him standing before his type cases pegging the letters into his stick and using his nimble mind to compose his pungent prose as the words fell into place. As he filled the columns, he justified them with bright little quips which a reader finds today hidden all through the old files. Such as this one at the tail end of a couple of columns of "The New Mining Law of California"—"Pat was a volunteer, and he got sick. The first question the surgeon asked him was, 'Pat, are your bowels regular?'—'No sir, bejabers, I'm a volunteer!' "

And this little thought fills out the column on the County Treasurer's Report—"There are two things you should not borrow—trouble and a newspaper."

Prior to his marriage he frequently dropped in little two-liners such as, "Ladies disrobing is said to be the sweet peel of belles."

All of the early Nevada editors enjoyed friendly typographical sniping at each other. Forbes and John K. Lovejoy, editor of the *Old Piute* in Virginia City, were close friends and frequently jibed at each other in their papers like this:—

"Some men are like musical glasses —to produce their finer tones you must keep them wet."—*Exchange.*

'That's what's the matter with our friend Forbes, of the Humboldt *Register.*"—*Old Piute.*

"The distiller who'd contract to keep Lovejoy wet must steal his corn, or quit loser," Forbes answered.

Most any man will agree with his little philosophic filler, "Three things men never get tired looking at—the sky, the sea, and a woman's face. And why? Because they are never for two days together alike."

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BUT ONE WOULD never know where to stop and start if he just wandered around through Forbes' prolific garden of newspaper quips. Let's just open a file of The Humboldt *Register*, and look at the Humboldt region seen through his eyes in the week ending June 4, 1864. Wipe the worries and today's rushing hurly-burly from your mind and visualize yourself reading this isolated newspaper.

You're in a canyon through which a rushing, silvery brook tumbles down its rock-strewn, willow-lined course from the peaks to the east base of the Humboldt range. The sun comes up over the East Range across a sagebrush-covered valley some fifteen to twenty miles wide. Homes and stores are built along the creek. Some of the miners have their families with them. Most of the buildings are constructed of native rock—the most available building material—chinked with mud. Some roofs are thatch, others are "cement"—cloth-covered with a mixture of lime and sand. Neither keeps out the rain too well. There is no telegraph or railroad. Nevada territory is three years old. The War Between the States has the nation aflame. News is slow in reaching the area—stage arrivals are sporadic. When one does arrive, it brings a bundle of newspapers and magazines to Editor Forbes.

So, the Humboldt *Register* is your major source of information about what's going on, not only in the Humboldt region, but in the world.

The *Register* was bought eagerly by the news-hungry Humboldt citizens. "Single copies, 25 cents each" or "One copy, one year $5.00; Six months $3.00."

The neat masthead in Old English lettering has a pictorial background showing a stagecoach at the left, miners loading an ore car in the center and a steam locomotive—something still unseen but hoped for in Nevada's future—at the right.

Beneath the masthead, Forbes states his creed—"Patriotism Is Not Sectional—It Embraces In Its Sympathies And Purposes, The Cause Of Good Citizens Everywhere."

You're very liable to read every word of the paper because you're hungry for information and don't want to miss anything—so you glance down the business card advertisements which fill the left hand column. Three attorneys, all in Virginia City (apparently none yet have moved to Unionville). Then you find a notary public (very necessary in mining communities) and "Federal Licensed Auctioneers" (who sell mining stocks upon which assessments haven't been paid); a druggist and a jeweler, and two dentists!

The region had just one physician—(doctors advertised ninety-five years ago). He proclaims that he keeps a private medical office in Humboldt City, N.T. (some twenty-five miles away, around the north end of range) for the treatment of just about everything a man can have.

The second column is filled with "Our San Francisco Letter," which compiles the doings in the Big City. You can read what mining stocks are doing on the market, about the shows playing along Market Street; that San Francisco had been "visited on Saturday evening last by quite a stunning earthquake." You'll also learn that a prominent Sacramento man is "undergoing a court martial" in some federal land shenanigan; the Iron Moulders have won a strike for higher wages (sound familiar?); that the Gridley sack of flour from Austin (which started all of our present day fund raising campaigns) had reached San Francisco and been sold and re-sold there so fast that $50,000 more had been raised for the Sanitary Fund (forerunner of the Red Cross); that the custom officials had found opium hidden in a shipment of preserved eggs from China; and that "news from the seat of war indicates much less progress for the National Army than was supposed: Grant and Lee have fought a series of battles that are without parallel in modern history, and yet the results seem indecisive."

The third column has a "Letter from Jacinto," one of the *Register's* best occasional features. The writer lives in a small settlement on the Black Rock desert road along the Humboldt River and has a knack of writing amusingly about everything under the sun. You get a chuckle out of his crack about a war dispatch which he quotes, "Lee in full retreat! Grant in hot pursuit!" and his comment, "Bully for the *hot!* I say."

Forbes is forced to compose a filler between the end of the dispatch and some more ads. This is typical—

"A disappointed spinster says the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is that, not having any husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal."

There follows three saloon ads.

As you read them, you know full well that Forbes wrote them because no *far-out-in-the-sticks* barkeeper could be that clever.

BANK EXCHANGE
Main Street, Star City

If you are athirst, give us a call—our liquors are the best to be got in San Francisco, and in full variety; gay barkeeps, too—talented fellows with high foreheads. Or if you don't drink, perhaps you smoke—some do. A prime Havana is a great luxury—when a man's tired or just been to dinner; so soothing, when it's been bought with the last quarter, and a fellow's busted. Come and try one.

MARBLE BED BILLIARD TABLES
Two of Phelan's Famous Combination Cushioned Tables

Billiards is allowed to be one of the most refined games to be found. Employs the mind while the interest on your loaned money keeps counting up. Exercises your legs,

(Continued on page 41)

W. J. Forbes' newspaper, The Humboldt Register, brought welcomed news and humor to the remote Unionville and surrounding mining districts.

THE Humboldt Register

PATRIOTISM IS NOT SECTIONAL—IT EMBRACES, IN ITS SYMPATHIES AND PURPOSES, THE CAUSE OF GOOD CITIZENS EVERYWHERE.

LUME II. UNIONVILLE, N. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864. NUMB

HUMBOLDT REGISTER

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

W. J. FORBES.

Subscription Rates.

ne year,.....$5.00
months,.....3.00
pies, 25 cents each.

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Rates of Advertising.

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B PRINTING

LY EXECUTED, AND IN THE BEST STYLE OF THE ART.

AYLOR. WILL CAMPBELL.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24, 1864.

During the past week a more cheerful feeling has exhibited itself in monetary and stocks circles, and on steamer day (Saturday last) quite an abatement in the demand for money was apparent. The merchants are gradually getting into a more comfortable condition, and stock dealers, most of whom have *lost heavily recently*, are *more hopeful* under the rally in some shares. The most encouraging feature to note at present, is the probable influx of Eastern capital the ensuing Summer. It is said that some $300,000 is now in process of transfer to this market, to be invested in our mining stocks and other securities, and that $1,000,000 has been received the past month for these purposes. In addition to this no less than nine Insurance Agencies have lately conformed with the requirements of the new law, which adds $500,000 to our cash capital. It is also thought that the complications likely to attend the future of currency matters at home, will result in the transfer of a large amount of capital to these shares for investment in something more tangible and certain. The stability of our circulating medium gives us a great advantage over our Eastern brethren. Legal Tenders rose easily last week to 62½ and 63, but are now dull and heavy at 57 and 57½. The receipts of treasure for the past ten days have exceeded $1,500,000.

MINING STOCKS.

Letter from Jacinto.

HONEY LAKE, May, '64.

Dear Register: It has always been a saying with my friends that I was the very picture of bad luck, but if no unforeseen accident should happen me, and the road continues to come to the surface every three-fourths of a mile, the ecclesiastical cusses of Humboldt may expect to be afflicted with my presence in about ten days. Should I fail to connect, you will, in my obituary, please record the fact that *among* my many redeeming qualities, I have twice sat as *chairman of primary meetings where the test oath was,* 'are you sound on the Union and square with the washwoman?'

I left the Northern mines of California on the 9th, in company with one of the most ultra Dixieites that ever graced this State or any other. He is an old friend, and knows very well that if I had the world my way for a short time, I would jerk the pillars from under Jeff.'s little institution and let him down quicker than you could say 'Bob!' with your mouth open; and if he had things his way awhile, I am greatly mistaken, if Old Abe's butcher shop [bully for hash, bet you!]; nose like *an old worn-out thimble, and a face like a plum-duff* with the plums picked out. And as the feminine portion of them, minus the hoops, stood leaning against the wagon, they reminded me of just so many collapsed umbrellas after a thunder shower. I asked them but few questions, as I was not in a very good humor—had just been kicked by Bean-poker's mule.

There was something about that mule that I did not rightly understand. He was in good order, good size, and had the latest style of Red Bluff roach; and when traveling, was bedizened with all kinds of mule shoddy; but there must be something almighty black at heart with him, when he backs up and kicks you, about the time you are staking him out to good grass. Now I don't pretend to be more courageous than any of my fellow creatures of the same calibre—but if that mule kicks me again, down comes his political fodder-stack, sure! American stock, with cayuse principles, spect.

Reb is in a stew to-day: I told him there was a *soldier's station on Smoke Creek, and I had no* doubt but some of those agents of 'Unrelenting Destiny' would make him take the oath. Says he will go back first. He probably has overheard our Douglass City Captain administer the oath to us high privates at some time or other. He used to make us swear to support Uncle Sam, Uncle Abe, Aunt Jemima, our Russian brother-in-law, Yrame

[OFFICIAL.]

LAWS OF THE UNITED ST

PASSED AT THE FIRST SESSION OF THE TH CONGRESS.

Public—No. 80.

AN ACT to enable the people of Nevada to form a and a State Government, and for the admission t into the Union on an equal footing with the origina

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Represen United States of America in Congress assembled, habitants of that portion of the Territory of Nevada the boundaries hereinafter designated be and the authorized to form for themselves, out of said Terri Government, with the bounds aforesaid, which said formed, shall be admitted into the Union upon an with the original States, in all respects whatsoever.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the said vada shall consist of all the Territory included with ing boundaries, to wit: Commencing at a point in intersection of the thirty-eighth degree of longitude Washington with the thirty-seventh degree of la thence due west along said thirty-seventh degree of to the eastern boundary line of the State of Califor a northwesterly direction along the said eastern b of the State of California to the forty-third degree west from Washington; thence north along said forty of west longitude and said eastern boundary line California to the forty-second degree of north lat due east along the said forty-second degree of nor a point formed by its intersection with the aforesaid degree of longitude west from Washington; then down said thirty-eighth degree of west longitude t beginning.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That all pers by law to vote for representatives to the general ass Territory at the date of the passage of this act shall to be elected, and they are authorized to vote for representatives to form a convention, under such re tions as the Governor of said Territory may prescri

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Bill glanced over at the horse and told the Indian, "Chief, I want to buy Prairie Queen."

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Bill Tilghman's "Prairie Queen"

By HOMER CROY

Everything was going great until Bill found that he was bargaining with the old Indian chief for something besides horse flesh!

THIS IS A STORY that George W. Bolds told me. In Dodge City he was known as "Cimarron George." I made notes, wrote the story and have his corrections. He died four years ago. He was, for a time, a deputy United States marshal in Dodge City. James D. Horan wrote a book about him, but this story does not appear in the book, and is set down here for the first time.

This is the story about the way colorful "Cimarron George" told it. I wish I could catch the rhythm of his voice and the laughter in his faded blue eyes. The story:

I GUESS YOU didn't know that Bill Tilghman—one of "The Three Guardsmen"—liked race horses the way a coon likes persimmons. His specialty was to pick 'em up from the Indians who were mighty good judges of moving horseflesh. He bought one from a Kiowa Indian named White Deer—horse was named "Chief." Bill owned another horse named "Chant." This animal won the Kentucky Derby in 1894. I guess that will come in the nature of a surprise to many people—Bill Tilghman owning a Derby winner!

I knowed Bill Tilghman well. He was as fine a man as ever hung a holster around his hips. Here's a trait I want to mention; he was downright shy around girls. Bad men didn't make him even blink, but a girl gave him the shakes. Seems queer, but that was the way it was.

One day in the fall of 1883 he invited me to leave Dodge City and go down into the Indian Territory with him to attend an annual feast the Indians was gettin' up. It appears they always had 'em along in the fall of year which, to Indians, is hoss racing time.

If there is anything an Indian likes next to firewater it's a horse race. Bill heard about a Comanche Indian chief who had a fast black filly named "Prairie Queen." Bill and I went to see her run. She was the fastest thing on four feet. When Bill saw her in action his eyes glowed like coals in a baseburner stove.

She was rode by an Indian boy with only a hackamore, no saddle, no bridle. She could understand Indian. You know what I mean.

We saw her start in a field of fifteen; the Indian boy on her back, a hackamore over her head. She came in first.

Bill got more and more excited. "I'm goin' to buy 'Prairie Queen,'" he said.

He had $500 in his wallet. He took out $300 and gave it to me and told me to hold it, then put the wallet back in his pocket.

When the race was over, Bill went to the Indian and said, "Chief, I want to buy Prairie Queen!" He glanced over to where the horse was standing.

An Indian likes to dicker, and now the chief got a horse-blanket and spread it on the ground, him settin' on one side, and Bill Tilghman on the other, facin' each other.

"How much you pay?" asked the chief.

Bill done a little play-actin'. He took out his wallet and pulled out $50 and kind of hesitatingly spread it on the horse-blanket, as if the idea of letting loose of that much money was painful to him.

The chief looked at it a long time, then silently shook his head.

Bill eased out a ten dollar bill and put it down. The chief studied it, and again shook his head.

Bill's hand went into his wallet again and came out with ten dollars more. By the look of agony on his face, you'd a thought he'd been bit by a prairie rattler.

Little by little the two got closer together in their bid-an'-asked. Finally —with a look of despair—Bill opened up his purse and put everything in it on the pile, then showed the purse to the chief. "That's all I'll give for her," said Bill. *(Continued on page 36)*

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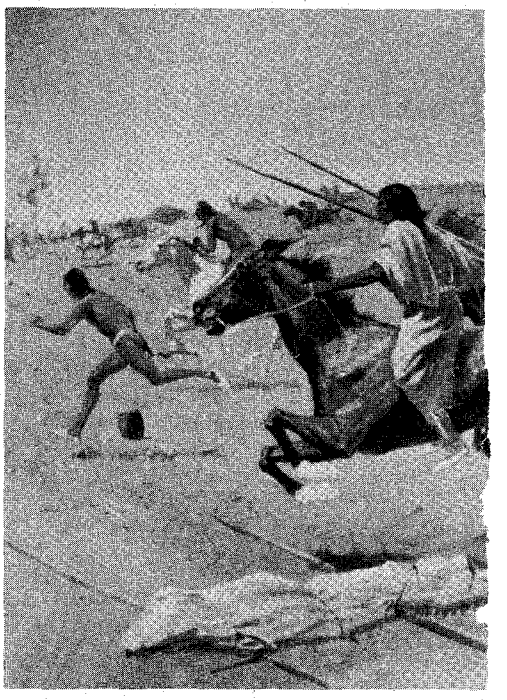
----6 Medals of Honor

By JACK LAFFERTY

Frederick Remington, famed Western artist, painted these illustrations from Colonel Miles' account of the expedition. Here is early action in surprise attack.



Escaping party of Indians, routed attacked couriers with dispatches f

ON A SMALL spot of prairie up in the Panhandle, less than twenty-five feet across, one of the bitterest fights ever made against odds took place, and six Congressional Medals of Honor were won. Six men, all of them wounded, stood off odds of twenty-five to one for a whole day under a broiling sun; five of them lived to tell their tale and wear their medals.

It was back in the seventies.

The nomadic Indian tribes of the plains had been crowded from the lands that they had roamed and slowly surrounded by a rising tide of settlers. Campaigns like those Colonel Ranald Mackenzie conducted in Texas had forced them to live on reservations in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), and to watch the destruction of buffalo by the hide hunters.

Infuriated by this wholesale slaughter of their main dependence, Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes and Cheyennes—tired of reservation life and domination by the white man—decided in a great council held at Medicine Lodge to strike again for the freedom they had lost.

Most of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes left the reservation at once; the Comanches and Kiowas followed later. Moving steadily with their horse herds, their women and children, and the inevitable horde of wolfish dogs that were part of every Indian encampment, they spread like a sluggish flood over their old hunting grounds to the west and southward, sending out war parties to raid the white settlements.

One of their first attacks in force was on those they hated worst—the buffalo hunters. A mixed force of about 700—Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes—struck Adobe Walls, a trading post on the Canadian, early one morning, attempting to inundate the hunters there in a wild and roaring torrent of horses and men.

Unfortunately for the tribesmen, it was Sunday, and the plainsmen, while not churchgoers, had picked that day to rest and refurbish their equipment, so every man was in camp. Experienced frontiersmen, they refused to be stampeded. Expert in the use of their heavy buffalo guns, which far outranged the Indian arrows, muzzle-loaders and even Winchesters, and fighting behind the thick walls which gave the place its name, the white men played havoc with the red. Nearly thirty were killed and seventy wounded as they fought their way up to the stockade time and again—fighting almost hand to hand, trying to break down the doors.

And after their first attack, they besieged the hunters for three more days before giving up!

With the frontier thus aflame, Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Davidson was ordered to move west from Fort Sill; Colonel Mackenzie left old Fort Clark at Brackettville and moved north; Colonel Buell moved against the marauders from Fort Griffin; Major Price came down the Canadian from Fort Union, New Mexico; and Colonel Nelson A. Miles, from Fort Supply in the northwest corner of the Indian Territory, converged on them from that direction.

Miles struck the hostiles' trail on the banks of the Sweetwater and, after three days of forced marches, engaged and routed the Indians in the Palo Duro country.

"Over rugged hills and buttes," he said, "and jagged ravines and corners, across the dry bed of the Red River, now covered with white, drifting sand, then up the right bank of the canyon of the Tule, a branch of the Red River, through their burning camps full of abandoned utensils, went the flying In-

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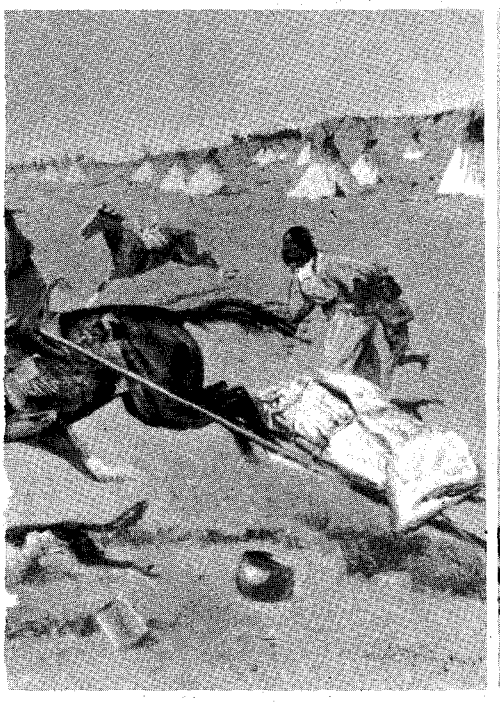
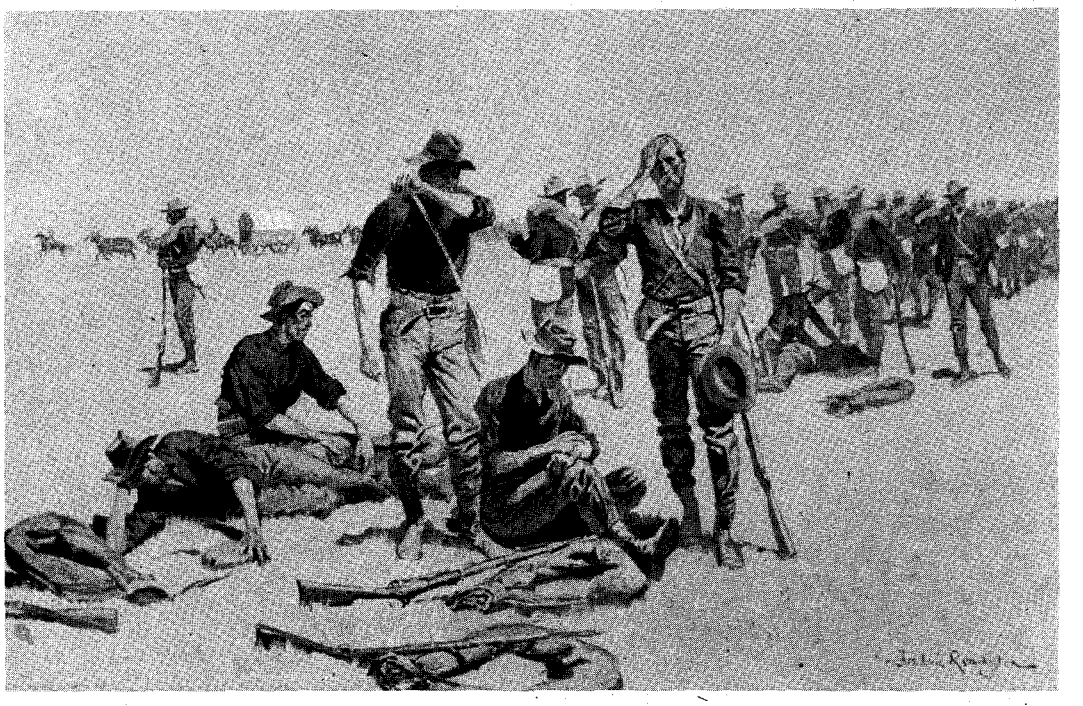
Colonel Nelson A. Miles wrote about it, Frederick Remington documented it on canvas and the U.S. Congress awarded six medals of honor for heroism in the Buffalo Wallow Fight of 1874.



s' forces in Palo Duro Canyon, later s to trigger Buffalo Wallow fight.



During chase the men tried every means of finding water without avail. Some resorted to opening veins of their arms to moisten parched lips with their own blood.

dians . . . so closely pressed they could not even make a show of reforming, but sped away, demoralized and in full flight."

The sharp fight, and the long and rapid pursuit over rough ground under a torrid sun, coupled with the lack of water, caused intense suffering among the men and beasts of Miles' command. During the chase the soldiers tried every means of finding water, without avail, and suffered so greatly that some of them even resorted to the extreme of opening the veins on their arms and moistening their parched and swollen lips with their own blood.

Supplies exhausted after the chase, Miles' column was forced to proceed slowly, and to send its wagon train back for more ammunition and food. While this was being done, the Colonel also sent dispatches to the fort.

Six men carried them: Dixon and Chapman, civilian scouts; Sergeant Woodhall and Privates Smith, Rath, and Harrington.

Riding by day and hiding by night, all went well till just at sunrise of the second day they rode over a knoll and found themselves face to face with a big war party of Kiowas and Comanches.

THEN BEGAN a battle grim and great. Leaping from their saddles, the men left their horses in the care of Smith, who fell in a few minutes, terribly wounded. As he dropped, his rifle flew from his hands, out of reach. Yet, though many a savage tried, never a one reached the weapon, for his comrades picked them off, one by one.

Chapman was shot and fell; Woodhall and Harrington were badly wounded, though not disabled; Rath was hurt; and Dixon had a hole in the calf of his leg, while his shirt was riddled with bullets.

To stay on the little hill was death.

Dixon, sighting an old buffalo wallow about ten feet across, sprinted for it, bullets whipping past him like hornets, and in a moment three more men reached the shallow bowl and began frantically digging it deeper with their knives.

Smith, they thought, was dead. Chapman, they discovered, had his leg broken and couldn't run. Dixon went back to the knoll and packed him in.

"I made several efforts to reach him before I succeeded," he said later. "Every time the Indians saw me start they would fire such a volley I was forced to retreat; until I finally made a run and got to Chapman. I told him to climb on my back, my plan being to carry him as I would a little child. Drawing both of his legs in front of me and laying the broken one over the sound one to support it, I carried him to the wallow, though not without great difficulty, as he was a larger man than myself, and his body was a dead weight. It taxed my strength to carry him."

All that long September day the Indians circled them under a blazing sky. All day, never faltering, the troopers fought off charges by yelling devils who swooped in with a thrumming roar of ponies' hooves, and always their ready guns took a deadly toll, picking off the leaders of the tribesmen and breaking up their rushes.

To add to the horror of their predicament, they had no water, and the wounded particularly suffered from the tortures of thirst under a pitiless sun until, late in the afternoon, a blinding rainfall filled the bottom of their wallow with moisture, and they drank the

(Continued on page 64)

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The two letters "A" show divining rods in the operator's hands while a man (top middle) is preparing to cut off a branch from a tree for a divining rod. From Agricola's "De Re Metallica," drawn in 1556.

Doodlebugs Are A Fraud

By WILLIAM E. WHELCHEL

MY BROTHER RALPH and I have been avid readers of *True West* for a long time. We believe you are doing your level best to present articles that are honest, true and factual to a degree never before attempted in a western magazine. But we've got a rag to chew with you on the article you published called "Rods to Riches" by Peter Reid. Now this Mr. Reid is supposed to be a respected geophysicist, yet he upholds the validity of the doodlebug as a "scientific" device for locating precious metals.

My purpose in this article is not to ridicule, but to enlighten and bring out as much as possible the true facts surrounding the mysteries of the doodlebug.

My brother and I head the Whelchel Mines Company which owns and is actively exploring the world-famous National gold and silver property in northern Humboldt County, Nevada. This mine was discovered in 1907 and has produced some of the richest high-grade gold ore ever found anywhere. Naturally, the National has been a doodlebugger's haven and they have been swarming all over the place since the discovery over fifty years ago. Yet to our knowledge, not a single one of these experts has ever found a nickel's worth of ore.

Enchanted pendulums were used by the ancient Chinese as far back as a thousand years ago to answer questions and perform other magic tasks. A study of the more recent history of the divining rod, or doodlebug, shows that it has been associated with pixies, fairies, sorcerers and witchcraft. Usually an engineer or mining man of any repute would not dream of calculating an ore body, or of writing a report based on the findings of a divining rod. In 1556, Georgius Agricola wrote his fine work *De Re Metalica* and stated that a "miner should be a good and serious man, and should not make use of an enchanted twig. If prudent and skilled, he should follow the natural indications which he can see for himself and dig." In 1674 a Jesuit priest, Dechales, inquired why the divining rod turned only in certain hands and why it should discover ore and water. In 1692, Aymar used the rod to trace down a hunchback criminal. As late as 1914, Henri Mater used the divining rod and magic pendulum in the United States with much jargon on radioactivity and electro-magnetism.

The doodlebug, usually a forked hazel twig (any willow will do) is grasped firmly by the two hands on each side of the fork and the top will, with some people only, point upward or downward, or become violently agitated when it

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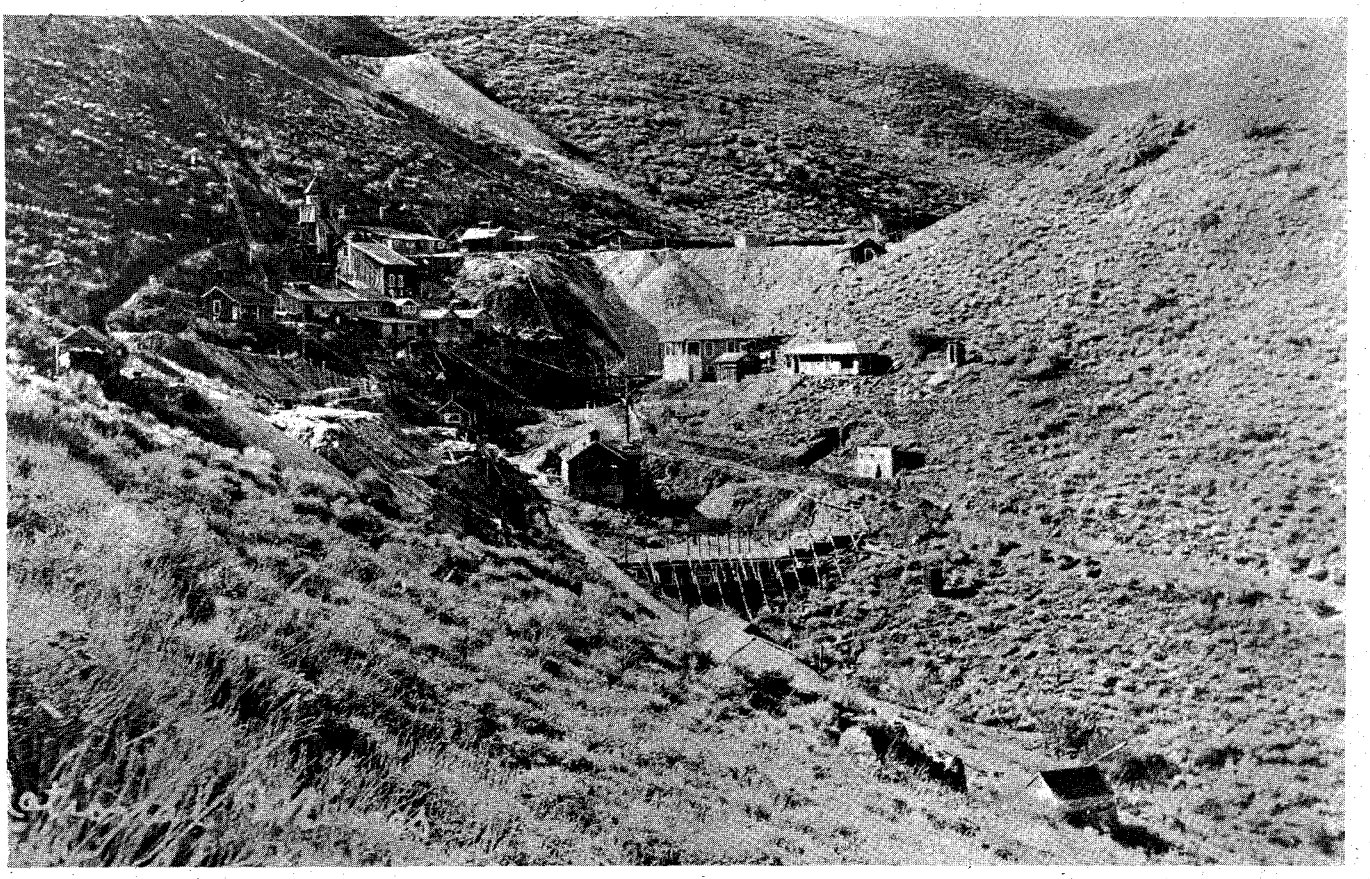


The National Mine, producer of some of the richest high-grade ore ever found. It has attracted literally swarms of doodlebuggers for the past fifty years since its discovery in 1907. Yet, not a single instance has been recorded of these "experts" ever finding a nickel's worth of high-grade, either buried or from a new vein discovery, here.

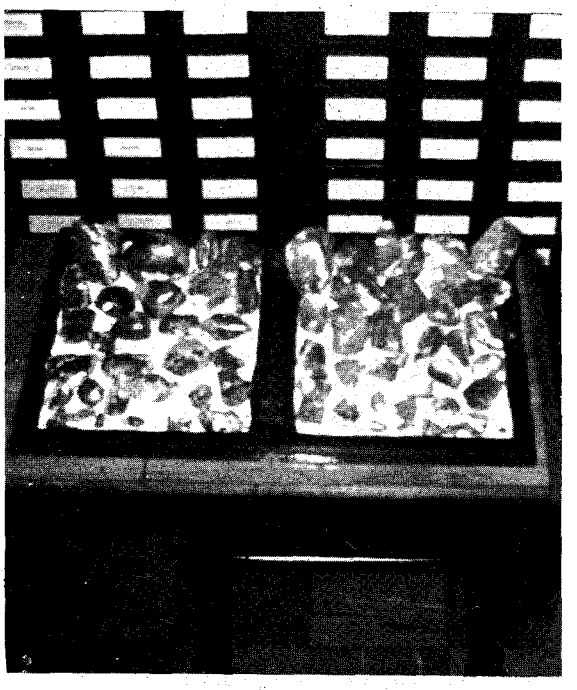
The frank story of two brothers whose experience with doodlebuggers convinced them that the forked stick takes a dive when it's convenient.

approaches its quest. The rods or twigs are usually in a state of unstable equilibrium, so that the slightest twist on each side of the fork will produce a large deflection of the tip. This instability is essential for the exercise of the so-called psychic powers. What are the physiological or psychological causes of the violent paroxysms attendant with the use of the twigs? Interception of waves by the person holding it? Mr. Reid infers that only certain people have or possess the correct wave length. What special talent do these people possess?

I would like to point out that the "witch stick," "divining rod" or "Spanish needle" should not be classified or confused with reliable instruments of scientific repute using magnetic, electrical, seismic or radioactive methods. These methods have useful purposes in identifying, graphing and locating certain specific types of rock structures and underground ore bodies. There are also numerous induction-type metal locators on the market that have limited use as treasure and mineral finders. Scintillation and Geiger counters are helpful in locating and testing certain types of radioactivity and the disintegrated byproducts of uranium and thorium minerals. There are many other means.

But our personal experience with doodlebuggers has forced us to the conclusion that practically all fall in one or two classes. First, there are those with little formal education who are easily deluded and who are unable or unwilling to make scientific tests to prove whether they are fooling themselves through, or as a result of, a physiological or mental reaction—possibly under a self-induced hypnosis. It is while the operator is under this latter

(Continued on page 54)



Fabulously rich gold specimens, picked right off the surface of some of the National Mine dumps by the author and his brother, were passed up by many doodlebuggers with their enchanted sticks.

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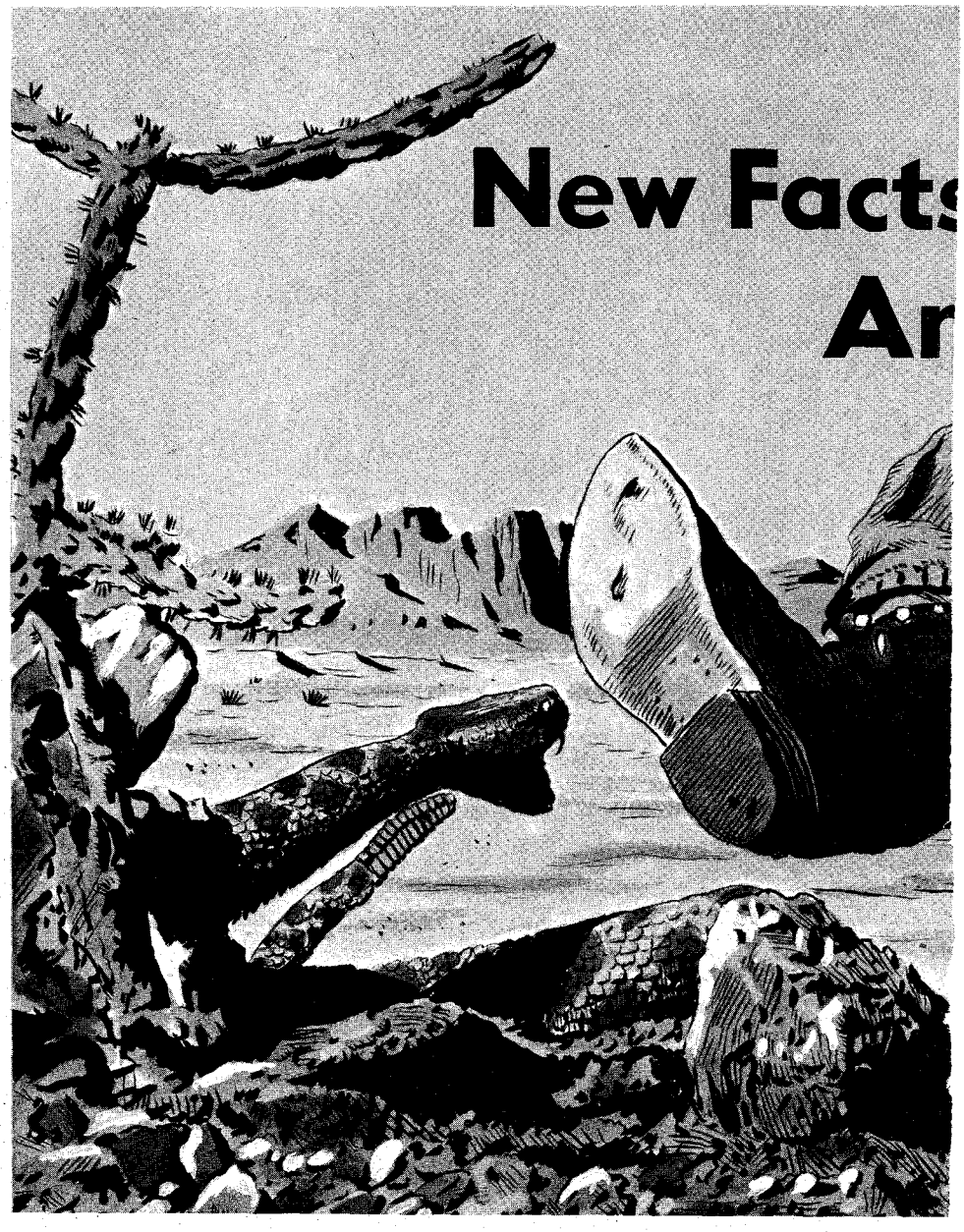
Editor's Note:

This is not a typical True West article. Your chances of being harmed by an Old West badman are extremely remote, but the danger of tangling with an angry rattlesnake is just as real today as it was a hundred years ago.

This summer True West readers by the thousands will be exploring old ghost towns, prowling the deserts, digging up the wild back country in search of buried treasure—and exposing themselves to snakebite. If you'll bend your good ear to the wind and listen to the advice this article gives, you sure will have a hard time getting snakebit! Now pay attention —we can't afford to lose a single subscriber.



THE SUN was setting one evening last July when a hiking party of four young Texans reached a grove of cottonwoods where they planned to camp for the night. While three of the boys unlimbered bedrolls and set about clearing a site for their pup tents, Jim Ransom, aged fifteen, energetically scurried about in the gathering twilight scooping up dead wood for a campfire. As he reached over a large log, a three-foot western diamond back rattlesnake struck like lightning. With a cry of pain, Ransom reeled back staring at a deep fang puncture in his right index finger.

In another instant, Ransom's companions had rallied to his side and killed the snake. Fortunately, one of the youths had a snakebite first aid kit in his pack. A rubber tourniquet was applied at the wrist. Incisions were made over the fang puncture and rubber suction cups applied to draw out the venom. Then a stretcher was fashioned from poles and blankets and Ransom was carried to a highway about two miles away. A car rushed him to the nearest hospital. By 8:00 p.m. he was receiving injections of antivenin serum and other intensive medical aid. By morning his swollen hand had begun to subside and that evening he was released from the hospital.

For meeting a frightening emergency without panic, the Texas youths deserved the highest praise. Yet their misadventure, typical of the majority of snakebite accidents that occur in the U.S. each year, might have been avoided if the boys had possessed a keener knowledge of the habits of poisonous snakes and ways to avoid them.

Of all wild animals, none is more feared than the poisonous snake. Yet few of the millions of Americans who venture into our wilderness regions each summer lugging picnic baskets, paddling canoes, hiking and on horseback, are aware of the simple precautions they can take which will protect them against an encounter with a dangerous reptile.

Despite the impact of civilization on our wild life, there still are one or more species of venomous snakes in every state except Maine. They range from tiny, brilliantly-colored coral snakes that favor the sandy barrens of the Gulf and Southwest states to rattlesnakes whose length may exceed six feet. The copperhead, a small, bronze-banded serpent, ranges from the rocky, wooded regions of New England to the plains of Texas. Cotton-mouth water moccasins dwell in the bayous and swampy lowlands of the southern states and occasionally stray up the Mississippi Valley as far as Illinois.

Estimates of the number of poisonous snake bites per year in the U.S. vary from 1,500 to 3,000. The hazard reaches its peak in midsummer when both snakes and people are most active in the woods and desert.

Copperhead snakes are responsible for most of the bites but rarely cause a fatality. Rattlesnakes are the most deadly. Men are bitten about twice as often as women. Children are most seriously endangered by the venom. Coral snakes are so shy and inactive that, according to one snake man, "you almost have to make an appointment to be bitten by one."

DO POISONOUS SNAKES pose enough of a threat to humans to make a family's summer woodland outing a risky adventure? Not today, say experts who have made a study of the problem, for three good reasons. First, statistically, the chance of suffering a snakebite is no greater than the danger of being struck by lightning. Second, new drugs and more effective medical treatments make a venomous snakebite much less of a menace to life than in the past. Third, if vacationists will take advantage of what naturalists and woodsmen have learned about snake habits, they can reduce the hazard to close to zero and rid themselves of a lot of unnecessary anxieties.

The dread most people have of snakes is heightened by exaggerated notions about their behavior. In the popular image, for example, the rattlesnake is a bold, crafty, bad-tempered animal who roams about the woods or desert day and night and welcomes an opportunity to sink his fangs into any human that invades his territory. If aroused, he may swiftly pursue a victim down a trail or follow him into tent or cabin. When cornered, he may spit his deadly venom into the eyes of an attacker.

Yet, in contrast to these fearsome legends, scientific studies have revealed the rattlesnake to be a slow-moving, dull-witted, ill-favored, primitive animal whose habits and instincts make him about as active as a mud turtle and as timid as any field mouse. So vulnerable is his cold-blooded system to heat and cold that hot desert sun will quickly kill him and even moderate cold will paralyze him.

Without ears, a snake is stone-deaf to all airborne sounds. His vision is so poor that he cannot see much more than a blur beyond fifteen feet. His top speed—for a very short distance—is about two miles an hour. He has no power whatsoever to spit his venom. Most of his life is spent lying motionless beneath rock, log or ledge or in an underground burrow doing absolutely nothing. His food and water require-

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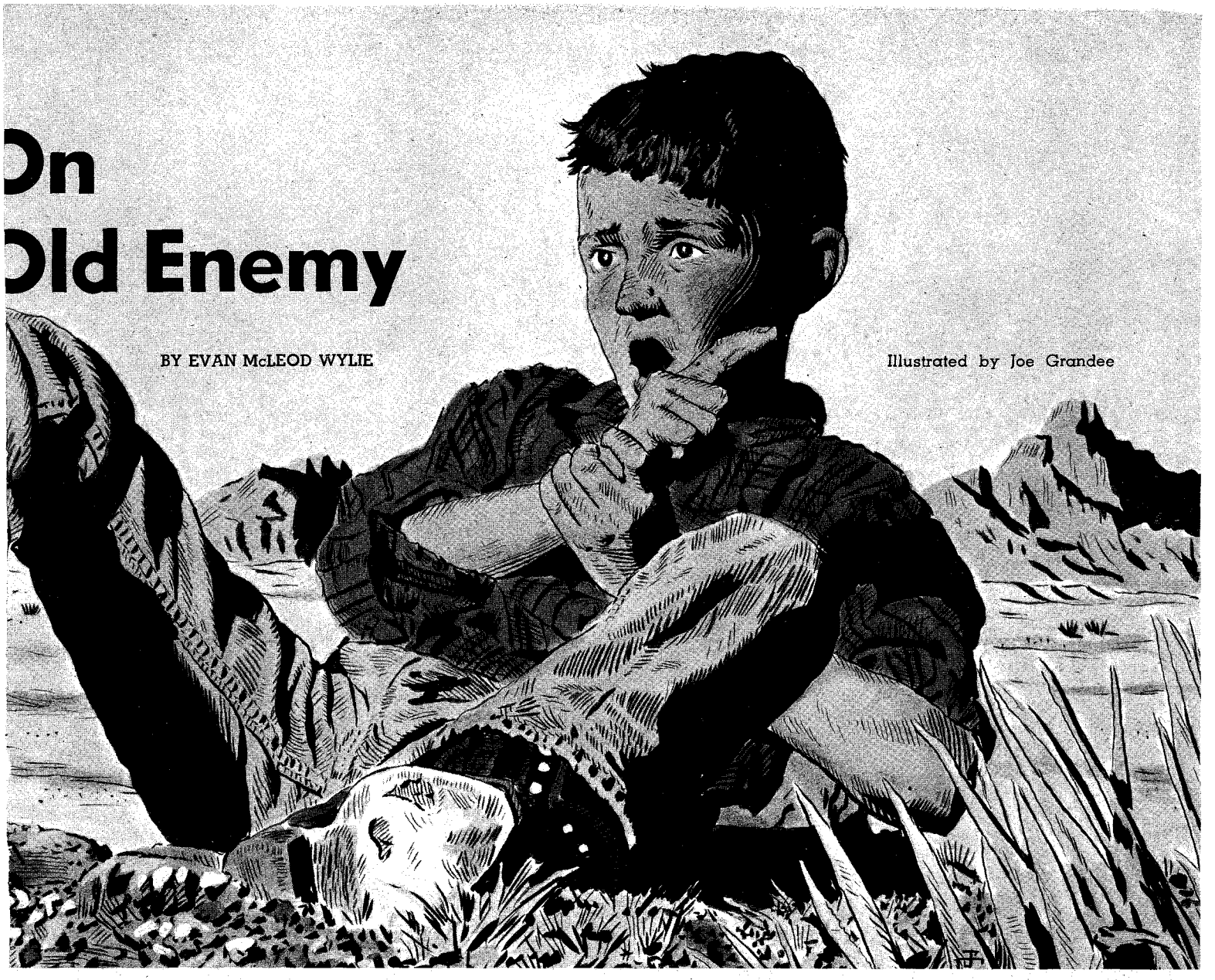
On Old Enemy

BY EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

Illustrated by Joe Grandee



ments are so low that he may not bestir himself more than twice a week and then, only when darkness and temperature provide the proper concealment and comfort.

Except when he is pursuing his natural prey—and recent scientific studies indicate that he may even be afraid of mice and rats—any poisonous snake's state of mind varies from extreme caution to downright panic whenever a combination of odors, heat rays, ground vibrations and a foggy visual image warns him that another animal is nearby. When he flicks out his forked tongue so malevolently, it is in hopes that this completely harmless organ may pick up enough odor-laden air particles to tell him who is in the vicinity.

Since a snake's main object in life is to avoid discovery, he considers darkness and shadow the keys to safety. Thus, the many hair-raising campfire tales of how a snake "headed right for me" have a very simple explanation: if you happen to be standing in the shadow of a tree, bush, cliff, horse or an automobile, or casting a shadow yourself, an alarmed snake may indeed head straight for the shadow—not you. If you are in between him and his burrow or rocky crevice, he may "pursue" you down the trail. But step out of his way and he will keep right on going.

The same holds true for snakes who "attack" canoes and rowboats. To any snake, either craft is merely a floating object upon which he may crawl out of the water. One paddle splash usually is enough to turn him away.

Reptile and medical experts such as Lawrence M. Klauber, world's leading authority on rattlesnakes, and Dr. Henry M. Parrish, professor of preventative medicine, have assembled and analyzed the circumstances surrounding hundreds of cases of snakebite in America. No snake, they found, ever bites a human except in fear and self defense. The overwhelming majority of such accidents involve fleeing concealed or sleeping snakes that have been purposely or inadvertently disturbed by humans. The most common causes of snakebite are human curiosity, carelessness and ignorance of snake habits. The danger can be nearly eliminated by following these simple safety rules:

RULE NUMBER ONE: KNOW WHEN AND WHERE TO WATCH OUT FOR SNAKES.

The key to avoiding any sort of an encounter with a venomous snake is to understand his habits. Except in early autumn, when they like to bask in the warm sun, and in the springtime when winter fasting and mating urges make them more active, poisonous snakes seldom are abroad during the daylight hours. The average rattlesnake or copperhead emerges from his hiding place about sunset and returns to it again when the chill of midnight settles over the desert or forest in which he dwells. Coral snakes and water moccasins also follow roughly this same nocturnal pattern. Thus, if you always make it a rule to complete your hike or picnic, pitch your tent, gather your firewood or moor your boat before dusk, the likelihood of tangling with a poisonous snake is considerably lessened. If the Texas youths who performed so admirably when their companion was bitten last summer had not delayed setting up camp and gathering firewood until twilight, the rattlesnake that caused the accident might not have been encountered.

In a similar "twilight" case last June, a Louisiana family remained at a lake during a picnic and swimming party until dusk. Then the parents let the children play barefoot at the edge of the lake while they packed up the car. Suddenly their six-year-old girl screamed that something had bitten her. The father rushed to her aid in time to see a large snake, probably a water moccasin, swimming swiftly away and found blood oozing from a deep fang puncture at the base of the child's toe. By the time the frantic family reached a

(Continued on page 55)

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TIPS FOR STAGECOACH TRAVELERS

"THE BEST SEAT INSIDE A STAGE IS THE ONE NEXT TO THE DRIVER. EVEN IF YOU HAVE A TENDENCY TO SEASICKNESS WHEN RIDING BACKWARDS - YOU'LL GET OVER IT AND WILL GET LESS JOLTS AND JOSTLING. DON'T LET ANY 'SLY ELPH' TRADE YOU HIS MID-SEAT.

IN COLD WEATHER DON'T RIDE WITH TIGHT-FITTING BOOTS, SHOES, OR GLOVES. WHEN THE DRIVER ASKS YOU TO GET OFF AND WALK DO SO WITHOUT GRUMBLING, HE WONT REQUEST IT UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. IF THE TEAM RUNS AWAY - SIT STILL AND TAKE YOUR CHANCES. IF YOU JUMP, NINE OUT OF TEN TIMES YOU WILL GET HURT.

IN VERY COLD WEATHER ABSTAIN ENTIRELY FROM LIQUOR WHEN ON THE ROAD; BECAUSE YOU WILL FREEZE TWICE AS QUICKLY WHEN UNDER ITS INFLUENCE.

DON'T GROWL AT THE FOOD RECEIVED AT THE STATION; STAGE COMPANIES GENERALLY PROVIDE THE BEST THEY CAN GET.

DON'T KEEP THE STAGE WAITING. DON'T SMOKE A STRONG PIPE INSIDE THE COACH - SPIT ON THE LEEWARD SIDE. IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DRINK IN A BOTTLE PASS IT AROUND. PROCURE YOUR STIMULANTS BEFORE STARTING AS "RANCH" (STAGE DEPOT) WHISKEY IS NOT "NECTAR."

DON'T SWEAR OR LOP OVER NEIGHBORS WHEN SLEEPING. TAKE SMALL CHANGE TO PAY EXPENSES. NEVER SHOOT ON THE ROAD AS THE NOISE MIGHT FRIGHTEN THE HORSES. DON'T DISCUSS POLITICS OR RELIGION. DON'T POINT OUT WHERE MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED ESPECIALLY IF THERE ARE WOMEN PASSENGERS.

DON'T LAG AT THE WASH BASIN. DON'T GREASE YOUR HAIR, BECAUSE TRAVEL IS DUSTY. DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU ARE GOING ON A PICNIC. EXPECT ANNOYANCES, DISCOMFORT, AND SOME HARDSHIP."

OMAHA HERALD
1877

In 1858, Angelo Zanetta opened the Plaza Hotel at San Juan Bautista, California. It not only became famous for its excellent food and accommodations, but it was one of the main stops of the Coast Line Stage between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Now a state museum, it is filled with Western memorabilia, including this posted "Tips for Stagecoach Travelers."
Patricia Harvey Photo

THE LOST PIMERIA ALTA MINE

By WILLIAM F. HEBNER

ARIZONA IS FULL of lost mine stories. One of the most interesting, I think, is that of the lost Pimeria Alta Mine.

I became interested in lost mines when I was attending grade school in Nebraska. Later, when I went to Arizona, I began collecting data on lost mines and stumbled on the story of the Pimeria Alta.

According to old Spanish records I have examined, this mine really existed. Some of these documents were brought from Spain by one Ricardo Ortiz of Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico.

The story goes that the Pimeria Alta mine was originally worked by the Opata Indians as early as 1508, and later by the Spaniards. It was abandoned about 1750 because of the Indian uprising against the Spaniards. There was a mission not far from the mine. During the uprising, Jesuit padres had all gold, silver and ornaments of the mission taken to the mine for safekeeping. The entrance to the mine was then covered over. When the King of Spain banished all the Jesuits from that part of Mexico, they left, never to return.

The mine itself is said to have been one of the richest finds ever discovered. It is claimed that the ore was one-half silver and one-fifth gold. Above the mouth of the tunnel leading into the mine, there is supposed to be an inscription carved in the rock—*Purisima Concepcion*. Further down, there is said to be a copper door fastened with an iron lock.

I FIRST HEARD this story in the spring of 1953 while working at the Silver Bell Mine. One evening after supper, one of my fellow workers told of two men from Tucson who went in search of this mine. They found an old mission in one of the deep canyons and came upon small pieces of rich gold ore that had been in rawhide or leather bags. They took pictures of the old mission. One of them took the film and some of the ore back to Tucson to file a claim while the other stayed behind. Meanwhile, a cloudburst struck the area and when the man who had gone to Tucson returned, he could find no trace of his partner, the canyon or the mission.

That same evening, a good friend of mine and I decided to take a week off and try our hands at finding the Lost Pimeria Alta. The next day we went into Tucson, loaded up with supplies for about a week, then started on the trip to the southern part of Arizona. Our first stop was at Arivaca, which is one of the oldest towns in the state and in a mineralized region. At one time the U. S. Cavalry was stationed here, but now it was practically deserted.

We had no trouble in getting some of the old miners interested. They were more than willing to give us what information could be had about the lost mine. They directed us to an old Papago Indian who knew of an old mission. The Indian had brought several silver bars into Arivaca at different times and sold them; but he would never reveal the source of the silver to anyone.

The old Indian told us that all he knew about the mission was that it was somewhere in the vicinity—not too far from the "Mountain of Noises," which was located on the western range

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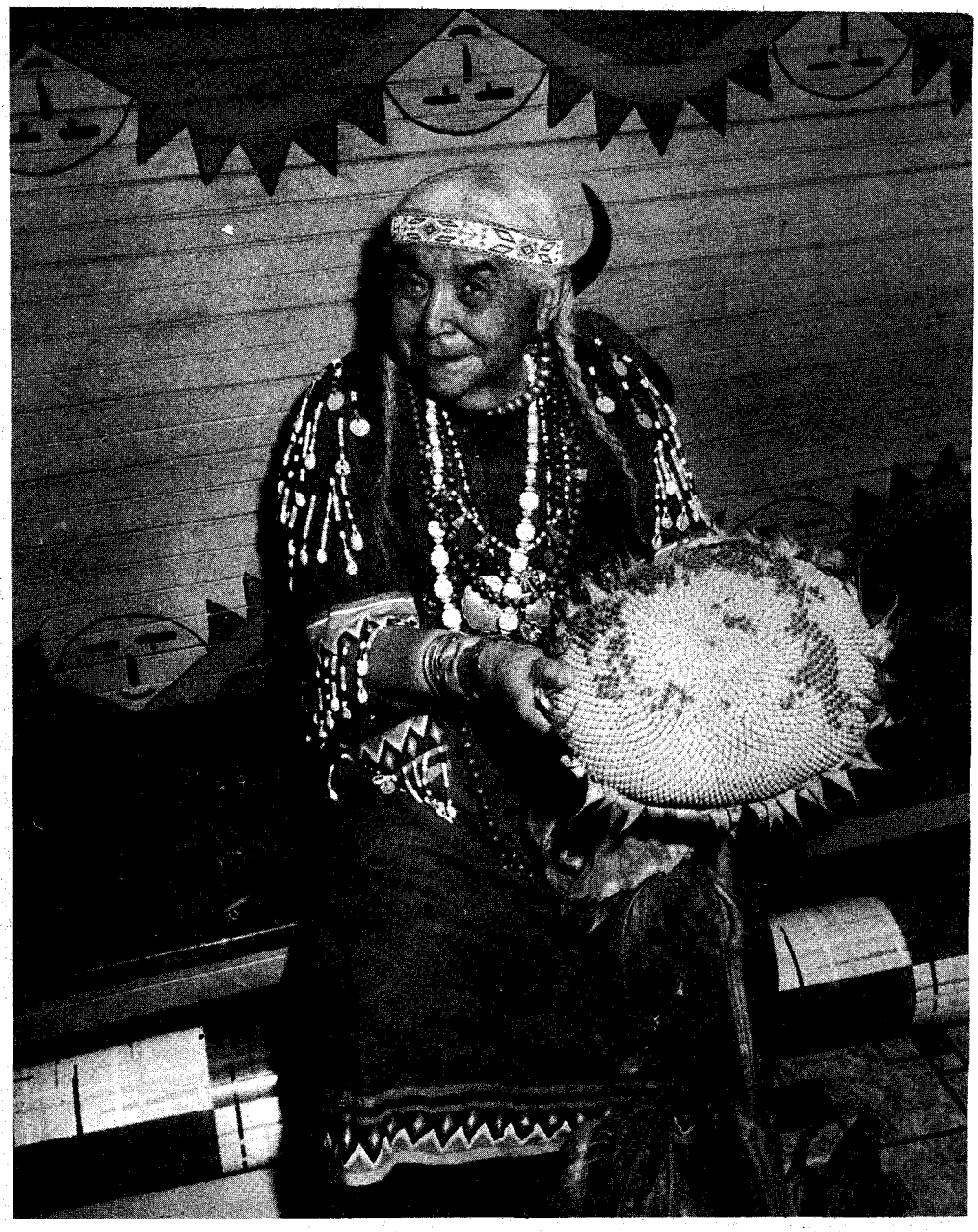
Tatzumbie, 109-year-old full-blood Paiute Indian, speaks Spanish, some French and fluent English. She has most of her teeth, and with the exception of fine print, can read without glasses.



d Days

of the Pajarita Mountains. We tried to get him to go with us but he refused.

Around noon the next day we started off in the direction he had given us. We drove as far as possible along an old trail that had been used by ranchers or miners in years gone by, stopping about sundown. Then came the noise, fairly close. It sounded like thousands of birds singing.

Next day, and several days after, we set out on foot searching for the canyon, but were unable to locate it or the source of the sounds we had heard. As our food and water supply was running low, we finally gave up and started back for Tucson. We had been handicapped in our search by not having horses or burros. Naturally, we plan to go back.

THE PIMERIA ALTA, from all available data, is located about twelve miles south of what is now Tumacacori Mission. If you try for it, continue through a pass in the mountains, going farther south to the old abandoned Guadalupe Mine. It is supposedly about three miles from the lost mission. From there, go to another pass called Aqua Hondo. To the south of this pass is a small creek. The mine is said to be east of this pass and north of the creek.

Should you happen to come upon an old abandoned mine that looks as if it had been filled in to conceal the entrance, dig down deep enough and you may find the words *Purisima Concepcion* inscribed in the rock above the door. That will be the Pimeria Alta Mine. Beyond the copper door—*quien sabe?*

TATZUMBIE

By R. E. CALLAHAN

Tatzumbie, a full blood Paiute, is the oldest known living Indian woman. She was born in Death Valley, 1850. Self-educated, she speaks Spanish, some French and fluent English. She is known as a psychic wonder.

She is said to have predicted the rise and fall of nations, the election of every president for many years and has appeared in many motion pictures. She was the first Indian ever to be invited to ride across America by plane. Her buckskin costume, of unique design and heavily beaded, is valued at $1,000. Her tribe believes the eagle was the first movement of life. The eagle lays only two eggs a year; one represents man, the other woman.

"Long time ago," Tatzumbie says, "a wild weed took root. It grew tall. The warm sun ripened its head into a cluster of seeds. The wind came up and blew the seeds over the prairie and formed a nest. Then one day the Indians saw two white eggs in the nest. The warm sun hatched the eggs into one male and one female eagle. Each bird had two legs; one to push forward, one to hold back with caution. Each eagle had two wings by which they could fly to the right or left, and they represent the arms of man. The nose had two holes out of which they could breathe health or disease. Each bird had two eyes like man; one to see evil, the other to see good.

"Because the eagle can fly higher toward the home of the Great Spirit and can live without food or water longer than any other bird, the eagle became the symbol of life for all time.

"Sunflower seed planted with the spirit of prayer and good intentions will bring health and happiness to the planter. By crushing the seeds and us-

(Continued on page 52)

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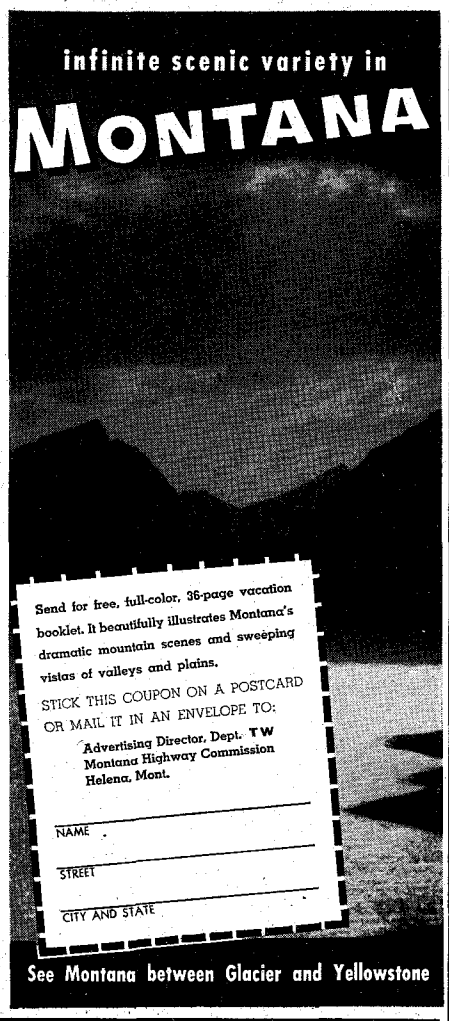

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ALFRED KUNNAS
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The Forgotten Men

(Continued from page 20)

water from his canteen, mixed it into the right consistency and stopped with the amount of dough he thought he could eat when baked. He then lifted the finished dough from the flour sack and put it into his pre-heated Dutch oven. He next tinkered with the right amount of live coals on top of the lid. Periodically he lifted up the hot lid with a "pot hook" stick to check on the biscuits.

There was no butter. Instead, he "dunked" his biscuits in bacon, sow belly, buck venison or jack rabbit grease. If there were any leftovers, he saved them for the trail next day.

AT DAYBREAK, the old-timer broke camp and struck out for the diggin's. When he arrived in the area to be explored, a campsite was chosen. The burro was unloaded and hobbled. Hobbles were necessary to prevent the burros from wandering too far from camp and to prevent them from "going wild." As soon as camp conditions became normal, prospecting was started.

Day after day after day he explored every nook, cranny, ridge, dike, fault and outcropping for a sign or indication of minerals that were known then —such as gold, silver, copper, lead and iron. When a discovery was made, the real honest-to-goodness prospecting commenced.

Claims were staked out—many claims. In reality, there were no stakes as we know them today. He merely erected monuments from rocks, which when completed were known as cairns, on the four corners of each mining claim. The claims usually measured 600 feet wide and 1,500 feet long. Where he found the "mineral in place" on each claim, he built a larger cairn, sometimes six feet tall. These were his "glory holes."

In the bottom of this large cairn, he placed an empty tin tobacco can. In the can he put his mining claim petition on which he had written the date, month, year; the name of the claim (like Hazel Evelyn); position of claim, whether north, south, east or west, or points in between by compass; and signed it with his signature. From that glorious moment, the mining claim became "legal property," although it had not yet been recorded. That requirement had to wait until his return to the settlement.

His prospecting completed, camp was broken and the journey homeward started. By this time, the old-timer was a sight to behold. It had been months since he first came into the mountains. His face was heavily bearded, his hair was long and his clothing torn.

AT LONG LAST, the tired outfit reached the frontier settlement, having safely endured the grueling, self-imposed hardships of the last few months. He headed first for the Assay Office and Laboratory, where he left his marked samples of ore and specimens he had brought from his new claim for test. Next, he went to the recording office where he recorded and filed his claim.

His mining business finished, he went to the old stomping ground—the saloon —where all his cronies anxiously awaited his return. In the rear of the saloon there was generally a large adobe corral which would give shelter to his burro. There he unpacked the animal, turned it loose to feed on wild hay and oats. Then he entered the saloon. Here he greeted his friends—other prospectors, mining engineers, promoters, rancheros and cowboys. His return always caused a certain amount of excitement. All present wanted to be the first to buy him a drink and listen to his tales.

This is the story of forgotten men—the old-time prospectors. They endured great hardships and privations. They faced blue-green-white lightning storms in a treeless land. They leaned into cold and hot winds, laden with blinding sands that seared the naked skin. These men knew how to live with rattlesnakes, gila monsters, tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, desert varmints and insects. They faced the elements in every form, living in the eternal hope that some day they would strike it rich.

These lonely men are about gone and their memory will fade in the minds of the masses. But to those who really knew them, the old-time prospectors blazed a deep mark on the signpost of western history and they'll never be forgotten!

"Now I know why you're letting me ride today—he's got fleas!"

Wagon Tire Canyon Mystery

(Continued from page 11)

Celebration of the old Butterfield stagecoach days at Signal Peak, however, on the exact spot where José Mariá Polancio was killed by the Indians over a hundred years ago, the firing of an anvil was demonstrated by old-timers of the Signal Peak country. They still consider anvil-firing kid's play.

Anyone familiar with the stillness of Wagon Tire Canyon, located some fifty miles from Signal Peak, can well imagine what the blast from the firing of an anvil must have sounded like, vibrating against those natural rock walls, with the white smoke from the gun powder drifting over the rims of the deep little canyon. It is most likely, however, that any distress signal sent up by the occupants of that one lonely wagon went unnoticed, and the wagon tires later located in a pile of burnt ashes were mute evidence that the signaling for help failed to deter the American tragedy that named a canyon Wagon Tire.

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He couldn't swing a rope or herd horses down a lane, but Charlie was a darned good entertainer!

Charles M. Russell, Montana cowboy artist.

Notes on Charles M. Russell

By ELIZABETH M. CHENEY

GLORIFICATION OF A man after death is as it should be, and a case in point is that of Charlie Russell who left a wealth of the Old West's lore on canvas. But as a friend of mine once put it, "It makes me tired to hear people who had no more than a nodding acquaintance with him brag about how well they knew him. At the time of their nodding acquaintance with him, they wouldn't have asked him in out of the rain."

When a girl in my early 'teens, I happened to ride downtown on the same street car with him, but that doesn't give me license to say that I knew him personally. At that time he was a conspicuous figure, with his "breed" sash around his waist, cowboy hat at a rakish angle and a shirt that was never too clean. Though conspicuous, he could not be called distinguished.

In order that we may be able to remember him not only as an artist but also as a cowboy, I am going to try and present a picture of him as seen through the eyes of several of his old associates whom I have been privileged to know, among them the late Con Price of Napa, California; John Brinkman of Chester, Montana; Al Reiberg of Billings; and my own husband, "Kid Amby" Cheney of Stanford, Montana. These men are the last of the old-time cowboys who actually rode the range with Russell, slept in the same tent, ate together sitting around the camp chuck wagon and listened to Charlie's stories. Russell wasn't much shakes as a cowboy, they've told me, and the boys didn't think of him as an artist, but he was a good entertainer in their estimation and won their esteem.

Charlie, one revealed to me, used to carry a lump of clay in his pocket. When riding along he'd take it out, work in around in his hands for a while, almost without looking at it, then he would hold it up on display and say, "There you be, sitting up on your hoss," and it would be a good likeness of the man riding beside him, horse and all.

Johnny Brinkman told me, "Gopher Dick could ride a horse and Charlie Russell could paint a picture, but neither of them was a cowboy. Charlie couldn't tell a cow from a bull. He couldn't even drive a bed wagon, or herd four horses down a lane."

It might be well to explain that Russell was a night herder, and was expected at times to assist the cook and drive the bed wagon from one camp to the next.

"Kid Amby" tells one about the time the roundup was camped on Blood Coulee, north of Denton. The cook sent him to get wood, which was scarce in that country. Finally he located an old cabin, the roof of which had been blown off by a high wind. Riding up to it he threw a rope around one of the logs and urged his horse forward. Just as the log fell there was a loud yell, and off went Charlie Russell, holding up his pants and running like a scared jack rabbit. "Kid Amby" hadn't noticed him lying in the shade of the fallen roof, getting some "shut-eye" before the start of his night's work.

Con Price is authority for another tale about Russell during cowboy days in Judith Basin. Con had a man-sized toothache, with one side of his face so swollen he felt lopsided. There was a dentist in Stanford and he decided to ride there for treatment, a trip of about fifteen miles. Just as he was about to take off, Russell rode up and

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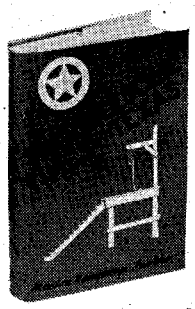
Western Americana



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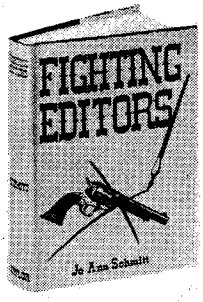

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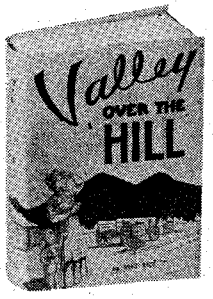

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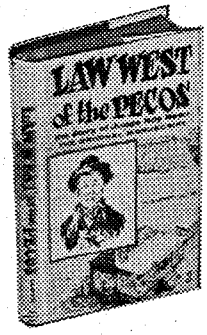

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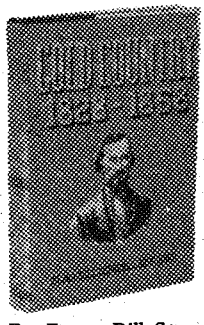

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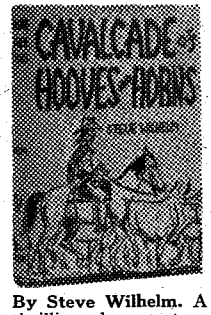

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handed him a silver dollar. "I haven't had a bath or put clean clothes on for two months," Russell said. "While you're in town get me a suit of woolen underwear and I'll clean up."

Con got his tooth pulled but it hurt so he couldn't stand it, he said later. He had to have a drink so he spent the dollar for a bottle (it was cheaper then) and had a good swig from it, and a couple on the way home. He kept wondering how he would explain to Charlie. He decided finally he'd have to tell the truth no matter how much it hurt.

Charlie was asleep when Con reached camp. Without waking him, Con held the bottle under his nose and let him breathe the aroma of the whiskey for awhile. When he woke up, he had such a thirst he swore he'd have died on the spot if Con hadn't brought the bottle. He didn't get his bath until after roundup time that fall.

ANOTHER THING THAT these old cowhands mentioned was Russell's inability to "swing a rope." In the early days on the prairie, the roundup horses were kept at night in a corral made of a single rope stretched around the horse herd. In the morning, each cowboy went out to the rope corral to catch the horse he needed for the day's work. Some cowboy more deft with a lasso always caught Russell's horse because invariably, when he began swinging his rope wildly to do it himself, the whole herd stampeded, broke the rope and had to be rounded up again.

Russell recognized his inability with a rope and later, when he came through Stanford one day to visit with old friends, he called "Kid Amby" aside. "Kid, I've got something to show you." Then he demonstrated all the tricks of the roper's art and was as pleased with himself as a kid.

No, Charlie wasn't a cowboy—not an accomplished one, let's say—but he left behind him more in the way of real art than any man who ever straddled a horse and rode the wild open spaces. His paintings of the Old West are among America's greatest treasures.

Bill Tilghman's "Prairie Queen"

(Continued from page 25)

The chief nodded that he would accept. Then he spoke to his son who disappeared and came back a few minutes later with his sister, who was a good-lookin' Indian girl. The chief spoke to her in Injun and pointed to Bill. The girl gave one look at Bill, then began to cry. That is, as near to cryin' as an Indian ever does, for Indians don't go around sheddin' their emotions like wild cherry leaves.

Bill looked at her in astonishment, because he couldn't see why the sight of him would make her cry.

A tremendous argument took place between the girl and the chief. The chief kept pointin' at Bill and evidently sayin' something which was complimentary.

Meanwhile the girl was studyin' him, then broke out with, "I don't like him."

The chief said, "Why don't you like him?"

"Me like Running Elk," said the sufferin' girl. "Me no want him," she said pointin' at Bill Tilghman.

Bill's face was wreathed with astonishment, like a Christmas tree with popcorn. "What did you say?" he managed to ask.

The girl repeated what she'd said.

Then the whole thing came to light. The chief's daughter was also named "Prairie Queen" and the chief thought that Bill was tryin' to buy the daughter!

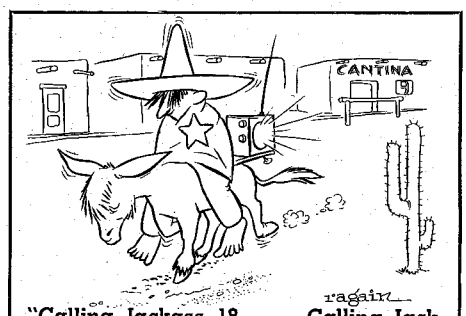
When the chief got it through his head, he made Bill add ten to the deal; a horse, it seems, bein' worth more than a daughter.

Bill led her away, "her" now referrin' to the filly.

And that's how Bill Tilghman got one of his race horses.

Editor's Note: Here's an example of the way we research our material. We sent Mr. Croy's story to none other than Mrs. Bill Tilghman to check—and her comment on the story follows.

Thank you for sending me the Homer Croy story. Of course, it has the inimitable Croy touch and will go well with your readers.



"Calling Jackass 18 . . . Calling Jackass 18 . . ."

George Bolds was associated with Bill Tilghman quite a lot and his standing is proved by the fact that Bill wired him to come from Indiana to help carry off the records from Cimarron.

Bill liked race horses and maintained, at times, a stable of several horses in training and raced them at the Kansas City and St. Louis tracks. In the West, he always had some fast horse with which he would make matches, as that was the customary form of racing there. No track was necessary, just a piece of ground. Men were chosen on the spot for judges. Bill was one of the two or three men who built the first race track at Dodge City and promoted a fair.

The story of Bill's horse, Chief, is related in my book, *Marshal of the Last Frontier*. This horse was a real thoroughbred from Kentucky, part of a carload shipped out by Lucien Maxwell for his ranch. The Indians stampeded them after they left the railroad. The colt grew up and belonged to the Kiowa chief, White Deer. He had beaten everything in the four tribes and no money could buy him. But Dutch Henry raided the Indians' horse herd, driving off a bunch of twenty or thirty and Chief was among them. Bill bought him off Henry, who wanted to go back on the sale when he found out that was the famous race horse of White Deer.

Indian ponies were not wonders of speed, for the Indians knew nothing of breeding horses. They liked racing and a fast pony was a prized possession. The Osages, who got their stock from the whites in Missouri, had better animals on the whole.—Zoe A. Tilghman.

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Truly Western

All Shook Up

Howdy, Joe!

I read something in the last issue of *True West* that dang near scared me to death! Man, I was shaking when you said *True West* readers had really let you down by not buying *Frontier Times*. What would us genuine Western fans do if anything happened to either magazine?

It just doesn't seem right that anyone who has ever read *True West* couldn't recognize *Frontier Times* as the very same!

Now, don't get riled, but every now and then I buy some of these poor imitations of your magazine on the newsstands because I just can't get enough reading. All you have to do is thumb through one of these magazines and you'll see immediately that they don't compare to your magazines! Why, I wouldn't give one copy of TW or FT for a lifetime subscription to any of them! I guess I've done wrong by buying the others—just encourages more trash that shouldn't be read.

I noticed the letter from Kirk Martin in "Truly Western." He can find an authentic marshal and deputy marshal badge at the Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee. I produce, direct and write western TV commercials and at the present am working on a short film. Yours for more TW and FT. —Howard C. Grayson, 3504 Reagan Avenue, Knoxville 19, Tennessee.

By golly, Howard, we don't mind competition so long as they sweat, bleed and labor over getting the REAL truth. What is bad on us is the fact that many people buy the "eastern westerns" thinking they have bought TW or FT—and then write us a hot letter for falling down on our quality! One man was heart-broken; he blasted us to purgatory—he had been failed by the one magazine company he thought stood for truth, and now he'd had it. I wonder how he felt after receiving our letter and checking again to find that he was reading another magazine all the time! Sounds impossible, but it happens.

Its Rightful Place In History

Dear Editors:

I want to congratulate you on your work in publishing *True West* and *Frontier Times*. They are the best in their field of Western Americana.

If we judge *True West* solely by the number of subscribers compared to the more nationalized popular magazines, it would appear to have a small following. I feel though, that in time, it will reach its rightful place both in the home and in American history classes. **(Nearly a million people are reading these turrible rags now.—Ed.)**

For a New Yorker, the West holds a certain fascination. I was fortunate enough to go West a few years ago and still carry a vivid impression both of the people and the land. In my city, nature just whispers. Out West, it shouts!

I would like very much to see some articles on the following, if you have not already done them: the Chivington massacre at Sand Creek, Colorado; Powell's trip down the Colorado River; Kit Carson; Major General James Henry Carleton; General Crook; Pauline Weaver; the Black Hills history; James Addison Reavis; more on General Custer and Cortez.—John Doherty, 613 9th Avenue, New York 36, New York.

Around here a word of congratulations is accepted more readily than the original map of Baker's gold and your compliments are received with open heart. As for the articles, we have already run the Chivington massacre, Kit Carson and General Crook and the others are scheduled to be run in the months to come.

"Take a chance—maybe it's a money belt!"

Hanging Elizabeth Taylor

Howdy, Podners!

In your September issue of *True West*, you stated that you knew of only two women who were hanged by vigilantes during frontier times. Here is the true story of the only woman to be lynched in Nebraska by vigilantes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, a tough pioneer woman of Welsh ancestry, accused John Roberts of Spring Ranch in Clay County, Nebraska, of removing timber from a tract of land she claimed along the Blue River. It was shortly after her husband, William, and Tom Jones were acquitted of a previous crime that the body of Roberts was found on January 8, 1885.

On March 15, at one o'clock in the morning, a band of fifty horsemen surrounded Tom Jones' soddy where he lived with his mother. But this night he was entertaining a few guests.

"Come on out, Jones! We've got you outnumbered," called the leader of the gang.

After a short lapse of time, Texas Bill Forster, Nelson Celley, N. C. Clark, Luther Wiggins, Tom Jones and Elizabeth Taylor came out. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Taylor's baby stayed inside.

Tom Jones and Elizabeth Taylor were separated from the others and taken to a railroad bridge which crossed the Blue River about half a mile from the house. At first the vigilantes attempted to extract a confession from their captives but they could get no concrete evidence as to the murderer of John Roberts.

Tiring of the useless questioning and ready for quick, if not sure, justice, the prisoners were led under the bridge where ropes, consisting of mule halters, were placed around their necks. The victims prayed in Welsh while the vigilantes were busy looping halter ends over the bridge stringers. Prayers finished, Elizabeth Taylor and Tom Jones were pulled off the ground and left to swing until dead.

Next morning, Nelson Celley found the bodies hanging from the bridge and a coroner's verdict was death at the hands of a person or persons unknown.

Fifteen days later, a trial against members of the vigilantes was held but evidence was slim and the prisoners were released.

Many questions remain unanswered. Where was Elizabeth Taylor's husband? Why didn't they hang him? Was Elizabeth really the cause of Roberts' death?

Maybe somewhere among your readers, there is an answer to this strange case of justice.—Phil. St. George, 314¼ E. Garcia, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Attention, All Authors!

Dear Editor,

In reference to Mr. Carl Perry's letter in the February issue of *True West* concerning printing of old Indian legends, many of my friends and I are very much interested in the culture and life of the early American Indian. This

(Continued on page 59)

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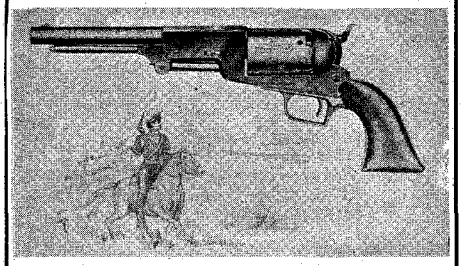

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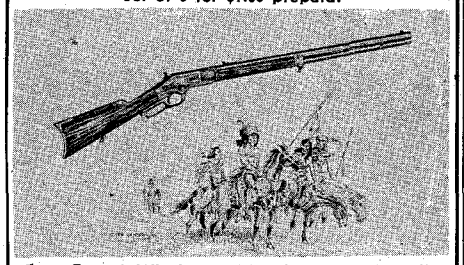

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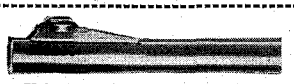

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Impossible Journey

(Continued from page 10)

THE EXPEDITION itself now was on short rations, while the stock ranged farther and farther for forage. Nine horses slipped and fell to destruction trying to find a way down to the tantalizing green of the river bottom far below. The colonists were supposed to be carrying a year's supply of food, but many had planned on stocking up at Escalante, only to find food there in tight supply. The women spent hour after hour grinding horse feed for bread in coffee mills, and when the horse feed was gone they began parching seed corn and grinding seed wheat. For fuel there was a little juniper which when exhausted left a type of sage called shadscale that crackled brilliantly but briefly, taking a bale to fry an egg. Reluctantly, the colonists began killing the bony cattle for food.

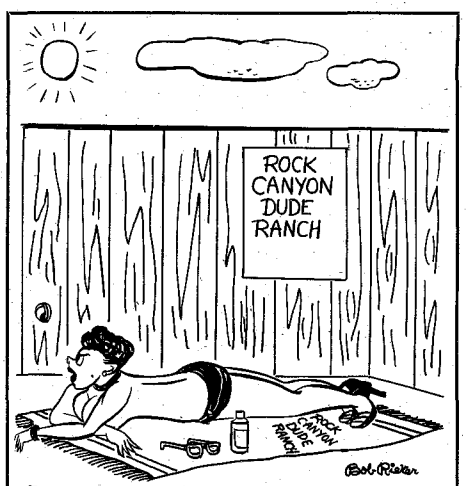
Yet in this situation, compounded by the worst winter yet, there was time and energy for regular worship and recreation. Religious services were held twice weekly. A natural amphitheater of red sandstone near Forty-Mile Spring is still known as Dance Hall Rock, where to music from Samuel Cox's fiddle, George Westwood's jew's-harp and George Lewis' accordian, the pioneer couples danced of an evening after a hard day's work. The Perkins brothers and the Decker brothers, with their wives, were popular as vocal entertainers. Lyman found time in the evening to take his bride Annie down to the river for a boat ride, to watch the hundreds of otter and beaver playing boldly in the moonlight. And life went on. In a wagon banked high with snow for shelter, Lena Desert Decker became the first child born on the expedition. Adelia wrote Lyman from Oak City, informing him she had presented him with a son.

Work on the Hole was slow for lack of powder, but holes were drilled and everything ready when a shipment arrived on January 22—a mere twenty-five pounds. But it was enough to make fast work of the remainder and four days later, on Monday morning, the road—if such it could be called—was ready for testing, after nearly eight weeks of work upon it.

The rather dubious honor of being first was shared. Frank Webster volunteered his team, Ben Perkins his wagon, and Kumen Jones his neck. Jones waved goodbye, if goodbye it was to be, to his wife Mary, and with rear wheels cross-locked and two dozen men hanging back on a rope, headed the first wagon down the grade. Accompanied by tons of loose rock, Jones skidded down the first fearful pitch, negotiated the sharp turn into the dugway. The inner wheels hung in the trench, the oak-brush pegs held the suspended portions of driftwood, the stone steps made footing for the team—in short, everything worked. By nightfall twenty-five other wagons had followed Kumen Jones to the river and had been ferried across on Charles Hall's raft.

While the remainder of the wagons, together with the herds of livestock, were brought down the Hole and across the river, Lyman put all available men to work on Cottonwood Hill, to hew a way out of the gorge. More powder got through, this time a healthy 1,000 pounds, and with its aid a roadway was blasted to the crest after a mere two weeks of labor. It was a bit rugged by modern standards, requiring four good span of horses (or seven poor ones) three and a half long days to haul a wagon up the single hill.

WHEN FINALLY reached, the top of Wild Horse Mesa was far from the smooth expanse it had seemed from across the river. Blocking the way was a deep crease in the rock, a V of smooth sandstone, now slick with snow and ice. They could spend a couple of weeks making diagonal dugways down and up, or—"Why not?" they asked, as a wild idea spread. It was not at all the sort of idea for conservative Mormon colonists, and four months ago it wouldn't have lasted ten seconds. But now it was anything to forge ahead. Lyman nodded assent, and they tried it out. They unhitched a team from a wagon, poised it at the lip of the V and shoved it off. Down the slope the wagon bounced, gathering speed, the



"But your accent sounds strange for a woodpecker!"

iron tires ringing on the rocks, the load careening, chickens and pigs in the pens fastened behind squawking and squealing. The wagon was charging sixty miles an hour when it hit the bottom of the gulch and it lurched upward on the other side, where waiting men with poles and rocks blocked the wheels as momentum died. Then teams were hitched on for the short pull over the hump. This spot was christened, appropriately enough, "Shoot-the-Chutes."

Now for a few miles atop the mesa the going was smooth over a level expanse of scrubby gray sage. Here the San Juan cut a great oxbow into the mesa. One mile below was a gorge so deep and with banks so precipitous as to be completely inaccessible, Lyman recorded. After this tantalizing glimpse of the river of their destination the train continued across the mesa to where the way was blocked by one of the most appalling obstacles that had yet been encountered, the Slickrocks.

Here the mesa fell away in naked rock that was like an enormous fermentation of petrified dough that had been kneaded into a maze of swells, gullies, canyons and ridges, knobs and hummocks, all of it smooth and polished and offering no foothold, the entire field tilted downward at a sharp angle

(Continued on page 40)

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By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

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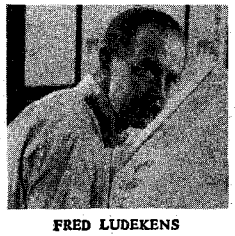
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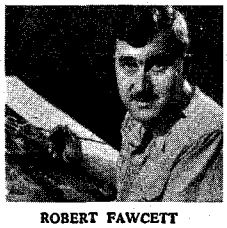
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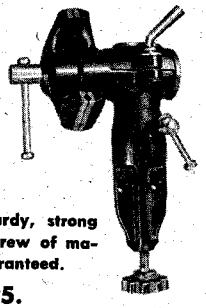

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Your deerskin garments, gloves, mittens, or moccasins will mean more to you because they're custom-tailored *from the deer hides you send us—not from a stock assortment.* Our painstaking system of caring for, marking and tailoring guarantees finest quality finished leather.

Write for FREE CATALOG, shipping tags, "Helpful Hints" about caring for hides.

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to the desert floor a thousand feet below.

In exploring the route, the scouts had been unable to find a foothold to creep off the Slickrocks, so they had prayed for guidance ("The Lord put us here, and He can show us the way off.") Opening their eyes, they saw a band of wild sheep (called "llamas" in early accounts), and by following one of them—curiously tame, which kept but a few yards ahead—they had been led to the bottom and had given another faith-promoting incident to Mormon lore. Now the expedition began blasting dugways and cutting steps along the sheep path, a total distance of half a mile of road making.

EIGHT DAYS work at the Slickrocks gave time for the stragglers, strung out the entire thirty miles to the Colorado to catch up. The sturdy wagons were becoming rickety, the prime teams bony and weak.

Seven miles beyond the Slickrocks was Hermit Lake. Here the women promptly declared a washday, while the men shod horses. But after only two days of rest, Lyman gave the signal and they were on the march again, plodding through deep sand in the teeth of a howling blizzard. For four days the sand blew into their red-rimmed eyes and galled the teams where the harness chafed. On the third night of the storm, the wind tore their tents apart and ripped the canvas from the bows of the prairie schooners. Next day came the end of the storm and of the sand as they came up Castle Wash and camped at the Clay Hills on the brink of a thousand-foot chasm.

Lyman put the colonists to work on the gorge, then set out with George Sevy and Samuel Bryson on a five-day trip looking for a road across what later was named Cedar Ridge. "We can make a passable road by following an old Indian trail," Lyman recorded.

The expedition found the Clay Hills aptly named. This was a new type of roadbed that made the previous sand and rock almost a happy memory. Now it was sticky gumbo that balled on the hooves of the teams and rolled into enormous tires on the wagon wheels. For twelve interminable days they fought the mud, going north on a long detour around Grand Gulch, whose sheer walls were too formidable even for a Mormon dugway.

And now in this desert they were in a jungle. Juniper was so dense that axemen had to chop a roadway ahead. Snow fell again, and then cold set in. "Last night was the coldest I ever experienced," the stoical Lyman recorded on March 15. "It was impossible to be comfortable in bed or anywhere else." Considering all he had been through, that this is the only mention of physical discomfort in his entire journal, it can well be assumed that it *was* cold.

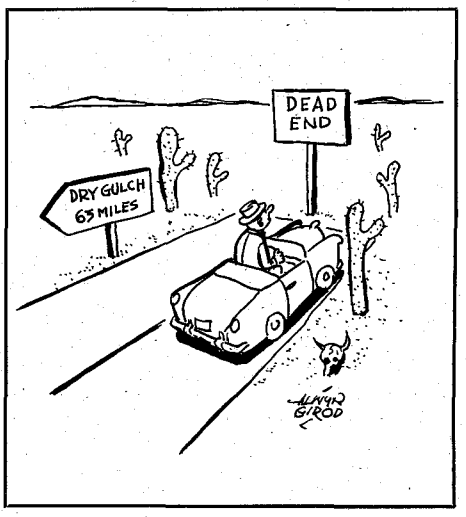
Then it thawed, and during a period of five days the wagons made a total of just thirteen miles through mud that was at times above the hubs of the front wheels.

Now the members of the San Juan Mission, both human and animal, were staggering on the rim of collapse. A typical outfit saw the wife driving the bony team of horses, the six-year-old daughter riding a cow while the husband brought up the rear with his shoulder to the wheel.

By the end of March the wavering line moved south along Comb Wash, named for the blood-red undulations of Comb Ridge on their left, that resembled a gigantic chicken comb. Here was deep sand, flour-fine, "the water very bad and feed pretty good," Lyman reported. And, at last, on the first day of April they reached the San Juan River.

But Nature had a final grim jest for April Fool's day. The river of their destination here broke between a cut of Comb Ridge. There was no bottomland on which to take a wagon upstream. Blocking the way was that blood-red wall of sandstone with the great cockscomb ridge, impossible, impassable. "We cannot follow up the river, so we have to do some work to get up over the bench," wrote Lyman—a classic understatement even for him.

With a final desperate effort the Mormons attacked San Juan Hill with picks and drills and the last of their blasting powder, fighting now against



complete collapse. They fashioned a road of sorts, then hitched long strings of horses and oxen to each wagon for the convulsive last pull, three miles of hell that became slick with the hide and hair and blood of the exhausted animals.

AND ON THE fifth of April, five months from the time they left Escalante, they finished their 120 crow-flight miles as they stumbled onto the bottomlands of the San Juan and sank down upon fertile soil between perpendicular cliffs that were to give the settlement its name of Bluff. On the following day—birthday of the Church—they could say the colony was established. From here it was still fifteen miles upstream to Montezuma Creek, their original destination, but that might just as well have been a thousand miles. They had neither the strength nor heart to go farther. It is said that young children had been cooped in the wagon boxes until they had to learn again how to walk.

Two more babies had been born on the trail, and there had been no deaths. And while stories are legion of narrow escapes, of horses stopping in the night at the brink of chasms, of risks against odds; on the entire hazardous expedition there had been no serious accidents. The colonists, who had been promised blessings, liked to think their good fortune was more than luck.

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Lyman figured that the cost of the road, at a dollar and a half per man per day, was $4,800—certainly a bargain.

It is dramatic to claim, as some do, that no wagon ever went back over that terrible road, but this is inaccurate. After resting three weeks, Lyman himself made the return trip, reaching Escalante in 15 days (it took five horses a day and a half to pull his empty wagon up through Hole-in-the-Rock). Enroute, he met the expedition leader, Silas Smith, at Forty-Mile Spring. Smith had recovered and was on his way to take charge of the colony.

The road was used—determinedly used, for Mormons have no word for mistake, error, or failure—then after a few years it was quietly forgotten, the whole thing slightly embarrassing, until time brought the realization that the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition was unique, the greatest wagon train trip in history.

"It was a labor beside which the toil of the emigrant trains that crossed the entire continent to California and Oregon was child's play," wrote one historian. "No spot on the entire course of the Overland Trail, not even the passage of the Sierra Nevadas, can be compared to the Hole-in-the-Rock, to the Slickrocks, or to the pull up San Juan Hill."

Today, Hole-in-the-Rock is a Mormon shrine. A bronze plaque in the sandstone wall, not entirely accurate, marks the spot where the wagons crossed the Colorado.

Bonanza Buffoonery

(Continued from page 24)

by sending you around the table to get the ball out of the pocket. Gives grace to the body, by introducing that elegant posture, one leg in the air, hat for a bridge, and cue harpoon style. Exercises the lungs, by the large amount of whistling after bad shots. Come and see us, anyhow. If you don't want to buy, sit down in the shade and chew your tobacco, just as if it was paid for. Somebody might treat.—Alexander Wise, Proprietor.

This column of ads informs you that you can buy revenue stamps (required on all documents during the Civil War) from the Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue. (Even clear out in the sagebrush they had those birds around way back then.)

Filling out the column is another proclamation attested by Orion Clemens (Mark Twain's brother), Secretary of the Territory, offering a $500 reward for the arrest of "one Martin Harvey, charged with the murder of William Jones in Storey County." (This is unusual, murderers generally got themselves hung quickly.)

LET'S TURN TO pages two and three —that's where all the local news appears.

The first column is devoted to "locals" picked up by Forbes. He begins the column with pithy answers to various correspondents, such as "EMG—Glad to receive your voluminous message. Thing has been fixed." (You can't help wondering, what thing?) Then "GFN—Guess that will be all right. Luff will attend to it. The powder-horn

WORLD'S SHARPEST, TOUGHEST, STRONGEST KNIFE FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS CRAFTSMEN OF MORA, SWEDEN

Knife point is so sharp it drives through coin or metal. Blade edge so tough it can drive through a bolt—cut a nail in two!

Blade is so strong & resilient, you can bend it over 90° without breaking or damage.

Cutting edge can be honed to such razor sharpness you can shave with it!

NORSE KING

SWEDISH PROFESSIONAL GUIDE'S

HUNTING KNIFE

ONLY $1.98 WITH SHEATH

This is the sharp Mora Blade that has always stood between life and death in the cruel Northland—that has met the fierce attack of wild bear or wolf—the blade *relied on* to take game with one swift blow or throw; to cut wood for fire or shelter; to skin game; to be a rugged tool of every work—the weapon of last resort. It must be the BEST!

To guarantee this, famed craftsmen of Mora, using the world-renowned Swedish steels, developed their wonderful triple-laminated blade into the most practical, most versatile knife a sportsman ever carried!

REMARKABLE CONSTRUCTION

Famed Mora Blade has three layers (see illustration below) inseparably welded together. The inner, center layer is a thin, incredibly hard sliver of alloy steel designed to take a razor-sharp edge. But if the whole knife were made of such steel, it would shatter at a hard blow. So the center hard core is sandwiched in between supporting slabs of tough, flexible, resilient steel.

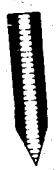
1. Blade length—ideal 4½" for maximum leverage and cutting pressure on point and edge. Perfectly balanced for accurate throwing.
2. Handfitting Swedish Birch handle – it cannot slip or turn in the hand. Easy to clean, polishes better with age.
3. Blade tongue extends clear through handle and is inseparably riveted through nickel-silver pommel and ferrule.
4. No hilt to get in way of cutting action. Knife is such perfect design the hand cannot slip.
5. Safety, quick-draw sheath. Holds knife securely yet is ready for instant one-hand draw. Hangs at belt—is never in the way. Blade cannot penetrate sheath to cut you.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—YOU RISK NOTHING

To introduce this knife to the American Market we offer it at this low, low price of $1.98. Once you see Norse King you will wonder how such superb appearance, style and quality can be offered at such a low price. So we make this fool-proof offer. Order your Norse King knife today. Show it to the most experienced outdoorsmen you know. Use it for 60 days. Test it in any way you ever used a knife – and any you can dream up! If you are not satisfied that it is the greatest knife you ever owned, just return it for prompt refund. Mail coupon now!

THE SECRET OF THE MORA BLADE

Famed Mora blades are made from the finest cutlery steel in the world, hand-forged and tempered with the greatest care. Every blade has THREE layers (see illustration) inseparably welded together. The inner, center layer is a thin, incredibly hard sliver of alloy steel designed to take a razor-sharp edge. But if the whole knife were made of such steel it would shatter at a hard blow. So the center hard core is sandwiched in between supporting slabs of tough, flexible resilient steel. That's why we GUARANTEE THIS BLADE AGAINST BREAKAGE!



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Use this coupon to order your Norse King – on our NO-RISK OFFER. Use this knife for 60 days. Give it every possible test. If you are not convinced it is the knife you want and need – that you would never part with – just return it and get your money back immediately. You risk absolutely nothing. Order today. Mail coupon.

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Please rush ..... NORSE KING knife(s) by return mail at $1.98 each, on your GUARANTEED OFFER. I am adding 25¢ per knife to cover handling.

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STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

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team hasn't lit yet. Looking for that every month, now."

The next line reveals that Forbes never wasted time setting type and not printing it, for it says, "P.S.—It has lit."

Many of the items are about various mines throughout the county—notes Forbes undoubtedly picked up in the county seat's main saloons.

And of course, (for some reason unfathomed to this day), everybody wants to read about the weather they have experienced—even though they know all about it. So you find, "Weather—Thunder, and a dash of rain, with sunshine sprinkled through, almost every day for weeks past."

Forbes reminds you of Monday's election and snaps, "The people want no state government and are disgusted with this quick repetition of the effort to foist it upon them." (But the delegates elected that year approved the constitution and Nevada became a state on October 31, 1864, five months later. However, Forbes' influence was indicated by the fact that Humboldt County citizens were the only ones in the territory to vote against statehood, 544 to 320.)

You learn that "Capt. Wells, with Co. D, Territorial Cavalry, would start yesterday from Fort Churchill to punish the Bannock Indians in the Black Rock Country"; that "Freights from Red Bluff are daily arriving and teamsters report the road in good condition by this time" and that, "By-the-by, Mr. Lyon informed us that a lot of wire for the Humboldt telegraph would be started from the Bluff this week."

The latter is happy news because a telegraph line—except when the Indians cut it to get the wire—will bring Unionville into "daily touch with the world."

In the second column is a story of local interest. The volunteer company of "Indian Hunters" which had organized in the Humboldt towns to punish the redskins for killing a couple of Idaho-bound prospectors had "indulged in a skirmish."

Forbes tells us, "They put the light out for two Bannocks and received no injury in return. The only serious hurt to any of the party was the natural result of getting raw soldiers into a general fire. Frank Wheeler, Commissary, received several buckshot in one arm and is ambulancing home for repairs. Another man was slightly shot at the same fire—Frank's wound is attributed to an accident; but we recollect that when we were Indian hunting we had not eaten much sour bacon before our mind was firmly made up to shoot the commissary the first opportunity that occurred during the engagement." (So! Modern veterans may learn here that their idea of "killing the cook" is nothing new—and I wonder how much one of those old-timers had to be punctured before he was considered more than "slightly shot"?)

Most of the third column is devoted to a report on the Union party's county convention—resolutions and nominations. It is followed by a report from Star City (quite definitely in Forbes' style) containing an account of a wedding which is a classic.

"Isaac Miller, proprietor of the Miller Hotel, was married Sunday last, by Rev. James Lassiter, a large and respectable audience witnessing the ceremony. Miller has been so infernally happy ever since that he neglected to inform us of the former name of the unfortunate Mrs. M. There was much congratulating, and kissing, and other nonsense, and we doubt if poor Isaac didn't forget his own maiden name—things were so mixed." (For the information of the curious, the following week the official notice informs us that the bride was Miss Anna Robrickt of Windsor, California.)

News begins to run out in the third column and Forbes fills it with material from exchanges and puffs for some of his advertisers.

Then you'll read another whole column of ads, wholesalers in Red Bluff, California, announcement of a sale of lots in newly-laid out Mill City (planned as the terminus of the ill-fated ninety-mile long Humboldt Canal) and most newsworthy of all, announcement of the establishment of a Pony Express service between the Humboldt towns and Idaho's booming strikes at the new Jordan Creek and Boise mines. (Seems odd, in these days, to think of Idaho depending on early Nevada for mail and supplies?)

Generally, Forbes—like his sharp-witted contemporaries—showed more good taste in his newspapers than some present day publications, but it was evident that he didn't worry about libel laws—especially in regard to items from places 300 miles away. Neither did he shrink from expressing his opinions.

There was a restrained admiration in his report on a political meeting when he wrote, "Mr. Buell, nominee for governor, declined speaking this time; would be happy to address the people of Humboldt some other time. Uncle David is a good fellow; a soggy rustler; but there's one thing he can't do, and he knows it as well as we do—that is, make a speech."

When a Virginia City paper changed hands, Forbes noted the sale and commented, "No change in the character of the paper: it is as stupid as ever."

You realize that this was a fellow who really had a brilliant mind behind some of his buffoonery—especially when you run into a little ten-word squib like, "Memory has been described as a bundle of dried time." Or such a twisted pun as "Why doesn't a fat dog meditate? Because he isn't a thin cur."

And just as true now as it was then, was his advice—"Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs."

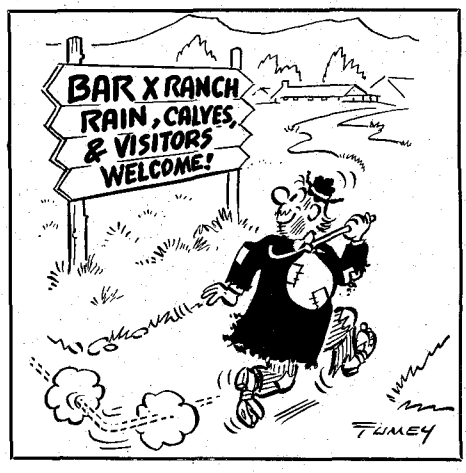
And are there any who will disagree with this ninety-five-year old comment? "It is a fact that some voices, generally very disagreeable, sound like exquisite music when they say good-by."

If I ever had known they had an income tax back in the 1860's, I had forgotten it until I stumbled upon some of Forbes' complaints about it in his paper. He printed a list of Humboldt County citizens and the amounts of their incomes for 1864 in his March 25, 1865, issue. Only four other men in the county reported higher incomes than Forbes, who admitted to having made $2,500—"supposed, you know, to represent in full such income, less the $600 allowed for subsistence."

ALONG IN September Forbes quietly dropped out of sight from Unionville. Nobody paid any attention as he frequently was gone on visits to other nearby towns. Then he reappeared, surprising everybody by bringing back a bride to the Humboldt region. He never mentioned it in the *Register*, except to print an official notice, "Married—In Coloma, California, September 20, 1864, by Rev. C. C. Pierce, W. J. Forbes to Miss Mary C. Mitchell."

Forbes loved the Humboldt region and hung on long after it was certain that it was a long, long way from being the "richest region on God's footstool." He might have stayed until Unionville went clear under, shortly after the railroad went up the west side of the Humboldt range and signalled its doom, except that he had married and had to support a wife as well as himself.

So, without fanfare, he slipped out of Unionville and went to Virginia City where he purchased the foundering *Daily Union* on January 23, 1867. He immediately sold the Humboldt *Register*. It floundered on for two more years, finally dying May 29, 1869. E. D. Kelly, one of the owners, took the type and equipment and moved to the new rail-



road town of Elko where he started publication of the *Independent*, a paper that still lives. The Humboldt *Register* was revived in a Democratic weekly at the new town of Winnemucca, which had even taken the county seat from Unionville. It survived there until 1876, actually outliving its founder, Forbes.

When Forbes bought the *Union* in Virginia City, mining in Nevada was in the doldrums. Apparently he soon realized that he had intruded on a sterile territory already overly supplied with news media and changed the name of his sheet to *The Trespass*. This was the first of a series of unusually-named papers subsequently started by the Sage of the Humboldt.

He didn't trespass very long in the Virginia City pastures—business was just too dead to keep a paper going and he gave up in the fall of 1868.

With a typical Forbesian gesture, he wrote in its final issue, "That of twenty men, nineteen patronize the saloon and one the newspaper, and I am going for the crowd."

He headed for the hinterland, going immediately to booming Treasure City, the main community in the rich new White Pine strike, far out on the eastern edge of the territory, and bought himself a saloon. It was a bleak, storm-swept, raw community at more than 9,000 feet elevation with 5,000 whiskered ore hunters living in hastily erected stone huts. One favorite story of the strike is about the two prospectors

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who ran an assay on the rocks in the walls of their hastily built hut when winter had passed and discovered that it was very rich ore worth several thousand dollars.

Money was plentiful in the White Pine area and Forbes continued to run his saloon at a profit. But he must have greeted with pleasure the arrival of W. H. Pitchford and Robert W. Simpson from Belmont with type and presses to start a newspaper. Their first issue of the White Pine *News* hit the steep streets of Treasure City on December 6, 1868.

Forbes couldn't stay away very long from a printing plant. In May, 1869, he sold his busy bar and leased the *News* from the owners, again becoming an editor. In July, he bought Simpson's half interest. The Thompson & West 1881 Nevada History declares that, like the Humboldt *Register* previously, the *News* "was distinguished for its fine typographical appearance as well as the ability of its editorial management."

Forbes soon acquired full ownership of the paper and became the major editorial voice of the bustling White Pine area, which included a dozen busy towns with a population estimated by some as high as 40,000 persons. The *News* stole the spotlight and forced its principal opposition, the *Daily Inland Empire* to give up the ghost in April, 1870.

The rivalry between the *News* and the *Inland Empire* had been bitter. Forbes won the battle by "silently" starting the *Evening Telegram* to oppose the other paper as an afternoon sheet. Pat Holliday, who had been on the *Empire* and had a disagreement over business relations, was listed as the editor and publisher—but the *Telegram* was printed in the *News* plant and readers easily recognized the major editorials as products of Forbes. The *Telegram's* life wasn't long, but lasted until it killed the *Empire*. It had another more important claim to fame among Nevada's journalistic ghosts, being the starting place for Fred Hart, later to become more prominent as a writer than his teacher, Forbes. Hart went to the *Reese River Reveille* at Austin and his "Sazerac Lying Club" still ranks as one of the greatest fun books ever written about Nevada's early days.

Reigning as the monarch of White Pine newspapermen, Forbes immediately moved in with another paper, the Schell Creek *Prospect*, at old Fort Schellbourne—famed Pony Express and Overland stage depot—when a boom burst there in 1872. It was short lived, as was the paper, published only from July, 1872, until the next January. Then Forbes just closed shop and left the type and press at Schellbourne.

HE MOVED TO Salt Lake City in 1873 and started a paper in opposition to the dominant Mormon press. But even Forbes couldn't dent the entrenched church-supported publications. He failed quickly, with a typical Forbes valedictory, "We cease publication because we did not bring money enough with us."

The ill-fated Salt Lake experience apparently began the turn in Forbes' fortunes—his wife died about the same time, leaving a baby daughter. She was named Sheridan—no doubt by her father, as Sheridan was Forbes' favorite Civil War general.

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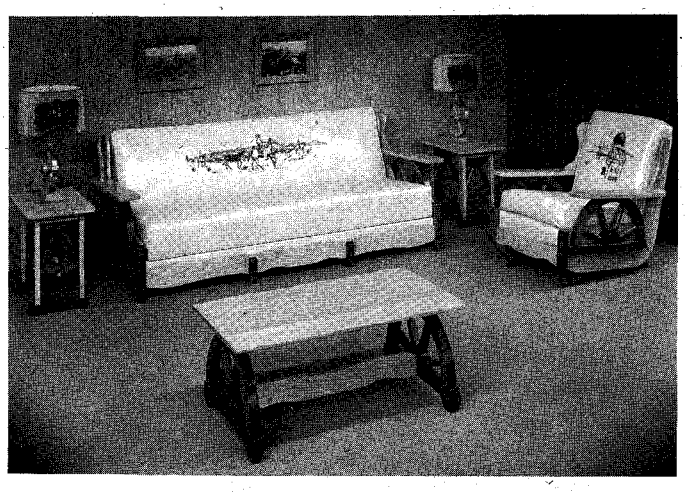
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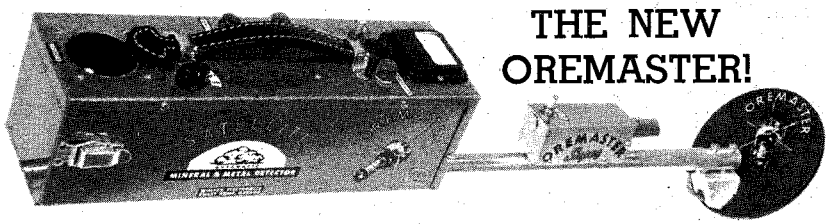
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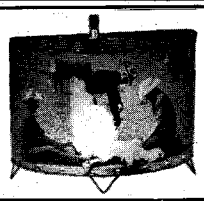
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When Forbes returned from California after burying his wife in a plot at Coloma—near Placerville (the scene of the start of the West's gold rush in 1848) he gathered up the type and equipment which had been left at Schellbourne and moved it to Battle Mountain.

As an example of the quick changes in early-day Nevada community fortunes, it is interesting to note that this printing equipment originally had been brought to Austin to print the early *Reese River Reveille,* then moved to Belmont to get out the *Reporter,* thence to White Pine to inaugurate the *News* and from there to Schellbourne to publish the *Prospect.*

At Battle Mountain, the junction of the Central Pacific with the Nevada Central from Austin, business was enjoying an upsurge following ore discoveries at Copper and Lewis Canyons. With typical flair, Forbes named his new paper, *The Measure for Measure,* the first issue coming from the press on December 26, 1873. At the top of the masthead the unusual name had a Biblical explanation, a line reading, "As ye measure unto us, so will we measure unto you."

But it wasn't the same Forbes any longer, he seemed to have lost his spark, either from the Salt Lake experience, the death of his wife, or maybe both. This attitude was reflected when he quoted his favorite stooge, Semblins, as remarking, "Death cannot be a matter of much moment to an editor—no thirty days' notice required by law—it is the local incident of a moment, a few days as advertised on the fourth page, a few quick calls by subscribers not in arrears. A short, quick breath—then the *subscription paper for burial purposes.*"

This time Semblins was prophetic—whether intentionally or not.

After Forbes had been missing a couple of days from his regular haunts, friends investigated and found that "Semblins" had lain down in the lonely darkness of his cabin and died, in poverty.

The subscription paper was passed and the "most widely known editor" in Nevada was taken to Coloma and laid beside his wife.

One can't help but feel that his quips still are amusing the vast population of wraiths in Nevada's vast ethereal universe—nothing ever could stop Forbes from getting out a paper. Probably the ghost of "Semblins" calls it *The Ectoplasmis Mist,* or something similar—it would be like him to give it some such appropriate name.

Fabulous Gambler

(Continued from page 14)

They boarded the stage and luckily found a room at the Carson Hotel. Later, while walking along the street looking for a likely gambling place, they passed two stately young ladies, one of whom glanced back at Wayne the second time.

"I do believe I know that girl," he said. "Her face seems familiar."

"Let's follow them," Hastings proposed.

"I don't remember Mary Moinya too well," Wayne confessed, "but that one on the right could be her."

They stepped up their pace and caught up with the pair near the hotel.

"Pardon me," Wayne said, "but aren't you Mary Moinya?"

The prettiest one stared at him for a moment. "I am, but I don't believe I know you, sir."

"You wouldn't remember a poor man who lost all his money to a robber and you loaned him twenty dollars to tide him over?"

Mary's warm acknowledgement sent the blood coursing through the gambler's veins. She grabbed his hands and shook them. "Remember, I too lost some money but I also had some hidden in a very secure place."

They laughed about the incident and then Wayne introduced Joe Hastings. Miss Moinya in turn introduced her pretty companion as "Miss Bowers."

Wayne took the envelope from his pocket. It was sealed and had Mary's name on it. "This is a little present for you," he explained, "something that I trust will repay you for your kindness to me that day of the robbery, but one of the conditions of your acceptance is that you not open it until you get home."

Mary protested that she should open it then and there, but Wayne had his way. She would open it when she got home.

Mary said she had left Virginia City soon after she returned by stage from San Francisco and was now living in Carson. She pointed out the house she lived in, only a block from the main street. It was one of the finest houses on the Comstock Lode, judging from its size and the big colonial pillars that set it apart from the others.

"Are you still residing in Virginia City?" Mary inquired and Wayne replied that he was. "At the International Hotel," he added, hoping that some day she might write to him, or look him up.

After a brief chat the girls went their way and the two young gamblers found a game to their liking. Although they remained in Carson for four or five days, they did not again see Mary Moinya or Miss Bowers.

But when Wayne returned to the International he had a letter from Mary awaiting his arrival. He tore it open and found a draft on the Bank of California for $7,530. The note from Mary read:

"You are extremely generous and very kind, sir, but I cannot accept the money. I have taken out the $20 which I let you have and am returning the rest herewith. I trust you have found Virginia City more productive than the river boats on the Mississippi, and obviously you have. May good luck attend you. Mary Moinya."

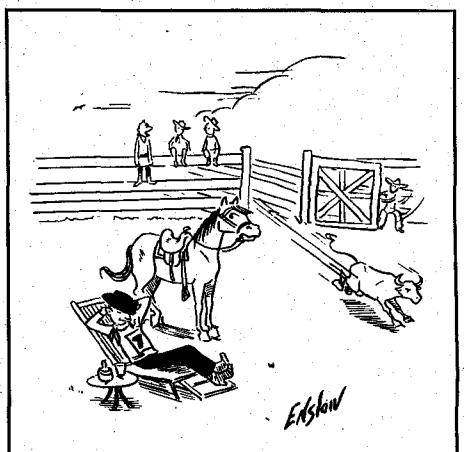
It was a blow to Wayne's pride, a slap at his romantic ambitions. He knew now from the tone of Mary's letter and the reference she made to his gambling success that she was not for him. There was an age barrier, too. He was past thirty and Mary had no more than turned nineteen, he thought.

WAYNE HAD MET Lucky Baldwin, who was to become one of the most famous of the Comstock Lode bigwigs, and one of the richest. Lucky liked to gamble occasionally and they had met over the poker table.

One day they met and had a couple of drinks. Baldwin began discussing a financial venture he had in mind. Adolph Sutro, a young man whose genius for promotion was to take him far, was building the Sutro tunnel to drain water from the deeper mines and needed cash. If the tunnel could be successfully dug, it would be worth many millions to the promotors who would collect revenue from all the mines. Sutro had offered Baldwin a large share of the proceeds if he could raise five million in a hurry. Balwin, anxious to accommodate Sutro but at a price, told Wayne that he could raise that much if he could corner the stock of the Virginia Consolidated, one of the richest mines.

"If I had that much money, I wouldn't care if Sutro built his tunnel or not," Wayne laughed.

"The trouble with you," Baldwin said, "you haven't the nerve." He reached into his pocket and drew out some lithographed shares of the Virginia Consolidated. "There are an even hundred shares here and they're worth close to sixty thousand," Baldwin said. "You put up sixty thousand and we'll toss a coin for them."



"Fastest man in the state."

Wayne studied the older man for a moment. He couldn't afford to lose that much but if he won he would be on Easy Street, with no worries.

"Will you accept a check?"

"I've played enough poker with you to know you'll make the check good if the bank fires it back," Baldwin told him. "Write out your check."

The check written, Baldwin took a silver dollar from his pocket and flipped it over their heads. "Call it!"

"Heads!"

The coin struck the bar and spun crazily. Finally it came to rest and Baldwin said, "Heads it is. You win."

Wayne promptly sold the shares for a little less than face value and turned the money over to Wells, Fargo for deposit in the Bank of California at San Francisco. One either won or lost big, Wayne said later, and he would settle for beggar or plutocrat.

The river gambler seldom played in ordinary card games after that. He waited for the big ones.

"Those games are too rich for my blood," Joe Hastings told him. "I'll be finding myself a new partner and you can find a new roommate."

Among those who sat in games at the International, held usually in private rooms, were John MacKay, the mine superintendent who had become a mine owner; Lucky Baldwin; William Sharon, who had eased himself into a fabulous fortune through his friendship with Billy Ralston, congenial cashier of the Bank of California who played now and then; and one or two others who were in the millionaire class. On this particular night with which this account deals, all four of those just named were en-

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gaged in a stud game in Ralston's room. Wayne, who had been invited into the game by Baldwin, was dealing. By the time four cards had been dealt around the table, Ralston had a seven, nine and ten of hearts showing as against three eights in Wayne's hand. All Ralston needed was an eight of hearts in the hole to make a straight flush possible. But that was impossible, for Wayne's hole card was the eight of hearts, giving him a cinch hand. Ralston could catch another heart and have a flush, no good of course against four eights.

Wayne bet only $5,000 on his three eights showing, figuring that this was a good place for Ralston to bluff. Ralston only called.

Ralston's fifth card was the ace of hearts, which Wayne knew made only a flush. He bet right into it. "Ten thousand, Mr. Ralston."

Ralston eyed the three eights warily. "How much can you stand, Mr. Wayne?"

"I've two hundred thousand in your bank, Mr. Ralston. Bet any part of it."

Ralston studied the three eights. "Four of a kind can't beat a straight flush, young man. But I'll go easy on you. Let's make it a hundred thousand even."

Wayne again looked at his hole card to make certain it was the eight of hearts.

"That's not enough, Mr. Ralston. Let's make it two hundred thousand."

Ralston knew then that he was beaten, but he had too much in the pot to give up. He called.

When Wayne turned over the eight of hearts, the banker blew up and stalked from the room. He never again sat in a game with Wayne.

Ralston's call made history on the Lode, for never before had anyone bet almost a quarter of a million in a stud poker game.

By winning consistently in the big games, and by stock deals that made him fabulous sums, Wayne in a little less than two years built up a balance in Ralston's bank of a little over $800,000. In those days this was not a fabulous fortune, but for a gambler to accumulate that sum it was phenomenal.

Wayne did not have faith in the mines and dumped all his mining stocks for cash, or for more stable securities. At the ripe old age of thirty-two, he was ready to retire and take it easy. But for one reason or another, he could not tear himself away from the Lode, which was in his blood. He stayed on, playing occasionally and minding his many investments. However, he eventually liquidated everything into cash and banked it, a mistake that he was to regret for the rest of his life.

ONE AFTERNOON HE turned the corner of C and Taylor Streets to find himself face to face with John Story, roaring drunk and ugly.

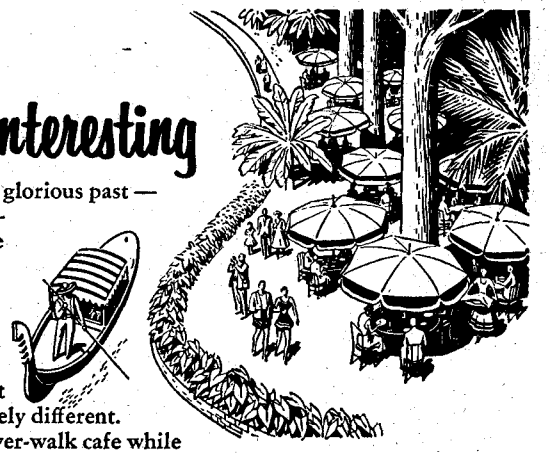
"This time you won't get away from me, you damned card shark!" Story bellowed. "I'm going to kill you."

Having found his .44 cumbersome to carry, Wayne had left it in his hotel room. Even his derringer was missing from his coat pocket. Story fired point-blank and the gambler reeled into the alley and fell. Story came closer and fired two more shots.

Two doctors gave Wayne but one chance in a hundred to survive.

Story was jailed pending further outcome of the case. If Wayne died it would be murder.

Its past makes the present so interesting



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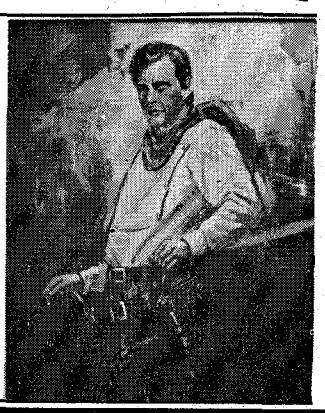

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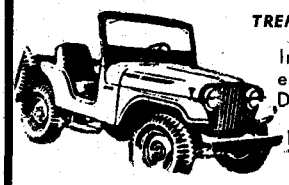

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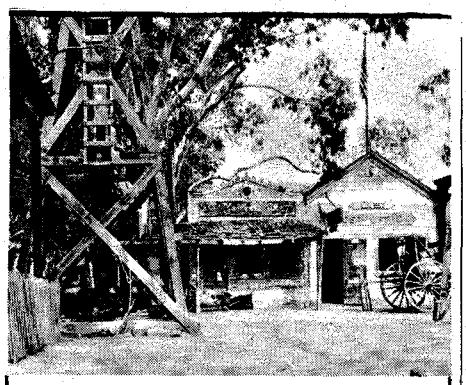

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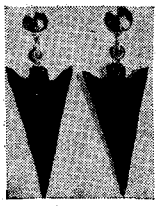

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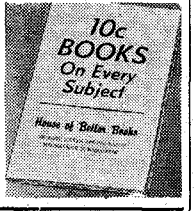

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Three doctors operated on Wayne and removed a bullet from near the spine. For several days he hovered between life and death, and then he took a turn for the better.

One of the first of his old friends to visit him was Joe Hastings, who found him propped up in bed playing solitaire. "By thunder!" Hastings exclaimed. "You can't keep your fingers off the cards. I'll wager that if you were in purgatory you'd still be dealing from the bottom of the deck."

Hastings revealed that this was his second visit. He had called earlier while Wayne was receiving no visitors.

"There was a special friend of yours with me."

"And who was that?"

"Mary Moinya."

Wayne was overwhelmed. "And where did she turn up from?"

"Carson. I'm living there now. In fact, I own a hotel there." He revealed how he had won the hotel from the owner in a series of all-night poker games in which the hotel man's indebtedness had grown to such a staggering sum he had signed over the hotel to Hastings and cleared out of town.

Hastings also revealed that he was in love with Bebe Bowers, the girl who had been with Miss Moinya the night Hastings and Wayne had met them on the Carson street.

For the first time Wayne learned that Mary Moinya was the daughter of a wealthy San Francisco importer. The family spent about eight months out of the year at the Carson residence.

"Mary's definitely not for me," Wayne said. "I can picture a socially prominent family like that becoming involved with a gambler as a son-in-law. I wonder at your success. How did you manage it?"

"I promised never to gamble again," Hastings said sheepishly. "We're to be married in the spring."

The case against Story was quickly disposed of. It was learned that he was wanted in San Francisco for the murder of a woman with whom he had lived for several months and he was turned over to the California authorities.

WAYNE'S RECOVERY was slow. As he walked along the main thoroughfare, the clinking of silver dollars in the gambling places no longer appealed to him. He decided to go to San Francisco and live the easy life to which he thought he was now entitled.

He stopped briefly in Carson to say hello to Joe Hastings and to inspect the hotel Joe had won at poker. He again met Joe's pretty girl friend and liked her tremendously. Mary, the girl said, was in San Francisco, this being the time of year when the family did not come to Carson.

The Comstock had been good to Wayne and it was with a feeling of regret that he took his leave of it. It had made him a very rich man.

In the big town he rented a suite of rooms on Sutter Street and settled down to enjoy life as he never had before. These were days of plenty, of fine foods, fine epicures and fine entertainment at the best theaters. The cable cars were an innovation and he enjoyed riding on them for hours at a time.

He dined at only the best restaurants, finding Maurice's on Market Street more to his liking. Paul Maurice was an avid stock market gambler and plunged occasionally.

"Take my advice," Wayne said, "and buy only the best stocks. These wildcatters will get you into a peck of trouble."

"Coming from you," Maurice said, "I consider that excellent advice." But the restaurant owner flagrantly disregarded it. He later lost his restaurant and home.

Wayne wore the best clothes money could buy. People passing him on the street would turn and look after him. His silk hat and walking stick marked him as a man of means. He had cultivated his mustaches so that they were longer and heavier, like Joe Hastings'. At the finest theaters he saw the best stage plays, and frequently he would invite friends to share his box.

One day when he met Ralston on the street, Wayne spoke discouragingly about the economy of California. "Everybody's got too much money tied up in stocks. What will happen if a break comes suddenly? Wouldn't a lot of working folks lose their money?"

Ralston, who had never been overly friendly to Wayne since the disasterous poker game at the International, waved the suggestion aside. "Our economy is as sound as the Rock of Gibraltar. Stocks rise and fall, that's true, but if one hangs on long enough, losses can be contained within a reasonable limit. Remember, there'll still be a Comstock when you and I are gone."

Wayne was not worried about stocks from a personal reason, for he owned none. But he was skittish about the Bank of California under Ralston's guidance. He decided a few days later to invest his money in real estate, but it required time to find suitable investments and the days dragged by.

Then one morning as he dined at a little restaurant across the street from his rooms, a waiter brought him the morning paper. He stared incredulously at the eight-column headline: BANK OF CALIFORNIA CLOSES ITS DOORS.

When Wayne reached the bank he found a crowd milling about the locked doors.

He stood around helplessly, looking up at the windows and listening to the excited voices about him.

Once before this Ralston had halted a run on the bank by a spectacular raid, obviously engineered by the aid of government heads, on the U. S. Treasury in San Francisco. People were saying that he would do it again.

But this time Ralston failed to come up with anything. On August 27, 1875, the directors of the Bank of California met and found that the vaults contained about $5,000,000 less than they were supposed to.

Later that same day Ralston went to North Beach for a plunge. Someone saw him swimming slowly out through the Golden Gate. That evening his body washed ashore.

It was Black Friday for California, and especially black for one John Philip Wayne who had lost $800,000. Wayne hadn't enough cash on him to pay his up-coming hotel bill. He wired Joe Hastings for a loan of $1,000 and got it promptly.

While waiting outside a closed directors' meeting at the Bank of California for some word of what had been decided about a reorganization of the bank, Wayne came face to face with Mary Moinya. She, too, had lost her entire fortune, about $300,000 left her

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by her late father, who had died only that spring. She was frantic.

"We may get something back and we may not," Wayne told her. "If we don't get anything back, what are your plans?" He thought she was prettier than when last he had seen her. She shook her head. She had no immediate plans.

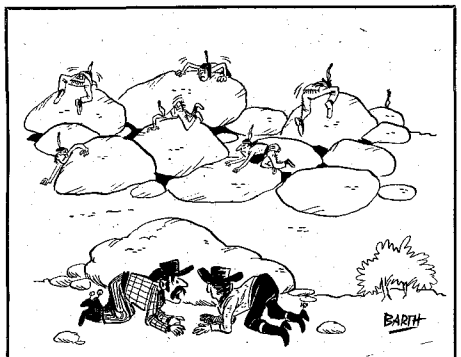
"I have enough for a good dinner," Wayne said. "Will you join me?"

Their dinner table talk eventually got around to the stage robbery and the money Wayne had offered her.

"I simply couldn't accept it," she said. "It wouldn't have been right for a woman—"

"Wait a minute!" Wayne exclaimed suddenly. "I've just remembered something!" He said that when she sent the money back he had cashed the check and put the $7,530 in an envelope to be placed in a saloon's safe against the day he might need it. "And I forgot all about it. I'm not as broke as I thought I was."

To celebrate the occasion they hired a hack and drove to the top of Nob Hill to watch the moon's reflection on San Francisco Bay.



"Tex—them rocks is crawling with red skins!"

IN VIRGINIA CITY, a drunken miner was trying to light his pipe from a kerosene lamp. He swayed back and forth on his feet. A companion grabbed at him as he toppled forward, knocking the lamp to the floor. Within moments the whole place was afire.

The two miners escaped but the house was soon a roaring inferno. The wind along the ridge swept the flames to the next building and the next, and before Virginia City knew what was happening the whole town seemed doomed.

The town's four fire companies rushed to the scene but their efforts were ineffectual.

A hundred homes burned in half an hour, and during the next thirty minutes two hundred more were in flames.

Dynamite rushed to the scene had little effect on the roaring flames. Soon some buildings on the main street were on fire.

In the midst of all this there came racing along the street a man whose coattails were flying behind him, his silk hat gleaming almost red from the fire reflection.

"Halt!" the town marshal cried. "Stop that man or he'll be burned to death!"

But no one made any effort to stop the man. He raced on.

John Wayne, who had arrived in town only a few moments before the fire broke out, saw the familiar saloon front but already the whole building was enveloped in flames. He backed off.

Perhaps, the town marshal told him, the saloon keeper had saved the contents of the safe, but when that individual was found he said he had saved nothing. He had stepped outside to try and help quench the flames and when he attempted to reenter the place searing heat blocked his way. He had his money and Wayne's in a safe, but in the intense heat paper money likely would be burned to a crisp.

Wayne stuck around until the disastrous fire was out, leaving two-thirds of Virginia City in blackened ruins. When the ashes cooled sufficiently, the safe, its combination put out of working order, was blown open with nitroglycerine. As the bartender-owner had predicted, all the paper money was in fine ashes with no possibility of recovering any of it.

"A man with your nimble fingers shouldn't worry about the loss of so trifling a sum," said the city marshal, grinning. "Go back and get some more —from where that came. It should not be difficult."

"By golly, I think I'll do just that," Wayne said and stalked off.

In three weeks he won $27,000, according to his own figures he gave in an account of "My Life as a Gambler," which was published some years later as a newspaper serial. It appeared in several California papers and in the New York *Herald* Sunday supplement.

Wayne returned to San Francisco, married Mary Moinya, and invested in real estate in Oakland, in which venture he made more than $500,000 in eight years. Mary died in childbirth and he married again, this time taking to wife the mate of his old sidekick, Joe Hastings, who had passed on. Next to Mary, he admitted, she was the finest woman he had ever known.

After the wedding Wayne and his bride stood looking up at Mount Davidson which held the Comstock Lode in her arms. He saw the rising brown hills up which wound in crazy loops the railroad Banker Ralston had built in his heyday, and two wagon ruts called a highway. But this time he wasn't going in that direction. The man to whom pasteboards were intimate companions looked back the other way. "We're going to Paris and London," he told his bride. And then he added as an afterthought, "And to Monte Carlo, my sweet. I should not like to miss Monte Carlo."

Editor's Note: In the next issue of TRUE WEST Tom Bailey relates the history-making events, including Nevada's great diamond hoax and the raiding of the San Francisco Mint, that brought the financial wizard, Billy Ralston, to the end of his spectacular career. Watch for "The Man Who Won And Lost An Empire."

Revenge at Wagon Box Corral

(Continued from page 19)

There were around thirty men remaining at headquarters camp during the day after the wagon trains had departed. All men were rotated at the various posts at regular intervals. Those remaining at headquarters were regarded as off duty.

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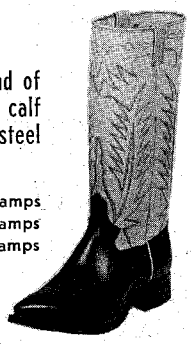

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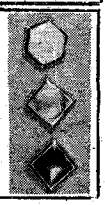

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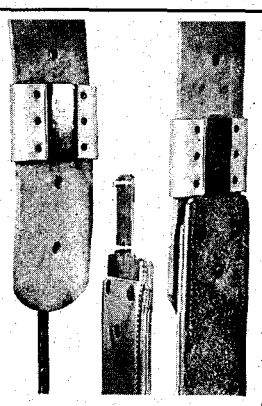

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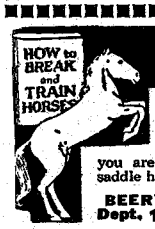

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surplus. Fourteen of these were retained at the headquarters camp and formed in an oval, with the gates facing the fort. Extra side boards were placed on the inner sides, to both protect the stock and to present a higher corral wall. The stock was driven inside each night to prevent stealing by Indians.

Provisions for the men were stored in two wagons, one for the civilians and one for the army personnel. These wagons were still on their wheels and canvas covered, to prevent molestation by wild creatures and to give protection from the weather.

Tents as sleeping quarters were provided for the enlisted men that were off duty at headquarters.

Many army historians and others say that the wagons were lined with boiler plate, as many of the quartermaster wagons on the frontier were said to be. This is the only way that they can explain the small loss among the defenders of the corral during the battle. Those who took part in the fight later insisted that there were no iron linings of any type whatsoever.

DURING JULY, Company A was bothered by continuous alarms but had only minor skirmishes to fight.

On July 31, Captain James Powell and Company C of the Twenty-seventh, relieved Company A of its guard duties with the contractors' camps. The men were not yet settled in the routine of their duties when Red Cloud struck at Fort Kearney.

The day they arrived at headquarters camp, the men sensed that there were Indians about. They reported this to the sergeant by saying that they could smell them.

The night of August 1, a dog belonging to one of the enlisted men, repeatedly ran to the brink of the meadows overlooking Piney Valley to bark furiously at something the men could not see.

August 2 started the same as any other day. The big train left for Fort Kearney with an escort of twenty men under Lieutenant McCarthy.

Thirteen men were left with the smaller train for the wood camp on the North Piney. One man relieved the non-com at the picket post on the South Piney.

The attack started at approximately seven o'clock. The first Indians were sighted by Captain Powell, who was bathing in the South Piney. The Indians were coming down the slope of the hills south of the creek to attack the herd then grazing in the meadows. He ran back to headquarters shouting the alarm.

The first Indians, on foot and about two hundred strong, attacked the herders and tried to stampede the stock. While the herders' attention was diverted, sixty additional warriors dashed in on horseback and made away with the herd. The herders managed to escape up the South Piney, one joining the enlisted men at the picket post, the others going on to the smaller wood camp. One infantryman was sent to check on the wood camp. He found that all of the woodcutters, herders and guards had escaped to the wooded hills.

The men at the big camp on the North Piney followed the same tactics. It had often been remarked by the personnel at the fort that if one saw Indians and took to the woods, the Sioux and Cheyenne would not follow. The Blackfeet did and killed several soldiers and civilians, at different times, but not the others. The reason was not known unless it was because they were Plains Indians and distrusted the woods.

The three soldiers and the civilian at the South Piney picket post decided to try for the headquarters camp. Using leap frog tactics familiar to any infantryman advancing under fire, they alternately fired and ran, each providing cover for the others in motion. The men were more afraid of being captured or wounded than they were of being killed. They remembered Fetterman's men and didn't care for the same treatment.

The Indians rode around them and tried to cut them off from the corral. The Sioux at this time had not formed around the corral, so Sergeant Littman ran out a hundred yards, knelt on one knee and coolly picked off the Indians between the men and the corral, keeping the escape lane open for them. All four arrived safely at headquarters, making a total force of thirty-two men at the corral.

The Sioux and their allies could now be seen coming down the ridge just north of North Piney Creek into the valley below the corral. To the south they were coming up from behind the banks of the South Piney.

Red Cloud took his position on the little knoll northwest of Sullivant Hill. He directed the remainder of the fight from a distance of about half a mile, using field glasses to observe the action and issuing commands with flags, mirror signals and by couriers.

For a short time there was a lull as the Indians took their positions for the coming battle. This gave the men time to choose and prepare their defensive positions. Each man had one of the new Springfield rifles, a revolver, and forty rounds of ammunition. There were 7,000 rounds of extra ammunition at the corral and extra ammunition was issued each man before the fight started. The men carried the cartridges back to their defensive positions in their caps and hats. One man mentions going back twice for ammunition during lulls in the battle, making three capfulls of ammunition besides the forty rounds in his belt that he used. The four civilians at headquarters fought from the wagon boxes containing civilian supplies. Here were extra rifles left behind by woodcutters and teamsters.

The gate was filled with barrels of salt and beans rolled into place with ox yokes across the top. Spaces between the wagons were filled with whatever was available around the camp. Some of the men fought from the wagon boxes, some from behind the barricades.

Still remembering Fetterman's men, many removed their shoes, unlaced the strings, tied them together and formed a loop in each end. One loop was to go over their big toe, the other over the trigger of their rifle. If they were overwhelmed by Indians, they could place the muzzle of the rifle in their mouths or under their chins and pull the trigger with their toe. None of the men expected to come out of the fight alive, and all were determined not to fall into the hands of the Indians.

THE SIOUX WERE now ready to attack and a force of several hundred detached themselves from the main

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body south of the corral. Mounted on their best war ponies, brandishing all kinds of weapons, they started slowly, and as they approached their pace quickened until they were going at a dead run.

Within firing distance some of them rode in circles around the corral, others crisscrossed between the corral and the main body of warriors. Still others made sudden dashes and retreats, threatening the defenders.

The main body of warriors approached to a distance of 150 yards, where they sat on their horses watching the first attack. Accustomed to the single shot muzzle-loaders, the first party was to draw the opening round and thereby create an opening in the defense for the main force. The larger group waited

Frontier Pix

Red Cloud, noted Sioux war chief.

for the signal of the uplifted ramrod, showing that the defenders were reloading. In former battles these were the tactics that had been so successful. However, the new rifles were breech-loaders and the signal never came.

The first group continued their demonstration without realizing what was happening to them. With the ground before the corral becoming suddenly covered with a blanket of dead and wounded warriors and horses, they suddenly found they were up against something new and deadly. The men within the corral did not let up for an instant and caused almost as much damage in the Indians' retreat as they had in the attack. Furthermore, they did not stop here; when the retreating targets became difficult, they opened fire on the main body of warriors, who were within easy rifle range. The volume of fire and the effective range of the new rifles was to Red Cloud's warriors unbelievable.

This was the only attack made on horseback. In fact, only one other large scale attack began from the south. All others were made from the north or the valley side of the defensive position.

Wagon Box Corral was located on a large and fairly level meadow. Seventy-five yards north of the corral, the meadow sloped sharply to the valley of the North Piney.

Red Cloud's next move was to send a large body of skirmishers to take cover on the valley side of this meadow edge. From this point they were to lay down a heavy barrage of rifle and arrow fire. It was from this direction that the shots came to kill Lieutenant Jenness, two enlisted men and wound two others.

Pitch-fired arrows were shot into the corral. Some of these ignited the hay scraps and dried manure, creating such a dense cloud of smoke and overpowering stench that the men said they could see for only a short distance and could hardly breathe.

The day was hot, with very little air stirring. The smoke, created by black powder ammunition, also hovered over the corral. This continual smoke screen very materially reduced the numbers of casualties among the defenders, because they could find targets among the brightly colored warriors before the Indians could spot them.

The next charge numbered more than 2,000 warriors, led by the nephew of Red Cloud. Anxious for honor and recognition of his valor, that he might someday win the right to succeed his uncle as war chief, he led the warriors forward in a semicircle intended to surround the corral. When they reached the area of the first volley on the mounted charge, marked by swaths of downed horses and men, they were again greeted by a sheet of lethal rifle fire. Picture, if you can, 2,500 warriors, all bearing down on an area only seven wagon boxes wide! So densely packed or crowded were they that the men afterward spoke of it as common for two Indians to go down with each shot.

Ignoring their terrible losses, the Indians kept on until they could almost touch the wagon boxes before giving way. On this and on the following charge, some of the men said they thought it was all over. Quite a number of Indians were killed only five and six feet from the boxes.

During every lull in the battle, pairs of mounted Indians would dash forward to rescue their dead and wounded. Leaning from their pony backs, in perfect teamwork and horsemanship, they would grasp a warrior on the ground and carry him off.

They made excellent targets and the men had no mercy on them. Reference is frequently made by the white men to the torturing of Fetterman's wounded. In this instance they believed the Indian wounded weren't suffering as much as the wounded of Fetterman's party. They also knew that due to the overwhelming number of warriors, that they had to kill every one they could if they intended to survive. Eventually, the Indians rescued almost all of their dead and wounded.

WHILE THESE last rescue attempts were being made, the men noticed large numbers of Indians riding down into the North Piney Valley from the eastern end of the meadow edge. They, of course, could not see what was developing there, but within a short time they heard a weird humming sound, utterly unlike any of them had ever heard.

At this moment, on signals from Red Cloud's group, the remaining warriors on horseback to the south, repeated the tactics used in the first mounted

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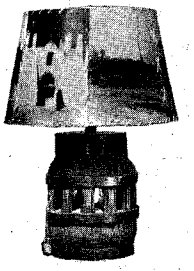

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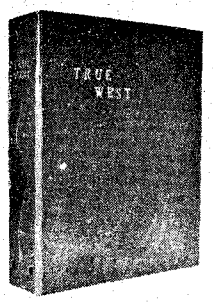

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charge. The skirmishers or sharpshooters at the plateau edge gave increased cover fire, and up over the edge, in the form of a flying wedge or 'V' came another charge by hundreds of warriors on foot. The men fired into the center of the 'V' with the same deadly effect, yet the Indians still came on, bounding over their dead and wounded until they were only a few feet from the corral before giving way.

Afterward, Captain Powell said that one more charge would have won the battle. When told of this later, the Indians replied that they could not make that charge. They had made six separate and distinct charges between 9:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. before admitting defeat.

The Indians now had only the desire to rescue the last of their dead and wounded. Creeping forward under the protection of the smoke and camouflaged with clumps of grass, they would attach one end of a rope to an ankle or wrist of a dead or wounded warrior, and other Indians over the meadow edge would drag the men off the field to safety. These ropes were formed by tying several lariats together. Not all casualties could be withdrawn, as some were too near the wagon boxes.

Throughout the battle, Red Cloud with other chiefs had remained on top of the hill to the southeast of the corral. After the last charge, some of the boys elevated their sights and concentrated their fire on this hill top. It may have been their shots, or it may have been that Red Cloud had received information that reinforcements were at last nearing the battlefield, for the group moved down the hill into the valley.

Soon the defenders heard a howitzer shell burst over the remaining Indians. Looking in the direction of the fort, they saw an extended blue line of skirmishers approaching. Major Smith had been dispatched to the relief of the corral with 100 men and a howitzer. Upon their arrival, they saw a most astonishing sight. The plains and valley were filled with rapidly retreating Indians. The corral was still defiantly spitting fire. Many travois, heavily loaded with dead and wounded were retreating up the valley of the North Piney.

Realizing the precariousness of his position, Major Smith immediately got all the men underway to the fort. They were joined by the woodcutters, teamsters, herders and guards.

It was known that a terrible punishment had been inflicted on the Indians, but not how badly in actual numbers until years later. Some of the chiefs who were present would never talk of the battle. However, others admitted to losses of 1,100 to 1,500 killed or wounded. This against a loss of one officer and two enlisted men killed, two men wounded among the personnel of the corral.

Red Cloud later stated the loss in a very practical and succinct way, when he told an inquirer that at the outset he had 3,000 warriors and that 1,500 were lost to him. When questioned again if he meant killed, he repeated that they were lost, that they never fought for him again.

Captain Powell, for his stout defense at the corral, was brevetted the third time for heroism and distinguished conduct on the field.

Cradle of Violence

(Continued from page 17)

a gruesome story to the authorities there. She said that Kennedy wanted to kill their child because it had inherited a disease from him, and in order to protect her child she would confess his crimes.

Kennedy, she said, had killed their first two babies and burned the bodies. Many of the missing travelers on the Taos road, she said, could be found variously interred around Kennedy's ranch and under the floors of the log huts.

An angry posse was promptly on its way to the mouth of Fernandez Canyon. The men found a number of human bones and under the main house, two adult skeletons.

The men returned to Elizabethtown with Kennedy, tied to a horse, and several bags of bones.

Kennedy immediately sought legal counsel from Melvin W. Mills, a young attorney new in E-town and fresh out of the law department of Michigan University. A mob jury was quickly summoned and Kennedy's trial began. In his defense, Mills succeeded in persuading two members of the mob jury —one authority says "through the free use of money"—and the outcome was a hung jury. A few enraged citizens of the community, fearing the brilliant Mills might obtain the acquittal of Kennedy, stormed the small log jail.

Next morning, Kennedy's lifeless body was found a short distance from town dangling from a stout pine limb. It was cut down and taken to a Dr. Bradford, who wired the skeleton together and shipped it to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Wall Henderson was another E-town citizen who gained everlasting infamy. Henderson and his partner, both prospectors, often came into E-town for diversion and recreation. Upon returning to town soon after killing a claim-jumper, Henderson encountered several of the victim's friends. They followed him from one saloon to another, profanely abusing and threatening him. In one place, one of the men, Ned O'Hara, attempted to strike Henderson over the head with a stone he had concealed in his jacket. Henderson instinctively drew his six-gun and fired. The ball struck O'Hara in the eye but miraculously did not kill him.

After this encounter, Henderson gave up his claim and began drinking heavily. He became associated with a number of desperados who made their headquarters near Ute Creek on the road to Cimarron. He visited E-town with his new associates more frequently now and he almost always "got his man" before leaving. The handle on his gun now carried on one side eight notches, he would boast, for the men he had wounded and on the other side seven notches for the men he had sent to the undertaker. In each saloon, he displayed his weapon and offered to challenge any man daring enough to fight, saying he wanted both sides of his gun "evened up." But he always reminded the crowds that each of his seven dead victims had been shot squarely in one of their eyes.

Few men in Elizabethtown wished to quarrel with this hated braggart, but as was inevitable in those days, one could always be found to call a bluff,

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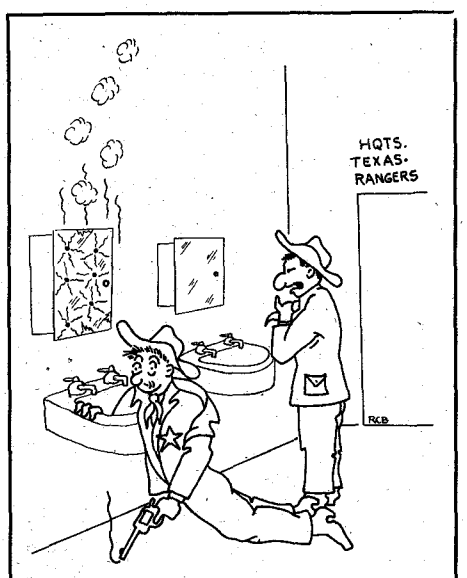
hoping to gain a reputation by having "gotten" a notorious figure. Henderson boasted once too often and was buried with his boots on in the growing cemetery overlooking E-town.

BY 1870, THE desperado element in Moreno Valley became so dominating that it spread terror throughout the valley and on into the Cimarron country. In October, 1870, a large group of "badmen from Colorado" took over the town, burning Justice of the Peace McBride's home and threatening to burn the entire community. Telegrams were quickly sent to Governor Pile in Santa Fe.

Federal troops were promptly dispatched to E-town from the garrison maintained east of Cimarron. Order was established, but not without considerable damage to life and property.



"You need a rest, Wilson!"

Determined to clear Elizabethtown of gun-slingers and robbers, a group of citizens formed the Vigilantes for the protection of "respectable people." These men met late at night in a dark room to decide which desperado must be gotten rid of and who was to do the job. A cigar box, containing black and white gambler's chips, was passed around among the men in the dark. Each drew a single chip which was marked with the name of a notorious figure of the area. Next, another box was passed in which all the chips were solid black, except one which had a small white dot painted on its center. The citizen—known only to himself—having drawn the chip with the white dot was automatically commissioned to kill the desperado whose name appeared on the chip he had previously drawn. In this way, only the person drawing the white-dotted chip would know who the desperado was.

Ordinarily, a few days following the meeting, news was spread throughout the valley that another gun-slinger had met his violent end at the hands of an unknown assailant from ambush.

The Vigilantes was the first really effective law enforcement agency in the valley and it did not take too many meetings in the dark room to convince some of the hardened badmen they should move their activities elsewhere. However, as with most organizations, some of the members of the Vigilantes were themselves no better, no more law-abiding than the desperados they sought to eliminate.

ONE SUCH MAN was Joseph A. Herberger, a saloon keeper with a violent, uncontrollable temper. Using the organization as a shield to justify many of his actions, Herberger committed many crimes and murders.

He convinced the Vigilantes that a man called "Pony" O'Neil, who had been hanging about his establishment, was wanted for murder and other crimes in the southern part of the Territory. Days later, while hiding in the shadows between two buildings in town, Herberger threw a brick at O'Neil as he passed, striking him on the head. Moments later the Vigilantes hung the pleading O'Neil from the nearest tree, then riddled his body with bullets.

It was never established whether O'Neil had actually been wanted for murder. Some say that Herberger and he simply had a few "bad words between them."

At another time in his saloon, Herberger killed a man named Keefer, a Cavalry captain stationed at Cimarron. The two men quarreled over the size of a liquor bill Keefer had run up and, blind with rage, Herberger struck the army officer with a chair, knocking him unconscious to the floor. The saloon keeper then gathered up a short piece of stove-wood and brutally beat the unconscious Keefer to death. Herberger was placed on trial for this cold-blooded killing, but was legally exonerated when the witnesses, of whom there were several, refused to testify.

Years after the Keefer murder, Herberger staged a dance in his saloon. One of his keenest rivals in the prosperous liquor business, George Greeley who ran George's Place, likewise gave a dance that same evening. Greeley drew by far the larger crowd. This, coupled with the fact that Greeley had been taking business from him for some time, made Herberger insanely jealous. He stayed up all night brooding and working himself into a frenzy. Next morning he marched into George's Place and without warning fired his Winchester at the competitor just as he was handing a glass of whiskey to a customer. Greeley, hit in the chest, staggered then fell against Mike Murphy, a patron drinking at the bar. Murphy held Greeley, supporting his head with his shoulder. Herberger placed the Winchester against Greeley's chest and pumped the second shot that finished his competitor.

The trial was held in Taos and this time the witnesses could not be intimidated or bought off. Herberger was convicted of unprovoked murder and sentenced to the Territorial Penitentiary in Santa Fe. Two years later he was paroled and returned to E-town where a few months after he died of a heart attack.

So it was in E-town of old. The old-timers and their children have moved away with the closing down of the fabulous Eleanor, the well-known mining dredge—the only one in New Mexico—used in the development of the now exhausted placer fields of Moreno Valley. And over the doorway of one building hangs a sign, badly faded, hardly visible, "George's Place."

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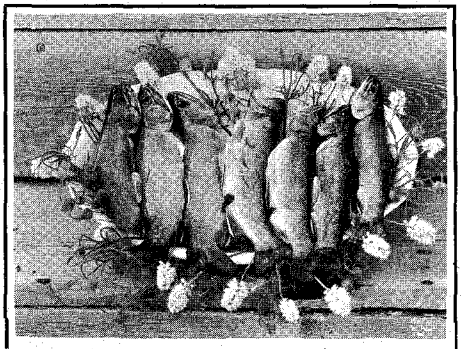

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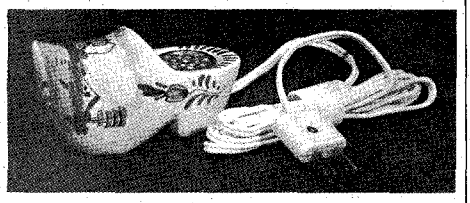

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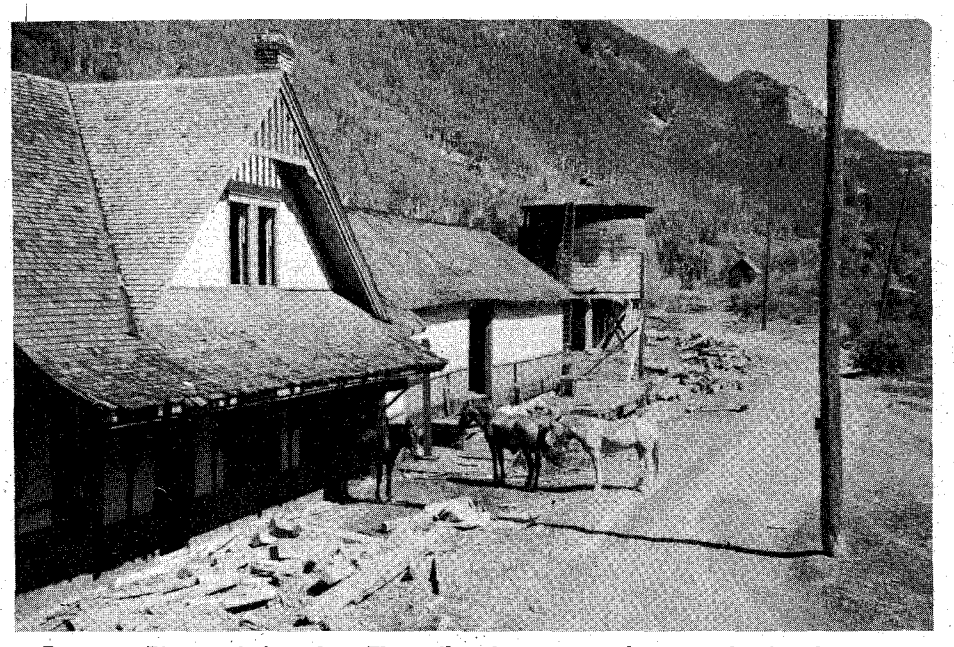
HELP!

We're snowed under with manuscripts of all kinds right now and we're begging for help. How about holding them off for awhile, boys—say about six months or so —before sending any in. Thanks!



Depot at Rico as it is today. The railroad was new the year the Swickheimers made their fabulous discovery.

Winning Ticket

(Continued from page 15)

deeper and only the odd jobs to feed them.

With the prize money down to less than a hundred dollars, the gamble paid off. A worker's shovel cut into a vein of almost pure silver. When Dave was called over he stood staring at the fingers of metal tracing through the ore. Undoubtedly he ate crow when he told his wife they had finally struck it rich.

AS THE FAME of the Enterprise strike spread, more prospectors flocked to the district. All it took was work, plus a little luck such as anyone might have.

In England a mining syndicate perked up its corporate ears. A buyer came over, looked at the claim and made an offer that even Mrs. Swickheimer could not refuse. In 1891, the year the railroad was completed, they signed the papers selling the Enterprise for one and a quarter million dollars.

Even though the Enterprise became one of Colorado's biggest producers, the end was inevitable. The once prosperous region, scarred with the tailings from half a hundred successful mines, went full cycle in the boom-and-bust pattern. Mine closings swept the valley. The railroad was abandoned when most of the people moved away.

But all this was in the future when Dave held the door for his wife at the new depot. Outside, the engine had just chugged to a stop with its string of shiny new coaches. The Swickheimers were finally going back home—in style!

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 33)

ing vegetable or berry juice, one can form dough for bread. Healing salve and curative ointments can be made out of sunflower seed."

Tatzumbie's philosophy: like people, be kind, be helpful. Live for today, not the past. Do not eat rich food. Make each meal out of food the earth produces. Don't worry; don't look for trouble. Keep your mind on the pleasant things of life at all times and you will live to be a ripe old age.

Editor's Note: See letter from Tatzumbie in "Truly Western" department.

THE BIG LITTLE DRIVE

By J. J. BALLARD

THE ARKANSAS AND the Cimarron Rivers flow east from the Rockies. One flows out of Colorado into Kansas, the other out of New Mexico into Oklahoma. The two parallel each other at approximately 100 miles apart.

In 1896, I was working at anything that promised an honest dollar. Dollars were pretty scarce at that time. Among other things, I was breaking a pair of young horses for Bob Murray. They were big, fine young horses and I had them well on the way to becoming a fine team. Bob was justly proud of them.

Bob rode up to my place one morning and asked me if I would go with him and Will Baker to the Arkansas River after some cattle that he was wintering there. He wanted me to take the young team. Said the trip would do the horses good. I was to drive and do the cooking, but would have to stand guard at night.

We left the Cimarron early in March and went first to Las Animas to pick up some bulls. From there we went to Caddoa about forty miles down river after 205 head, mostly cows and calves. That meant a slow bunch and a long trip.

The first night out was something to remember. It was bitterly cold. We split the night into three guards. Bob took the first and gave me the second, always the worst. The cattle milled all night; wanted to go back to the Arkansas. Morning came at last and we headed south. Bob was quite a bit older than Will and myself and the night had been pretty hard on him. By noon, he was complaining of neuralgia. This condition grew rapidly worse—so much so that by night his suffering became acute.

Luckily we did not have to stand

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guard that night. We had a small pasture for the cattle, and got Bob into a ranch house where at least he could be warm. Before dark, however, we struck a young man in camp trying to trap for wolves and other predators. Don't think he had ever seen a herd of cattle. Certainly he had never driven any. Bob hired him to help and asked me to take charge, since he was going to stay behind at the ranch house for a day or so.

I asked Bob if I should put the trapper in the wagon so I could help with the cattle. He said no, that he was afraid to turn the young team over to him.

It was some forty miles from where we were to the next water. A long way for a bunch of cows and calves—many of them thin at that. We watered our cattle next day and started south after noon. Had an early supper and drove until dark.

I never saw a man work harder and at the same time do more damage to a herd than this trapper boy did. His intentions were the best, but his zeal was not according to knowledge. He simply didn't know.

By the time we made camp, I had made up my mind that if we were ever to make the long drive ahead of us the next day, I would have to get him away from the herd. Next morning, against Murray's orders, I turned the wagon and team over to the trapper and took the saddle horse.

WE LET THE cattle graze until they were no longer hungry. By this time we had made some four miles. This is done by heading in the direction you want to go, staying behind and letting them walk slowly as they graze. The method puts you forward no little while the cattle are feeding.

We let them graze until about one o'clock when they began to show signs of wanting to walk, then put them on the trail. Hungry cattle want to feed; dry cattle will not graze but they will walk because they want a drink.

In the meantime I had sent the wagon ahead. I told the trapper to go six or seven miles and have bacon and coffee ready.

By two o'clock, the cattle were strung out for a mile and stepping like quarter horses. Will and I had nothing to do but follow along. By sundown we had the herd on feed and water. The trapper had taken perfectly good care of the team and wagon and had tried to do just what I had told him to do.

The worst part of the drive was now behind us, but we still had troubles. That night, Bob overtook us. I never saw a man suffer as much as he suffered that night. The next morning his face was swollen to twice its normal size. He came to me and said, "John, I want to send this boy back before we get further away from his camp and want to turn the herd over to you. Do the best you can with them. I'm going home."

That left only Will and I with over 200 cattle and a wagon and team. The team was our main handicap but we had to get along as best we could. I had a saddle horse and the team to look after.

We rested our cattle a day and then pulled out, leaving the team behind. I would keep with the cattle for two or three miles and would return for the wagon. Overtaking the cattle, I would drive ahead another two or three miles, make camp and return to the herd. At night we would chase the range cattle away, if any, and turn our cattle loose for the night. Next morning by daylight, one of us would be after the cattle while the other cooked breakfast. After breakfast we would count the cattle carefully, then proceed as the day before. In this way we finally reached the headquarters ranch. We were glad to find Bob much improved.

Along the Cimarron we were at home and among friends. When we made our final count into the pasture without the loss of a single animal, I sat back and grinned—very much satisfied with myself. At this point I want to pay my respects to Will Baker, who had been with me all the way. I couldn't have done it without him.

The owner used this herd as a foundation and from them built up a large herd of fine cattle, becoming quite wealthy. He and Baker have long since crossed the Great Divide. Me? I'm still around.

PIONEER PICNIC

By S. OMAR BARKER

PROBABLY the oddest invitation in history was that issued in 1857 by Brigham Young to some 2,500 Mormons to attend a picnic in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the pioneer Latter Day Saints in Great Salt Lake Basin, Utah. With a drawing of a cannon for illustration, here is how the printed invitation—in effect an order—read:

"PIC-NIC PARTY
at the
HEAD WATERS
of
BIG COTTONWOOD.

"President Brigham Young respectfully invites Geo. A. Smith and family to attend a Pic-Nic Party at the Lake in Big Cottonwood Kanyon on Friday, 24th of July.

REGULATIONS.

"You will be required to start so as to pass the first mill, about four miles up the Kanyon, before 12 o'clock, on Thursday the 23rd, as no person will be allowed to pass that point after 2 o'clock p.m. of that day.

"All persons are forbidden to smoke cigars or pipes, or kindle fires, at any place in the Kanyon, except on the camp ground.

"The Bishops are requested to accompany those invited from their respective Wards, and see that each person is well fitted for the trip, with good, substantial, steady teams, wagons, harness, hold-backs and locks, capable of completing the journey without repair, and a good driver, so as not to endanger the life of any individual.

"Bishops will, before passing the first mill, furnish a full and complete list of all persons accompanying them from their respective Wards, and hand the same to the Guard at the gate.

"GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, July 18, 1857."

About the only thing old Brigham didn't specify was which wife and kids a man should take, in case his wagons wouldn't hold 'em all!

One wonders how many, if any, did go.

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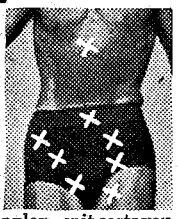

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Doodlebugs Are A Fraud

(Continued from page 29)

influence that he is unknowingly or unwillingly able to admit to himself that it is he alone who is responsible for the forceful and physical twist on each side of the fork that produces the deflection of the tip of the rod downward.

The second class of doodlebuggers generally falls in the fraud category. These men are unscrupulous operators who often return and stake out a claim for themselves on locations they have previously pronounced unproductive. Our advice to any one who is intending to take such a person to your treasured location is—don't.

SOME OF YOU might ask, why is it that the forked stick has been used with such success in finding water? My answer is that a great many men who use the doodlebug have considerable knowledge of minerals and water courses. This knowledge is very helpful in the art of making the doodlebug work. Water flows in channels or underground rivers and courses the same as it does on the surface of the ground. Anyone acquainted with this fact can easily locate these underground water courses by visual observation and geologic analysis of the contours of the ground surface. Lots of times they can even come very close to guessing the depth in feet to the water. This, of course, is very impressive.

The greater the knowledge one has about geology or water courses, the better are the chances that the doodlebug will work in the right places for its operator. Finding a deposit of minerals by this method would naturally depend to a great extent upon the knowledge of minerals already acquired. There are many thousands of doodlebuggers and it stands to reason that the law of averages will work for them occasionally. But I would like to point out that if such devices actually worked through supernatural powers or wave vibrations, the operator would make use of this power by making many successive strikes and he would soon become the wealthiest person on the face of the earth.

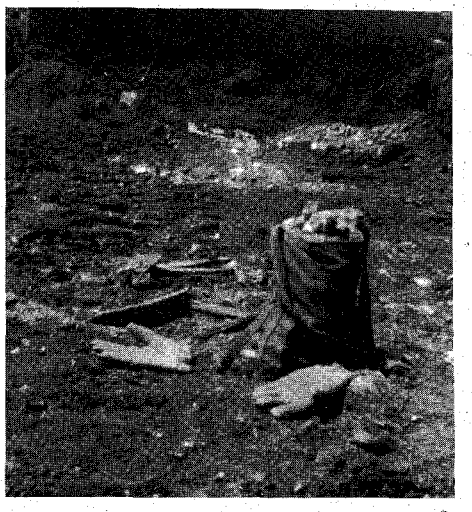
Many geologists generally agree that less than ten percent of the minerals in our known mining districts has been uncovered. Literally millions of dollars in buried treasure are trampled over every day by scores of doodlebug experts. Reputable mining concerns have open minds and if, at any time, one of these fellows had a proven method to cash in on the other ninety per cent, he would have been snapped up at any price, you can bet on that!

Since 1955, we have had no less than a dozen or so of these experts attempt to show us where to dig for buried veins. No two ever placed a vein in the same location! All claimed they could locate gold and silver with the greatest of ease. Yet not one ever found a piece of gold ore on the waste dumps taken from the old bonanza shoot of the mine. We, ourselves, without the "aid" of a stick, have picked up more than a hundred pieces of National high-grade gold lying right in plain sight from the surface of several of the dumps!

ONCE YEARS AGO, my brother and I embarked on a 600 mile trip into central Nevada with a fellow who claimed he could locate a lost vein. We were under the impression from the way he talked that he had invented some kind of electronic device to locate minerals. We were getting our initiation into the doodlebug business the hard way.

He claimed he had worked for thirty years on this invention and had spent thousands of dollars perfecting it. He had a good knowledge of rocks and minerals and we were certain that he must have something really worthwhile, although he was very secretive about the gadget itself.

It was mid-summer when we started out from Caldwell, Idaho, and it was not until we got to McDermitt, Nevada, that we finally got our first glimpse of it. We had expected to see some marvelous electronic device. What we saw completely astounded and stunned



A full treasure box of fabulous gold jewelry rock from the National Mine, cached in easy digging distance of less than three feet beneath the surface, lay undetected for more than fifty years by untold numbers of doodlebuggers.

us. It was only a forked peach tree limb! We knew then that we had been taken and as we continued south and through the small town of Winnemucca, we asked him to try his stick and see if there were any silver deposits in the area. He carefully held it in a precarious balance and turned it in all directions but it never wavered. He then threw down a silver quarter and the stick instantly nose-dived toward the quarter. "There," he proclaimed, "that will show you how well the stick behaves on silver! It will point toward silver a mile off." Funny, we all had our pockets bulging with silver—the whole gambling town of Winnemucca had gaming tables buckling under the weight of silver dollars—and there we were right in the middle of town but the doodler reacted only to a silver quarter!

Most amazing was the fact that this same marvelous stick began working in the general direction we were headed to find the lost vein a full fifty miles before we even got in the vicinity. Of course, our friend had been studying the maps and knew beforehand the direction we were headed. Along the route, the stick completely ignored all other mineral deposits of the areas we passed through. Not once did that faithful instrument deflect from its course. It held

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true for all of the final fifty miles! We finally arrived at the area where the vein was supposed to cross a small dry gulch. Almost immediately, the stick turned in our host's hands so hard it nearly tore the bark off that poor peach stick.

"That's IT, boys!" he shouted. "Take your shovel and dig!"

Breathlessly and feverishly in pretended anticipation, we started to dig. Right away a reddish-looking boulder was turned over by the tip of the shovel.

"Let's try the stick on that," he cried.

Sure enough the stick plopped over like some giant Samson had grabbed it and pulled with all his might toward that one red boulder. There were thousands of similar boulders outcropping on the hillside above.

"Now, let's try the hole and see if that is all of it," he shouted.

The stick absolutely refused to work anymore over the hole. We tried to act downhearted as though our visions of a rich vein had vanished forever.

"Break that boulder in two," he ordered.

Halfheartedly we smashed the rock. The situation had grown ridiculous.

"Again!" he ordered a second time.

Finally, we ended up with a little piece of rock no larger than a half dollar.

"Throw that on the ground," he ordered for the last time. The stick sure enough nose-dived toward that one little old piece of rock.

"That's all there is to it, boys," he said calmly. "Let's go home."

If you are wondering why we went 600 miles for nothing, and why we pretended to go along with that farce, it was merely because this man was a very respected and competent business man in our home town and we are sure that he honestly believed in his ability to work the doodlebug.

SINCE THAT first encounter we have not been so tolerant. As a rule I used to politely ignore them and agree perhaps there was something unusual about their sticks that I didn't understand. However, one of those who later tried to fool us was even a registered mining engineer. We so embarrassed him by proving the stick false that he wrote us a personal letter apologizing for his conduct and asked that we not tell anyone that he had believed or tried to make others believe in the stick. He stated that he'd had such hard luck that he thought it would be an easy way to make $100 and there would be no harm done. We have never revealed this man's name but he misjudged whom to try to trick.

Once the city fathers in our town placed their faith in a water witcher who claimed that he could locate water mains buried beneath the city sidewalks. He could save them a lot of money and time, he said. Well, the result was that he carefully mapped out where the pipes were supposed to be and the jackhammer boys were ordered to tear up the sidewalks at the indicated points. Soon there was a huge rubble of broken concrete and dirt from the excavations but no water mains were uncovered. Later a man with an ordinary metal detector saved the day.

I could go on and on with our experiences with doodlebuggers, but I believe what I have said here should suffice in creating a real storm among believers. But I will stand by what I have said herein and will staunchly defend my belief that if a doodlebug actually worked for its inventor and would do one ten millionth of what was claimed—the owner would surely be the richest man alive.

And if anyone should think that I just haven't seen the modern variety—I have. Even the ones that are transistorized and supposedly able to locate minerals by a certain type wave length they give off. One model was professed to be accurate up to five miles! I still will watch a demonstration and listen to a spiel. But I can no longer stand by and say nothing, no matter how good-intentioned the operator may be. And it isn't very hard to show them up. Once my brother got rid of an owner of a "magic wand" reputedly able to count in "feet" to ore bodies simply by asking him how come the stick had learned to count in feet instead of the metric system, yards, inches, miles or some other approved type of measurement.

I repeat—doodlebugs are a fraud, and I defy anyone to prove otherwise.

New Facts on an Old Enemy

(Continued from page 31)

hospital an hour later, the little girl was in shock and complaining of pain in her leg and numbness in her mouth and extremities. She was treated with incisions and suction, a tourniquet, injections of antivenin serum, antibiotics and tetanus antitoxin and blood transfusions. Three days of intensive treatment were required before doctors pronounced her out of danger. Nearly three weeks passed before she was adjudged to have made a complete recovery.

Although the snake danger increases at night, it's possible to get bitten in broad daylight if you put your hands or feet into places in which a reptile may be slumbering or hiding. Thus, families should make it a strict rule never to pick berries or wild flowers or gather firewood without making sure that no snake is within reach. Don't turn up stones or lift logs with your bare hands. Don't put your hands into holes or hollow trees that might be a snake's bedroom. Never place your hands or feet on rocky ledges until you have ascertained that they are not serving as a snake solarium. Don't leap blithely ashore on a stream bank, lake shore or river sandbar without making sure it is not already occupied. If you dismount from a horse or step out of a car in the desert or woods, check the area first.

Many snakebite accidents occur when a person becomes so preoccupied with his fishing, hunting, sightseeing or outdoor labors that he steps on, crawls over or, alas, sits down beside some snake that has been doing its best to avoid him. Among such cases cited by Lawrence Klauber are the hunter who was rounding the base of a large tree looking up at a squirrel when he stepped squarely on a rattler and a fisherman who took off his shoes to wade out into the water and trod upon a copperhead.

In Arizona, a youngster thrust his hand into a rabbit burrow in pursuit of a cottontail. A rattlesnake already ensconced within let the rabbit go by and bit the boy in the finger. In Texas, a man repairing his fence dropped his

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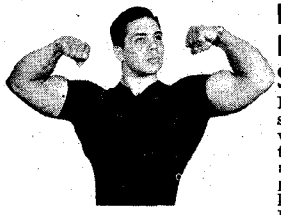

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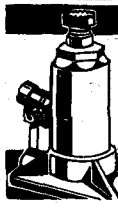

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hammer in a clump of grass and, stooping to pick it up, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In California last July a highway worker energetically clearing deep brush from the roadside—while wearing low shoes—stirred up a large rattler which struck him on the ankle. Five days in the hospital and several weeks of convalescence were required to heal the wound completely.

RULE NUMBER TWO: WEAR PROPER CLOTHING.

Any sort of covering offers a partial shield against a snake's fangs. Even if the clothing does not completely deflect the reptile's strike, it may absorb all or a good part of the venom. Long trousers have saved many a hiker from a serious bite. Leather shoes are much better protection than low-cut canvas sneakers. High boots under trousers are the best protection of all. Gloves are important when climbing. Bare legs or bare feet in deep woods, swamp or desert are a sign of imbecility.

Boots, trousers, *and* a strong flashlight are the only safe combination if you move about snake territory after dark. An example of what otherwise may happen was supplied by a hunter who stepped out of his cabin after supper to retrieve a rifle he had left leaning against a tree. He had removed his boots and, in the darkness, felt a sharp sting as a rattlesnake connected with his leg. In another instance, a highway patrolman getting out of his car at night to investigate a parked sedan stepped on a copperhead which scored a hit on his ankle.

RULE NUMBER THREE: LEAVE ALL SNAKES STRICTLY ALONE.

A large proportion of all snakebite accidents occur when people attempt to play with, capture or handle a snake. There is no simple or infallible way of telling a highly dangerous snake from a harmless snake short of a close examination which should be attempted only by an expert. Some rattlesnakes don't buzz their rattles in cool weather. Some may have lost their rattles. Copperheads are commonly mistaken for milk snakes and water moccasins for ordinary water snakes. Coral snakes resemble several harmless species.

The widespread belief that it is safe to pick up a snake after you have pinned its head to the ground with a forked stick is an extremely dangerous fallacy which leads to dozens of snakebites each summer. In a New York state park last July a party of young campers stirred up a serpent which their counselor, Robert Levine, recognized as a timber rattlesnake. Thinking it would be a fine trophy for his camp's nature museum, Levine pinned the snake with a forked stick and grasped it firmly by the neck. To his astonishment the snake, stretching like elastic, squirmed its head around and planted a fang in his index finger. On-the-spot incisions, a tourniquet and a state police car which rushed Levine to a nearby hospital for antivenin injections saved his life.

In another "handling" accident last summer, a professional snake handler in Florida was grasping a five-foot diamond back rattlesnake by the neck as he lectured to an audience. Suddenly the huge snake twisted around and made a direct hit with both fangs in the man's bare wrist.

The victim made two incisions over the fang punctures and sucked out the venom with his mouth. Because he had survived several minor snakebites in the past, he felt that he was immune to the poison and did not seek medical aid. Thirty hours later he was in such distress from a swelling that had progressed up his arm and extended into his chest that his wife brought him to a hospital. Despite all that its doctors could do, he died within four more hours.

Fatal bites also result from handling "dead" snakes which may merely have been rendered comatose by cold, heat or injury. They may come to life in a blaze of activity when touched or picked up. Such was the discovery, relates Lawrence Klauber, of a man who shot a rattlesnake and stooped over to cut off its rattles for a souvenir. As the knife cut into its tail, the snake spun around and got its fangs into the man's wrist. Another souvenir collector planted his foot on a "dead" snake's head so that he could yank off its rattles. Instead he pulled the head out from under his foot and got more of a memento than he had bargained for.

Practical jokes with "dead" snakes have been fatal to both jokers and their victims. Equally disastrous have been attempts to skin or dissect deceased rattlesnakes by amateur naturalists who are unaware that the belly of a dead snake may be full of wriggling freshly-hatched baby rattlers whose fully developed fangs are filled with strong poison. Even chopping off the head of a poisonous snake is no guarantee that it can't bite you. In laboratory tests severed heads of rattlesnakes have proven capable of biting for more than half an hour and the venom in a snake's fangs stays potent for a long while after its death.

PROBABLY THE greatest dread felt by summer campers is that a venomous snake will invade their tentsite. According to the snake experts this is not likely to happen unless you foolishly pitch your tent close to a brushpile, woodpile or rocky slope which might shelter dangerous snakes or the small animals they hunt. This summer, for the first time, campers can further reduce this hazard with a new chemical repellant specifically designed to make snakes slither off with all possible speed. Named "Snake-Away," this new product is the result of laboratory tests by herpetologists at a large university which established that rattlesnakes react to the scents of their enemies—king snakes and skunks—with quickened heartbeats and other physiological fear responses. "Snake-Away" contains these odors, produced synthetically and packaged in an aerosol push-button type can. Sprayed about a campsite or picnic area in proportions not objectionable to human nostrils, it assertedly will repel all venomous snakes which occur in the western hemisphere. It is useless, however, when sprayed on clothing, pants or shoes to deter snakes from striking, because movement will confuse and arouse snakes so that they may strike in spite of the odor. Since the same experiments showed that snakes also react negatively to human scent, any odor-absorbing clothing such as trousers, socks or an undershirt presumably will also serve in a pinch as a barrier to prowling snakes.

In the most unlikely event that a snakebite accident occurs, forest rangers emphasize that panic is as important to combat as the poison. There is a widespread belief that snake venom kills almost instantly. Actually it is a relatively slow-acting poison, which affects the human body gradually over a matter of hours not minutes. Even deadly snakes at times only inflict a minor bite if they connect with only one fang or if their venom glands are low in poison.

If confusion and panic do not overwhelm a snakebite victim and his companions, most reactions can be controlled with immediate first-aid treatment followed as quickly as possible by hospitalization. If you are going into a region which may contain poisonous snakes, it is worthwhile to equip yourself with an inexpensive snakebite kit, obtainable at almost any drug store, which contains a scalpel blade, antiseptic solutions, tourniquet and rubber suction cups. Antivenin injections should be left to a physician since the serum occasionally causes strong allergic side effects. If possible, the reptile which inflicted the bite should be brought in, dead or alive, for identification by an expert. If it's identified as harmless, a great deal of precautionary treatment can be avoided. Whiskey, incidentally, should never be given to a snakebite victim. Authorities suspect that it has killed many people who might otherwise have recovered.

Nowadays, hospital emergency teams, working with improved serums, better methods for controlling shock and antibiotics that prevent infection, are able to counteract the bites of poisonous snakes much more quickly and successfully than in the past. In recent years very few of the thousands of venomous snakebite victims who have received proper first aid and prompt medical treatment have died. According to the best information, there are only about ten to thirty deaths annually and these occur among those who have delayed seeking medical help or refused it. Children, it must be emphasized, must have the swiftest medical aid because their smaller size makes them more vulnerable to the venom.

POISONOUS SNAKEBITE is a serious accident and it must always be treated with extreme gravity, but, the same common sense and ordinary alertness we use routinely to protect ourselves against all sorts of hazards of everyday life, from fires to fast-moving city traffic, is all that is required to reduce the risk of such a catastrophe to nearly zero. Proof of this lies in the huge numbers of persons who work and play in the wilderness without ever being bitten by a snake. During World War II, more than two million GIs maneuvered in the desert and mountain regions of the southwest. Yet, thanks to Army safety regulations and training programs, there was not a single fatality from snakebite among them. The same holds true for the tens of thousands of Boy Scouts and other young campers who vacation in the north woods and on dude ranches each summer, not to mention the many foresters, game wardens, guides and rangers who pass most of their lifetimes in the woods without being bitten. To permit fear of snakes and snakebite to spoil your woodland vacation makes about as much sense as to let a dread of sharks prevent you from enjoying a cooling dip in the ocean.

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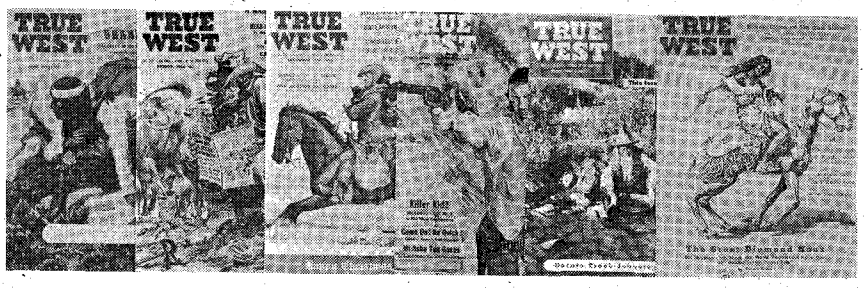

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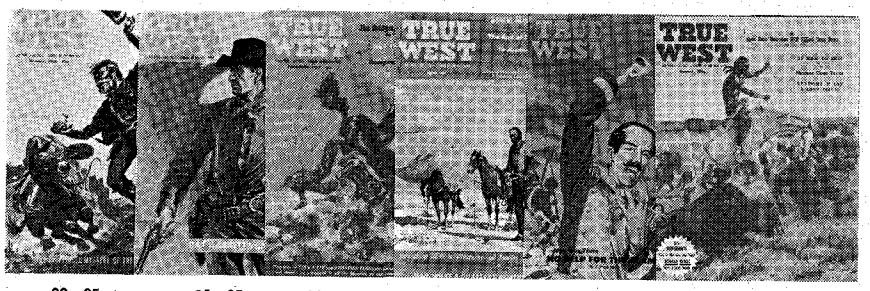

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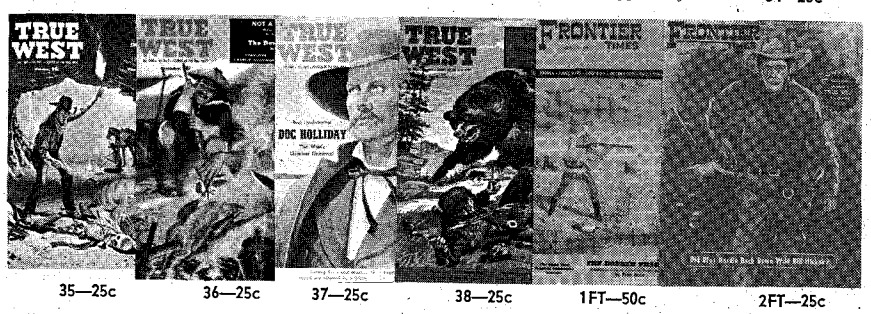

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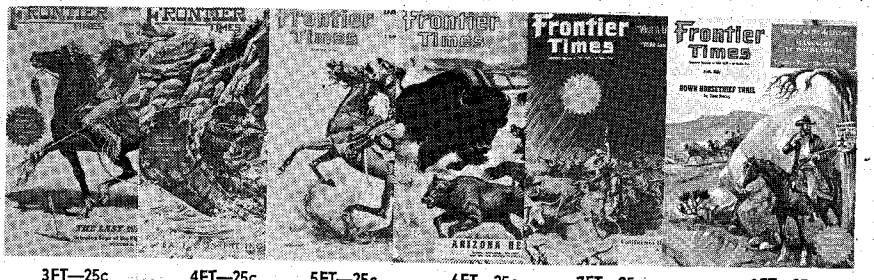

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GREAT RANGE BIB!

The long awaited bibliography of books and pamphlets on the men and events in the cattle industry was released on December 31. *The Rampaging Herd* (University of Oklahoma Press) is a labor of love by an old pro, Ramon F. Adams of Dallas, Texas. Twenty-six hundred and fifty-one items are described in this tremendous bib. Like a woman's, a bibliographer's work is never done and Ramon admits that in his brief introduction. However, a rather careful check reveals the omissions in this bib are rather minor and the errors few indeed. It is truly an amazing volume, based on long months of travel and research in private libraries and in the great Range Life collections in our public institutions and universities. In addition to providing the essential bibliographic information about each item, the author has appraised the available supply of all the out-of-print books. Wisely, he has not placed a dollar value (subject to rapid change) on the entries but has used the terms scarce, very scarce, rare, very rare and exceedingly rare in addition to OP (publisher's supply exhausted) to indicate the relative supply available. Some will quibble about his ratings, but on the whole they seem both conservative and objective. This bib lists many USDA publications and if these old cow country collectors have any major criticism of the book, it is the selection made from the very large number available. However, this is a minor consideration in appraising the usefulness of this bib to old collectors, beginners, libraries and dealers. It is what we have been waiting for!

FUN AND HIGH ADVENTURE

J. Ross Browne's *The Coast Rangers* (Paisano Press, $7.50) is the first book printing of a series of articles that appeared in Harper's *New Monthly Magazine,* 1861-62. The edition is limited to 500 copies and that may be far too few. It is a perfectly delightful book—just about Browne's best. It was a real pleasure to get a look at Jack Hays in a different role. Jack Hays, Texas Ranger, was the writer's boyhood hero and Jack Hays, first sheriff of San Francisco and later Surveyor-General of California, has been adequately documented. But this same Jack Hays, leader of The Coast Rangers (Browne's name for the group—Hays originally dubbed it the "Mendocino and Clear Lake Hunting Club") was just about unknown. This book is about the Rangers' 1857 hunting trip and if it wasn't all high adventure, it was certainly great fun. Browne's character sketches of the Rangers are sharp but without a cutting edge and his account of their doings is rollicking. The illustrations, also reprinted from Harper's, are by the author. Browne is undergoing a well-deserved revival and *The Coast Rangers* will bolster his stock with present day readers. There is an illuminating introduction by Richard H. Dillon of San Francisco's Sutro Library that provides a brief biographical sketch of Browne and appraises him as a western writer. Don't miss this one!

SCHOLARLY BIOGRAPHY

Jay Monaghan's *Custer* (Little, Brown, $6) successfully answers the question as to the need for another book about Custer. Dr. Monaghan, once State Historian of Illinois, has done his usual competent job of research, interpretation and recording. Custer's career certainly provided adequate material for a biographer and in the author's skilled hands, this one turns out extremely well. The Custer story is so well known to the western buff that it need not be repeated here—but don't make the mistake of passing up Monaghan's version of it—he really makes it live.

ARTIC HEROINE

Most of the gold hunting tales of the Klondike have been about tough sourdoughs mushing over tundra, fighting scurvy and cabin fever, gambling on the Yukon River, spring ice breakups, sluicing gold in the icy Alaskan waters and swigging homemade rotgut. However, there were a few arctic heroines and one of the noblest was Peggy Clark Shand, a spirited Scotch girl who followed her adventurous husband to the Klondike in 1897. Unsuccessful as gold seekers, they succeed as friendly hotel keepers. Following her husband's death, Mrs. Shand operated the roadhouse on Stewart Island which became the temporary home for Royal Mounted Policemen, nuns, miners, trappers, dance hall girls, missionaries and guests from the outside world. Grateful for her kindly ministrations, these miscellaneous travellers named her "The Little Mother of the North." The biography of Peggy Shand, *The Summit and Beyond* (Caxton, $6), was written by her nephew's wife, Ora M. Shand.

RIVER ARTIST

George Caleb Bingham—River Portraitist (University of Oklahoma Press, $15) by Francis McDermott is a plush large volume giving realistic treatment to pioneer activities along the Missouri River, an obscure chapter in American history. Bingham painted effectively the everyday scenes that were part of his life along the muddy river. The best feature of the book is the author's choice of 112 expressive pictures of lawyers, politicians, farmers, boatmen, drunks, gamblers, gentlemen, boys—people that the artist had seen in dozens of poses during his life.

Bingham showed remarkable competence in many branches of his art. There's strength and vitality in portraits of his family and friends but there's more dramatic intensity in his outdoor studies, such as "Landscape with Cattle" and the "Emigration of Daniel Boone." But it is in the characterizations of western scenes and life on the river that his greatest achievement lies. This is a book of rare quality for western art lovers.

SCRIBBLING SHEPHERD

In *Footprints in the Trail* (Sage, $3) Will C. Minor has written a friendly tale about animals, birds and wildlife on Piñon Mesa, one of the pleasant waterholes frequented by this reviewer many years ago. A scribbling shepherd from the western slope of Colorado, Will Minor says his work as a sheepherder allows him more opportunity for observing wildlife and studying natural history than any other manner of making a living he has yet discovered. Well written, beautifully illustrated stories for nature lovers.

CALAM' AGAIN!

Several writers have portrayed Calamity Jane as a debauched, grumpy, whippopping bull skinner. Her latest biographer, Glenn Clairmonte, author of *Calamity Was the Name for Jane* (Sage, $3.75) describes Calamity as a misunderstood, warmhearted plainswoman and rejected wife of Wild Bill Hickok.

Glenn Clairmonte has reconstructed the Martha Jane Canary story in readable conversational style. It begins as a tender hearted account of her happy days on her grandfather's farm in Missouri and includes her family's tortured trek across the plains to Montana and Utah where her parents died and Martha Jane, at fourteen, was left to mother five young brothers and sisters. Hexed through life with successive misfortunes, she earned the title "Calamity Jane," a nickname that clung through life. She claims to have married Bill Hickok in Kansas and bore him a daughter. Abandoned by Bill, she gave up her baby daughter to James O'Neil and wife and followed a reckless dissolute life until she died in Deadwood, South Dakota.

The legend about Jane's marriage to Wild Bill Hickok is based on writings in her diary. Some biographers, however, believe her discordant scribblings were the product of daydreaming. So far no authentic records have been produced to certify that she was married to Wild Bill. Hickok, some say, had the pick of well-washed, perfumed frontier madames and hence had no incentive to consort with a smelly harridan like Calamity Jane.

Readers will giggle when they discover that Jane was Wild Bill's first woman, a fairy tale taller than Iowa corn, for Bill was the recognized champion boudoir artist all along the one-hundredth meridian long before his alleged Indian-style wedding with Calamity.

WILD AND WOOLLY

I've Killed Men (Devin-Adair, $5) by Jack Ganzhorn is the first American edition of a book originally published in London by Robert Hale, Ltd., in 1940. This is Ganzhorn's story of his life as a fast Arizona gunman, sharpshooter and scout under General Funston during the Philippine Insurrection, movie actor and undercover man for Remington Arms. He grew up in rowdy Tombstone and was once riding with his stepmother in a stagecoach held up by

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masked John (Doc) Holliday. Doc missed the pay load—he was a day early.

Ganzhorn gives another juicy version of the O.K. Corral fight presented to him by his father and uncle, both of whom claim to have been witnesses when the Earps and Holliday shot it out with the McLowerys and Billy Clanton. He says Wyatt Earp and Holliday were road agents and they killed the others at O.K. to keep them from informing on them. The Earp fans will not like this one.

GENE RHODES WRITES

A Bar Cross Liar (Redlands Press, $7) by W. H. Hutchinson is the bibliography of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the greatest of all our cow country fiction writers. Hutch, long our top Rhodes scholar, finished his thirteen-year labor of love to get all Rhodes' writing back in print (started when he compiled, edited and published *Little World Waddies* in 1946) with this fine effort. The magazine stories are arranged chronologically in this book and rightly so, since in nearly all cases the magazine appearances preceded book publication. In addition to the material usually included in a bib, this one reprints the contemporary reviews of Gene's books and major reviews and critical opinions of his literary contributions. There are other worthwhile additions that will make the reading of Rhodes' fiction even more enjoyable than in the past. Hutch has done a tremendous job—our hat is off!

Truly Western

(Continued from page 37)

is a splendid and worthwhile idea to publish such stories.

I belong to the Northwest Archaeological Society and I'm sure our members would cooperate in furnishing you any data or information that they might have on Northwest Arkansas Indian life.—Howard R. Tripp, Route 1, Box 10-A, Lowell, Arkansas.

We have plenty of stories on Indian fights and campaigns, but we could use some on their way of life, culture, laws, customs, how they did this or that, made bows and arrows, etc. Can do?

Kickapoo Horse Race

How-ko-la, Mr. Callahan, my friend:

I read your story of Kickapoo horse race in old issue of *True West*. I remember long time ago horse races—I never forget. I see many ponies, sometime fifty in one race. Indians long time never use saddle or bridle. They ride horse bareback and put all kind of things on horse's legs and neck. Many paint symbols on pony to bring good luck. Long time my chief tell many stories about racing and how Indians jump from back to back on different ponies—some hang on tail, some hold horse's neck.

Now people say Tatzumbie get old but like big army man, Tatzumbie never die, she only fade into sky. Some day all Indians come back to earth because earth our mther and the sun our father.—Tatzumbie Du Pea, 1630 W. 12th Street, Los Angeles 15, California.

Cherokee Strip Recollections

Dear Sirs,

I enjoyed your picture and article about the opening of the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma. I watched W. S. Prettyman, a photographer of Arkansas City,

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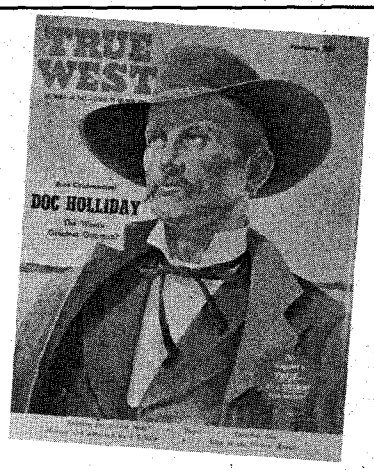

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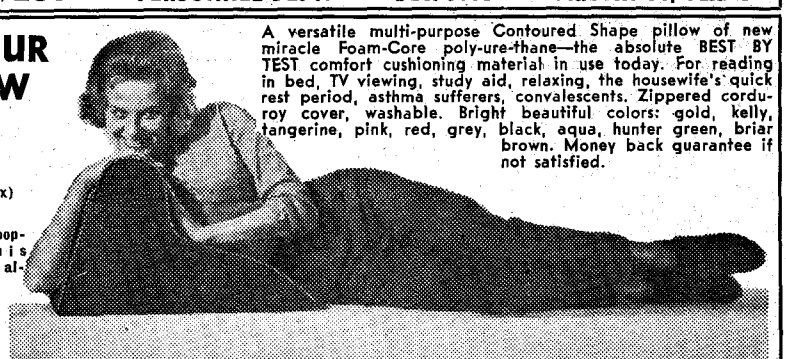

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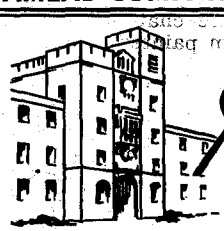

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Kansas, set up his camera in the bed of a wagon protected by barbed wire to take that picture. He tarried just long enough to snap the shutter, then joined the race and homesteaded near where Blackwell, Oklahoma, is today.

In the picture, my father, R. M. Ridenour, drives the team with the light spring wagon in the upper center. My uncle, Jerome Schrom, drives the two-wheeled cart just ahead of him. Julius Fester, a Kansas neighbor, drives the "lumber wagon" with bows somewhat to the rear. Mother, Mrs. Fester and us children are hidden spectators farther back.

It was noon on the sixteenth day of September, 1893, when the picture was taken. Hot winds had left the prairie tinder-dry. The dust of the nearby scene obscured the distance but that dense moving crowd extended far beyond the horizon.

From the prairie fire that burned that afternoon and night, a woman in the race burned to death a few miles from where we stood.

The next morning, Mother, Mrs. Fester and some of us children took a wagon loaded with barrels of water into the burned land, giving a cup of water to hundreds of tired and disappointed men and a gallon of water to their thirsty horses.

That region was home to me for twenty-four years.—J. H. Ridenour, 473 1st Ave., Kalispell, Montana.

Howdy, Joe:

I would like to compliment you on a fine article in the February issue of *True West,* entitled "Kid on the Run."

At ninety-three, my grandfather, Elwin L. George, recalls vividly the land runs and recalls Teddy Roosevelt's speech at the Oklahoma land drawing.

This article is typical of all I have heard from close relatives and friends in Oklahoma and of their experiences. If all your stories stick as close to the line of truth as this particular one, *True West* will have no trouble living up to its name.

Grandfather George settled in Oklahoma and had many friends. Among them was Al Jennings, who is more known today as an outlaw rather than having run for governor of the state. Al, incidentally, is still alive.

In regard to your Indian legend idea. I think it would be great to have stories of early Indian life and Iowa would be a good starting place. Thanks for your time.—George W. Moline, Montrose, Iowa.

The Westerner's Club

Howdy, Joe:

The April issue of *True West* arrived and I read it from cover to cover. In "Truly Western," Julian Aichuleto suggested that you organize a club. It is a good idea but I think there is just one flaw. There is already an organized western club that is doing a wonderful job of preserving our western heritage. I am referring to The Westerners.

There are active branches of this club in Chicago, where it was organized, New York, Denver, Los Angeles and St. Louis. There are even two branches in Europe, one in London and one in Paris.

Their object is to preserve western history and tradition. Papers are prepared on various topics and presented at the meetings. These papers are gathered and published in the *Brand Book.* There is also a quarterly publication entitled *The Branding Iron.*

I feel that if any club is organized, it should be more chapters of The Westerners. I am interested in seeing how many people would be interested in this idea.—Beth Ann Higgins, 5620 Live Oak Street, Dallas 6, Texas.

That Fellow, Joe Grandee

Dear Joe:

I think it's time your readers know what kind of a cuss this artist Joe Grandee is. Everyone who stops by my trading post and sees his paintings wants to know the same thing.

He's the swellest old boy you will ever run across. He tolerates humans and animals alike and loves the Old West as it was.

While other young boys were out playing football and other sports, Joe was drawing and filling his inquisitive mind with any material he could get concerning our frontier days.

Today, he continues to study the early period for the right kind of articles and equipment generally used by Indians, plainsmen, military and frontiersmen. He has one of the best collections of military arms and equipment of the West that I have ever seen.

Joe Grandee and Jack Glover

People from all over the world come to my trading post and compare Joe's work with Remington and Russell. One reason for his success is that he is always experimenting in different mediums with his brush and paints. Another reason is that he's so darned particular about getting every detail just right that you might be tempted to label him a fanatic. Believe me, this boy's going to the top of the stack if I don't miss my guess.

Aside from his own collection, I have about 50,000 items of the West and Joe is always welcome to paint any of them. As you will notice in the picture, my handle bar mustache fits in with cavalry and early frontier scenes, so I often find myself posing around the store or on one of my horses for Joe, so that he gets the right feel of the scene. Don't be surprised if you see an Indian with a handle bar mustache one of these days.

I think you people are doing a fine job. I'm selling and introducing your magazines as fast as possible.—Jack Glover, Sunset Trading Post, Old West Museum, Sunset, Texas.

Glad to hear from you, Jack. I'll be a double-hootenanying saucecoholic (one who inhales hot pepper sauce) if Joe doesn't become another Russell, Remington or Norman Rockwell. It's an almost overwhelming urge of pure greed to

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ON THE NEWSSTANDS NOW!

You asked for more Indian life and lore—

then don't miss

"Ride and Kill! Kill! Kill!"

George Catlin rode into the Indian wilderness armed only with paintbrush and canvas. He was determined to learn their ways—even if he had to ride in their most dangerous and grueling sport, the buffalo hunt!

This is True West!

FRONTIER TIMES is TRUE WEST—with just a different title. This was done in order to keep both magazines on the newsstands longer so we could sell more copies and come out better financially in order to do what you want us to do—EFFECT MONTHLY PUBLICATION. If you can't find FRONTIER TIMES, look under Magazines in the yellow pages (or ask your newsstand owner) and call the wholesaler. Tell him you've just GOT to have more TW and FT at your favorite newsstand, and you won't go without. We'll send any number to any wholesaler—as many as he wants.

CHECK THIS PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS:

HANGING BILL COONS WAS SUCH FUN! It was nice to have friends, thought Bill Coons at the height of his party. Others thought it would be real nice to have Bill's birth date and death date read the same on his tombstone!

THE NINE LIVES OF CAPTAIN FRANK JONES, by Tom Bailey. Almost unbelievable, yet true, is this heretofore untold saga of the charmed life of Texas' famous Frontier Battalion Captain, Frank Jones.

I KNEW QUANAH PARKER. His name was like magic on the Texas plains—it was no wonder that Quanah Parker's memory was a benign influence on a young boy through the years.

"I AM NO COWARD!" His bravery was questioned. Caspar Collins would risk everything to disprove the statement—even his life!

COMANCHES AND THEIR HORSES, by J. Frank Dobie. The Comanche was cut down at his riding best. His vast herds of well-bred horses, suitable for treacherous terrain and long journeys, vanished from the American scene.

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NIGHTMARE IN THE BITTERROOTS! "Had any more dreams?" laughed Lewiston citizens. Hill Beachy could have laughed last, if he had felt like it, when he dragged Magruder's murderers to trial in one of the strangest manhunts of the West.

There just isn't enough room to list other thrilling stories like ROBBINGEST ROBBER, COWBOY BRIGADE, THE SOUTHWEST'S GREATEST TRACKER and MURDER ON THE SNAKE. "Nuggets" brings you OLD GABRIEL, WHAT'S IN A NAME?, MEAT IN THE POT and THE BIGGEST TRAIL HERD. Don't miss this Spring issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's power-packed plus!

If you have trouble finding FRONTIER TIMES on your newsstand, fill in the coupon and make sure of getting it regularly.

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TRUE WEST—out-of-print issues for sale. Jerry Sitta, Rosenberg, Texas.

HOW YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Send immediately for details. Pan Press, America's Distinctive publisher, Tahlequah, Oklahoma.

TRADE Gold OK Metal Locator for set TRUE WEST good. George Yokel, Greenville, Missouri.

FOR SALE—my collection of hard back books. All kinds. Free list. Rose L. McCoy, 6901 Yuni S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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TRUE WEST 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13 through 25. Sell at $14.00 postal order. Ganey, 1031 North Penn, Indianapolis 4, Indiana.

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FOUR PERFECT ARROWS, Flint Thunderbird, drill, pottery pipe; $5.00. List Free. Billy Brantley, 2734 St. Louis, Fort Worth 10, Texas.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM. One of Nation's finest collections for sale. 1280 beautiful, perfect arrowheads. Authentic. Gathered over lifetime by Indian lorist from tribes coast to coast. Many chiefs' gifts; rarities. Mounted, framed. $2,560.00. Governor Bent Museum, Taos, New Mexico.

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FANCY WESTERN SHIRT SNAPFASTENERS, 62 colors and kinds. Fringe, shirtmaking supplies, new Velcro Fastener. Free catalogue. Campau Company, Box 76055-G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles 5, California.

CONCORD STAGECOACH replica ¾ size, never been used. William Thomas, Delta, Colorado.

Hand polished Wall-hung Cowhorn Lamp. Beautiful redwood base. $4.98 postpaid, less shade. Beadle's, 1407 West 10, Austin, Texas.

try and keep him from other editors, but we've just written six of them, sending along samples of his work. Joe did the cover for this issue. How you like it?

Booger Red's Ride

Howdy, Yawl!

Many a night I had the pleasure of having Tom Privitt, better known as Booger Red, stay at my house in San Angelo. Here are just a few incidents that I recall about him.

In 1904, at the Johnson Fairgrounds in east San Angelo, Bill Pickett undertook to throw a steer with his teeth. Booger Red herded the steer for him. Well, sir, Pickett pulled out two of his front teeth and had to turn loose. Booger Red decided he'd give it a try and threw that steer right off his feet.

I saw him catch a wild horse by the ear with his teeth and bridle it. Not only did Booger have a fast set of choppers but his daughter said that you could lift him up by the hair of his head and not one strand would break.

Booger Red rode his first bronc in competition in Fort Worth, Texas. In 1924 at Fort Worth, he won a silver mounted saddle as champion bronc rider of the world.

Booger Red drove for Bing Crosby and when he died on November 9, 1957, several show boys attended his funeral.

There's one story that's well known about old Red, but it's one of my favorites. One night, Booger Red announced that he would give a free ticket to anyone that was as ugly as he. Immediately a man stepped up. Booger looked at him for awhile and then said, "You're handsomer than I am but, by golly, you're ugly enough to deserve a pass. So, go on in!"—C. C. Cole, 617 N. Chadbourne Street, San Angelo, Texas.

Newsstand Panic

Dear Editor,

It's getting as hard to find a copy of *True West* and *Frontier Times* on the magazine stands as it is to find a grasshopper in sagebrush. So, I guess I'll just have to back down and buy a subscription to end all of these mad races!

Your magazines are selling so fast over here in Utah that if you don't get a copy right away, there's little hope that by the time you run home for the cash, it will still be there. About the only way I can be sure I'll get a copy is to hide it under other magazines until I can dig down for 25¢.

So, here's my money and this old newsstand race horse will finally get some rest! See you calmly in the next issue.—J. C. Robinson, 310 Chimes View Drive, South Ogden, Utah.

By golly, Mr. Robinson, your letter warms us down to our overgrown big toe on these cold Texas mornings! We've just kept on giving special subscription offers so you wouldn't have such a hard time getting our magazines but I guess it takes a well-worn race track to change a reader's mind and let the postman do the walking!

Gold In Hand—Hole In Pocket

Dear Editor:

I get a real boot out of your buried treasure and lost mine stories. I often wonder if any of the writers ever mined. If they did, they'd know that the problem isn't in finding a lost mine but in financing the working of it once it's found!

I know where there is a gold mine worth at least several million dollars, but who's got the money to put it on a paying basis? Our company has five million dollars of uranium blocked out and we can't sell even a penny's worth.

Mr. Tom Bailey has written several articles about buried gold at Flagg Springs in the Oklahoma panhandle. Well, I would almost stake my life on it not being there. We got permission from Mr. Young and went over the land thoroughly and didn't detect anything. We didn't even get a flicker from our instrument that can point out a silver dollar hidden in tall grass. So, I know that we could certainly find 700 bars of gold regardless of how deep it was buried. It just has to be there before we can find it!—Ted "King Kong" Cox, 7520 W. 47 Place, Wheat Ridge, Colorado.

Madstones And Hairballs

Dear Joe:

I had heard of madstones all my life but not until I read J. Frank Dobie's article, "Madstones and Hydrophobia Skunks," did I know what they really were.

Within the past twenty-eight years, I have handled hundreds of madstones and thrown away all except a few that I gave to friends as souvenirs or curiosities. What a waste!

As a Federal Meat Inspector since February, 1932, I work on the killing floor of a packing house, inspecting cattle.

Since cows lick themselves a lot, they collect a large quantity of hair in their stomach. A ball is formed that will not pass on into the second stomach. It rolls around inside the paunch until the animal is slaughtered and the stomach is cleaned.

I have seen these balls from one to two inches in diameter that had not yet formed a coating and they had the appearance of a ball of felt. Mostly, they have been from two to four inches in diameter, almost as perfect a sphere as a baseball and ranged in color from dark reddish brown to black.—Cecil D. Clayton, 1209 South Elm, Henderson, Kentucky.

Howdy, Joe:

Just read about the madstone believers and, judging by the tall tales, they'd be good contestants in any Liar's Club—might even win a stuffed bull's head with a winking eye. Maybe it's that stuff they drank after they got bit that made them so delirious. *Quien sabe?*

Say, how about a story of Bonfils and Lawmen who originated the *Denver Post?* Would also like to see a story of the horse race from Evanston, Wyoming, to Denver. Twenty-five horses and riders began the 600 mile race on May 30, 1908, but only one and one-half finished. The original idea was to race from Portland, Oregon, to Washington, D.C., but odds were that no horse or rider could make it. There were full-blooded Arabians, Morgans and thoroughbreds, along with mixed breeds, and it was an important factor to see if the fine bred horses were better than the broncs. I'm sure the Denver papers would have more information on it.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington.

Howdy note: There's just one thing that puzzles me about the race! You said one and a half finished, and I'd be mighty interested to know which half you're referring to!

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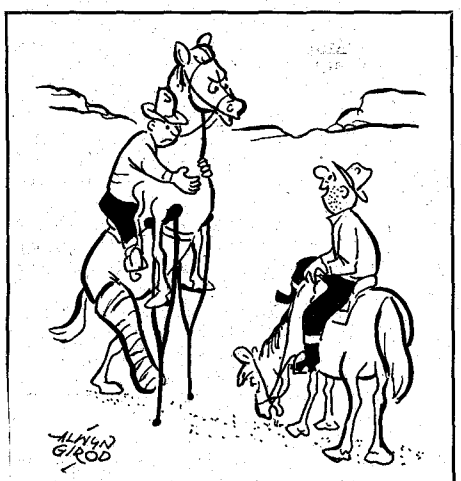
Oldest Old-Timers, Attention!

Dear Sir:

Your readers are almost all associated with the old frontier and it is to those who remember it firsthand that I have addressed this letter in hope that someone, somewhere, will be able to shed some light on my son-in-law's ancestry.

His great-grandmother was Mary Robbins, born 1864 or 1866, in Scotsburg, Indiana. She married Charles Miller (101 Ranch Millers) and they had four daughters: Mary Ellen, Cora Ethel, Grace Irish and Maggie Miller. Maggie married a man named Bishop. Bishop's daughter is the mother of my son-in-law.

Charles Miller took Cora and Grace to live with him among the Indians. They roamed over the Oklahoma territory and Kansas. After his presumed death, Mary married Joseph Powell and after his death married Humphrey Steele in 1921. She died seven years later.



"Mine busts a leg I shoot 'im!"

Mary Robbins and her sister Martha were daughters of an Indian chief. Although she never mentioned her Indian ancestry, it is verified by correspondence with the Department of Interior, Superintendent of Five Civilized Tribes. Her father must have been one of these tribes, probably Cherokee or Chickasaw.

It is vitally important that we verify the maiden name of Mary and Martha Robbins' mother and also the father's first name.

Any information that your readers can give us will be greatly appreciated. —F. F. Long, P.O. Box 74, Rosemead, California.

Although it is not our policy to invade the premises of genealogical societies, this special letter was different. It echoes a small part of the fading history of the West that has not been recorded and unless something can be uncovered now, there is little hope of finding it later.

Worth More Than Money

Dear Joe:

Every issue of your fine magazines is worth more than money to me because it's fact that I can always call upon when I need information on western subjects.

I have a room in my house which I call my Old West Room where I keep files on all frontier characters. *True West* has helped me a lot in this hobby but I'd like to see you print some more stories on Johnny Ringo, Billy The Kid, Pat Garrett, the Daltons, Jesse James, Belle Starr, Henry Starr and life in the Indian nation.

Back in the days when California was still young, my Uncle Bill came from Missouri and settled in California. He still lives in southern California and is nearing the age of eighty. He spins some interesting yarns about the west.

Hope you keep up the good work. *Muchas gracias, amigos.*—"Buckshot" Lila L. Garrett, 14822 Givens Place, Westminister, California.

Hi, Joe!

It makes me sick to read those letters saying I bought such and such a magazine and thought it was *True West* or *Frontier Times!* I wonder if the same people get their children's names mixed? Perhaps they should copy the names down and carry them to the newsstand with them. Also, I lose patience with the boys who say they buy the other books just to see how bad they can kick the facts around. How unfaithful to a cause can you be?

At last we've got two magazines PUT OUT IN THE WEST BY WESTERNERS, that speak our language, that are making one helluva dig for the real truth—and what do we do? Buy the "bang-bang, cloppity-clop" eastern products so that it will encourage more of them so that our magazines can be buried under the group and we can finally come out with piles of "graduated pulps" that hide under the guise of truth so they can get by with truthful sounding fiction. Some people, kids, and the new crop of Western Americana lovers may not know the difference—that's where the danger lies. If westerners would stop buying the cheap, racy, sexy, sensational imitation "true" westerns, they'd fold up overnight. The word "western" is synonymous with "fiction" in the east! I KNOW.

There's my steam for today.—W. N. Faris, Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico.

True West And TV?

Dear Editor:

Surely wish that the movie and television show producers would use your publication for source material instead of their own childish imaginations.

After seeing shows where John Dillinger was driving a 1950 Ford, though he died in 1934; lever action rifles used in a movie (James Fennimore Cooper's *Deerslayer)* 100 years or more before these rifles were actually used; three different "authentic—every scene true" movies concerning Ma Barker, Baby Face Nelson, etc.; seems to me that there is a crying need for magazines such as yours to keep our kids from getting a false distorted picture of American history.

Congratulations for putting out such a good magazine. You beat movies and television all to pieces!—Anthony J. O'Grady, Inglewood, California.

From our mail it would seem that the whole country would like a TRUE WEST THEATRE series that sticks with the truth all the way. But they'll probably never get it. Hollywood is panic-scared of the truth. Just mention a "true western series" anywhere in California and you might be arrested for starting a fright stampede. The men with the money think they know what the public wants in the way of a western—and that's exactly what you are going to get! We used to think that some lover of the real thing would come along, say "I have some money—

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RAREST CC MINT DOLLAR, 1885 Uncirculated $7.50. 100 page illustrated catalog, 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

RARE 1884 CARSON CITY Uncirculated Silver Dollar, $7.00 each. Butts, Box 889, Torrington, Wyoming.

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RARE ANCIENT COIN 1000 years old, $2.95. 15 Indianhead Pennies, all different, $3.95. Alley's, Box 164, Denton, Texas.

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SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 57, Louisiana.

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FIRE DEPARTMENT Greeting Cards. 25 assorted, $2.50. Hobby Mat, Balsam Lake, Wisconsin.

100 DIFFERENT STAMPS, 10c with approvals. Smith, 508W Brooks, College Station, Texas.

HOMEBREWED WINES, BEERS. The best you ever tasted. Complete Instruction Manual—$1.00. Dean Products, Box 40TW, Elberton, Georgia.

Prostate trouble can ruin a man. What cured me will cure you. Information, $1.00 for this ad. R. H. Taylor, 260 Hughes Street, Keyser, West Virginia.

FREMONT'S MAP—1848, Big 27"x33" Facsimile—Shows Indian Tribes, Unexplored Regions, California extends into Wyoming and Colorado, Oregon into Idaho and Montana, Golden Gate Named!! for first time. $1.00 Postpaid. N. W. Americana, P. O. Box 498, Milton-Freewater, Oregon.

OLD FASHIONED FRUIT CAKE with or without rum or brandy. This is the real thing. Recipe for baking this cake, $1.00. Madeline Wardell, Route 3, Box 258A, Lansing, Michigan.

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let's get going!" and we'd make something real, alive, warm and AUTHENTIC. But we don't want to take up dope, and that's about the only way such dreams linger. So we'll just go on doing the best we can. Texas oil men? All they know is oil, cattle and land—besides, they wouldn't back a Texas outfit if they did want to put money into a TV series!

No Liquor Ads?

(Continued from page 4)

western interest magazine—yet if our magazines are not on the counters of western wear dealers, then we just don't count according to the manufacturers. It's a funny world! You don't realize what a tremendous thing this is. I do believe some of the manufacturers had rather be tied and branded with a red-hot iron than to run an ad in either of our magazines—which they still consider "new."

I know a cure for it. But it is almost impossible to get enough readers to KEEP DOING IT to make a real showing. If every one of you who want to see these magazines grow, improve, carry more pages so that there'll be more articles, condensations of the very best books, the rare old books, the valuable old photos—the best there is on the Old West—then when you write these manufacturers, when you order, complain, compliment, or when you have any business with them at all, ask them if it isn't fair to support your cause if you support theirs. If they knew enough of you would quit buying their boots, or jeans, or hats—or whatever the heck they make—if they didn't support your magazine, you'd see a change like a magic wand converting a dung heap into a bed of perfumed roses!

We keep out barrelsfull of objectionable advertising of every type. If you only knew! It's hard to turn down cash dollars when the bank account looks like a blizzard-worn heifer, but we do it for cleanliness sake, and we're going to continue to do it. But we're asking the question about liquor. If you're against our running it, for gosh sakes, start helping us get some of the western wear and equipment companies. Write them and keep writing. Write the presidents. One letter a month from one one-thousandths of our readers would do it! The pitiful part about it is that we could do these companies one whale of a job at lower rates than they are paying elsewhere—but try and tell them that, from **this** office at least!

Well, there she is—chips laid squarely on the table. What'll it be, boys? You are STILL running this here chuck wagon!—Old Joe.

6 Medals of Honor

(Continued from page 27)

muddy slop, crimson with their own blood.

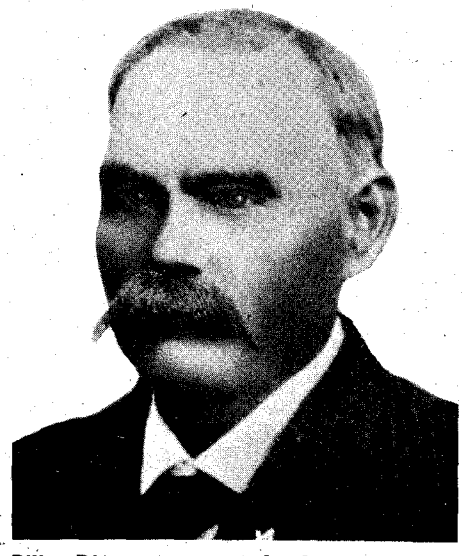
Ammunition was running low, so Rath, taking advantage of the rain, wormed out to retrieve Smith's cartridge belts, and returned with the word that he, whom they had given up for dead, was still breathing. So Rath and Dixon once more made the heartbreaking, dangerous trip to the hill, and brought the mortally-wounded man back to the buffalo wallow.

As darkness fell, the Indians disappeared, and the weary men huddled around their dying comrade on couches of tumbleweed they had gathered to keep themselves out of the mud, although not one of them closed his eyes.

Smith died about one o'clock, and at dawn, there being no sign of further attack, Dixon started for help.

WITHIN HALF a mile he struck the road to Fort Supply, and within two miles contacted the returning supply train, which had been attacked by the same Indians that later fought Dixon and his comrades.

Colonel Nelson A. Miles led the expedition which fathered the heroic action.



Billy Dixon, scout and plainsman, was hero of 1874 Buffalo Wallow fight.

"I never felt happier in my life," Dixon wrote long afterwards, but, as things turned out, he had little cause to rejoice. The very people from whom he had every right to expect succor treated him and the suffering men he had left behind but little better than had the Indians!

Major Price, in command, sent the train's surgeon to the buffalo wallow, and he cursorily examined the wounds of the five still living, but did nothing more. The two soldiers with him turned over a little hardtack and dried beef that they happened to have tied behind their saddles.

Then Price, refusing to leave any men, or to give them more arms or ammunition with which to defend themselves, moved on, leaving them with their dead unburied and almost no cartridges, at the mercy of Indians and weather, giving them only the somewhat doubtful comfort that he would report their plight to Colonel Miles!

"We were sure," said Dixon, "that help would come the instant the Colonel heard the news. We watched and waited until midnight the second day after those troops left before help came. A long way off in the darkness we heard the sound of a bugle. Never was there sweeter music than that to our suffering nerves! It made us swallow a big lump in our throats. Nearer and nearer came the bugle notes. We fired our guns with the few remaining cartridges we had, and soon the soldiers came riding out of the darkness . . .

"Colonel Miles had both the heart and accomplishments of a soldier, and Congress voted to each of us the Medal of Honor. He was delighted when the medals came from Washington, and with his own hands pinned mine on my coat when we were in camp on Carson Creek, five or six miles west of the ruins of the original Adobe Walls."

THE SITE OF THIS fight is in Hemphill County, twenty-two miles south of the present town of Canadian, and twenty-five miles southeast of Miami. This site was definitely located in 1921 by J. J. Long, of Mobeetie, who, at the time of the fight was a teamster with the wagon train. He and Dixon were close friends, and when Long was a mail carrier between Fort Elliott and Camp Supply and Dixon was escort their route took them over the ground where the fight took place.

The pair would frequently halt at the site, while Dixon reminisced, so Long had little trouble in later years in locating the exact spot at which the buffalo wallow fight took place.

Lea McCarty Passes Away

Lea McCarty, famous Western artist from California, passed away February 4 in Santa Rosa, California.

Western Publications readers have seen his stories and covers many times in *Frontier Times* and *True West*. His latest painting to appear with us was the dramatic portrait of Pancho Villa on the Winter, 1959, *Frontier Times*.

Lea's dedicated approach to painting the West will be missed but his series of Immortals of the Old West, from the mountain men to gunfighters, will be before the public as long as western history is read and art is appreciated. His works are shown and displayed in California, Nevada and Kansas.

His talents extended in many directions. Lea was at one time a known musician and sculpturer.

His wife, Dale McCarty, plans to "carry on some of his plans," and we join her in adding, "there will never be another quite like him!"

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Giant model of
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SWIMMERSPOON
® Patents Pending
$1.50 each (retail)
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Giant model of
the great world-leading
FLATFISH
Flyrod Sizes—$1.20 each (retail)
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Giant model of
the superb surface lure
FISHCAKE
No. 7 Spin Model (above) $1.35 each
Nos. 9 & 11—$1.50 each (retail)
(Tax included in all prices)

SWIMMERSPOON—the revolutionary new metal spoon with Action—brings you another great fish-catcher to join the world-leading FLATFISH and the surface-champion FISHCAKE . . . to give you THREE GREAT LINES OF HELIN FISHING LURES!

SWIMMERSPOON

It took me 17 years and thousands of hours to perfect this great Metal Spoon. . . . It has terrific action (like the Flatfish) . . . and it's a superb fish-catcher! . . . I caught 38 bass in 5½ hours—best I ever did on that lake. Pike, wall-eyes and all trout also go for it! . . . Casts twice as far as wooden or plastic plugs—and without a sinker and against the wind! . . . Like to catch fish? . . . Then buy a basketful of Swimmerspoons! C.H.

FLATFISH

No other lure duplicates Flatfish's smooth but lively swimming action on slow retrieve! . . . That's why it catches more fish! . . . That's why it continues to be the world's best-selling lure—with over 23 million sold! . . . Its small treble offset-hooking readily fastens to easy-striking, nibbling or mouthing fish . . . Ideal for spinning, trolling and bait-casting, and effective throughout the day. . . . Every fisherman should have a Flatfish assortment in his tackle box. C. H.

FISHCAKE

Amazing, lightweight, aluminum, bubble-throwing Balanced Spinner gives Fishcake the most lifelike sound of a living animal trying frantically to hurry to safety. . . . Easiest retrieve or pop leaves trail of bubbles in calm waters. . . . Heavy popping in waves draws bass from depths, even on hottest brightess days. . . . On such a day last summer, my youngest son (12 years) landed a 6¾-pound bass. . . . Once you try Fishcake you won't be satisfied with less than 3 sizes in assorted colors. C. H.

add **SWIMMERSPOONS** and **FISHCAKES** to your supply of **FLATFISH** this year!

Charles Helin

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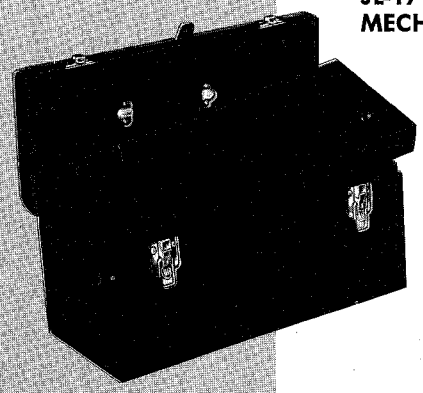
41 SIZES AND TYPES

TOOL AND TACKLE BOXES CHESTS AND CABINETS for farm, home and factory



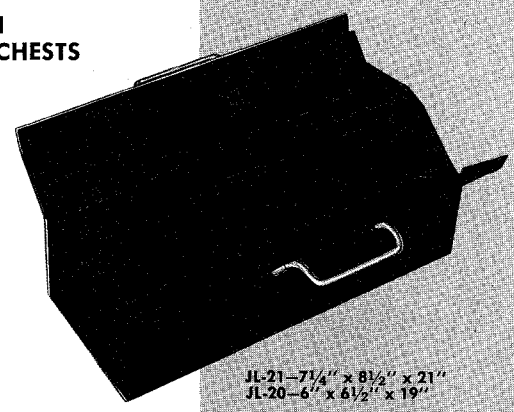
JL-17 MECHANIC'S BOX

Extra large. Streamlined with "waterfall" cover. Edges turned double . . . no sharp corners. All seams spot welded. Sparkling green Hammerloid finish.

8½" x 9½" x 20"

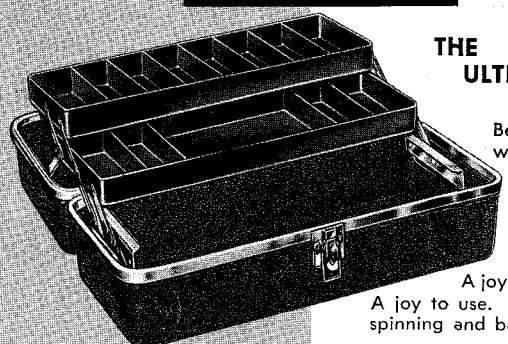
JL-20, JL-21 ALL STEEL CHESTS

Tremendously popular heavy industrial boxes. Lightweight but reinforced to stand abuse. Form-fitting tubular handle on tote tray. Double cover gives access to entire box.



JL-21—7¼" x 8½" x 21"
JL-20—6" x 6½" x 19"

Fiberglass TACKLE BOXES



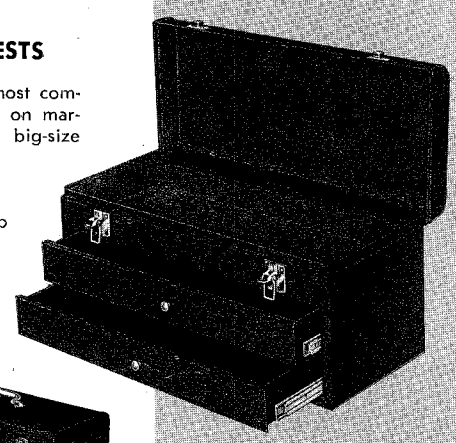
THE ULTIMATE

Best for salt water fishing . . . best for fresh water fishing. Lightweight. Durable. A joy to own . . . . A joy to use. 5 models for spinning and bait casting.

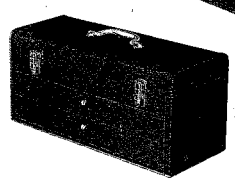
MODEL 612 (Illustrated)
6¾" x 7½" x 16½"
(Weight—4½ lbs.)

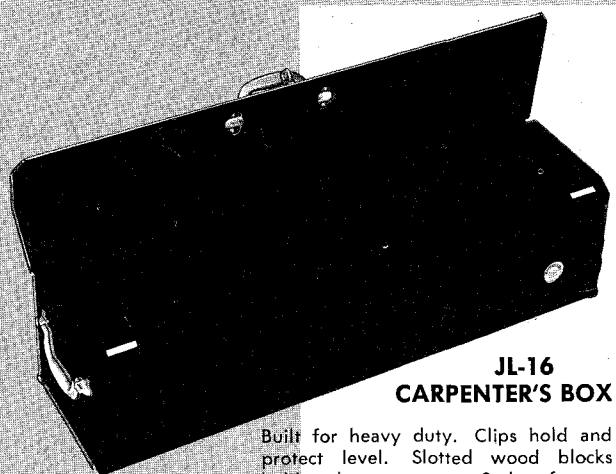
JL-99 2-DRAWER CHESTS

Newest, smallest, most compact portable chest on market . . . but with big-size features. Carrying handle on top, PLUS full-length compartment on top and 2 full-width large capacity drawers, make it ideal for carrying "on-the-job" tools.



8" x 9" x 18"





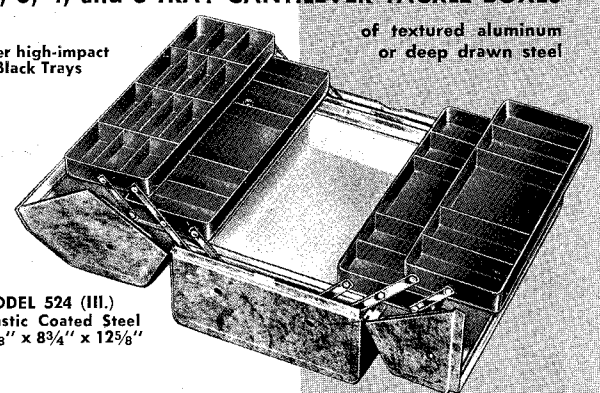
JL-16 CARPENTER'S BOX

Built for heavy duty. Clips hold and protect level. Slotted wood blocks hold and protect saws. 2 slots for try-squares. 8¼" x 9¾" x 32"

2, 3, 4, and 6-TRAY CANTILEVER TACKLE BOXES

of textured aluminum or deep drawn steel

Super high-impact Jet Black Trays



MODEL 524 (Ill.)
Plastic Coated Steel
7⅞" x 8¾" x 12⅝"

Other Plastic-Coated Steel Models: 546—6 trays with 48 compartments. 502B—2 trays with 13 compartments. Jumbo-size 516—6 trays with 53 compartments. Textured aluminum models: 813—3 trays with 33 compartments. 802B—2 trays with 13 compartments plus built-in section for reels.

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